**Hysterical**

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Bakugou Katsuki & Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku/the sweet allure of death

**Character:**
Midoriya Izuku, Bakugou Katsuki, Midoriya Inko, Class 1-A (My Hero Academia), Yagi Toshinori | All Might, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead, Sensei | All For One

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Midoriya Izuku is a Problem Child, Midoriya Izuku Has a Quirk, Bakugou Katsuki & Midoriya Izuku Friendship, Crack, Humor, Aizawa Shouta | Eraserhead is So Done, Bakugou and Midoriya have one collective brain cell and Midoriya takes it almost always, This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things, Aoyama Yuuga is a Glitter God, Bakugou and Midoriya are responsible for 90 percent of all problems, Sassy Midoriya Izuku, BAMF Midoriya Izuku, Feral Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku is a Little Shit, everyone is confused, these bones were made for breaking, Immortal Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya Izuku Has a Healing Quirk, Bakugou Katsuki & Midoriya Izuku are Best Friends, Crack with Plot, Overpowered Midoriya Izuku, Midoriya keeps dying, I had the "crack treated seriously" tag on this fic for way too long, Confused All For One, Bakugou Katsuki is So Done, no beta we die like midoriya

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✧ WOW ✧, Absolutely favorite works, Good shit - for 3am readings, Storycatchers' pile of heroic hero stuff, Bnha bests, hereBeGems, death need not apply, Unpleasant's MHA Recommendations, Rhynes MHA favs, MHAfavorites, viri's hermit hole of good shit, My Hero CRACKademia, nonsense station's discord recs!, i may not be a bottom but these are my tops, MHA Crackfics, NMTOS, Pthaloteal, Shady BNHA Faves (Including Crossovers), Shady Pure Crack (no crossovers), FreakingAmazingFics, ✧Wan Shi Tong's Library✧, D20's Favorite Fics of All Time, an aroace's favourite fics!, fics that i reread often bc they water my crops even tho im not a farmer, Daisy_recommendations_BNHA, Banco Fic, Hero Academy, Two emotionally unstable gays give you fic recommendations, Chaos Corner Fic Recommendations, my skin is clear my crops are flourishing my grades are up and its because of these fics, Favorites BNHA☆, Slick_Quicks_V, Most favorite works (GoSleep_NoThatSoInteresting), Jerichos_Top_Comedy, BNHA, Ongoing Fics (bnha), Ongoing BNHA Crack, Creative Chaos Discord Recs, Autiser's Favorites, Bnha Bookclub Discord Recs, Lex's Favorite BNHA Fics ٩(●˙▿˙●)۶, Epitome of Writing, BEST BOI IZUKU_top BNHA works, Bnha, From the Vault, MHA_fanfics_because_idk, unhinged and its 2am? perf mha fics for u, Worth It BNHA Fanfics Reading List - Ongoing, StrayAmishFool's favorite one that I love, I simp., My Hero Academia Fics To Cleanse Your Soul ♨, All the Best to my tastes, grey_cosplay's tiktok MHA fic recs, Immortal Izuku ✿, A collection to keep my faves I'm following, Duo's bnha fic recs, i sound like a hyena (BNHA), my tab dump, Dkn, CoffeeAt3, Everything so far, .Thoth's Luxury Library., BNHA fics to pass on to future gremlins, Amazing fics :D, Sugarsnap's Favorite BNHA Fics, WOO Insomnia Time, Things to fuel my escapism., The VIP Section, Stories I Read Again and Again, Good Stories, Still reading - bnha - my attention span is really short, To Be Read!, Fanfics I Wish Were Canon 3000, Esperando a que terminen-, BNHAHappyFunFics, Da leggere all'occorrenza, Crakity crack crack crack, Xeros mha recs, Deku's Multiverse of Madness, My Favorite MHA Fanfics, Absolutely_Bangin_Fics, Reading, Best incomplete mha fics, Jaded Discord Server Recommendations, 3112Thingsthatiwant

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# Hysterical

by spark_the_fangirl

Summary

Midoriya's quirk isn't what anyone is expecting. That's not to say it's bad, quite the opposite, it's just that things are put in a different perspective when you regularly die. Midoriya still dreams of becoming a hero, and when he does- well no one was expecting this.

Aizawa needs a vacation. All Might doesn't know how to handle his suicidal successor.
Bakugou is the only student that isn't absolutely terrified of this cheerful yet surprisingly deadly hero in training.

And Midoriya? Well, he's a little bitch with no regard for personal safety, and *someone* decided to give him an enhanced strength quirk on top of it.

AKA Midoriya has an immortality quirk and no one knows how to handle it, including Midoriya himself. Might as well fake it till he makes it. What's the worst that can happen?

# Glitter pt.1 - Whoopsie

Chapter Summary

ah naw he ded

Chapter Notes

Oh this is going to be a fun ride.

This first chapter is just setting up the cannon divergent aspects of this fic. I know it's not the most interesting right now but stick with it. I have BIG plans for this ;p

Izuku Midoriya was five when he died for the first time.

The first time mind you. Because it sure as hell wouldn't be the last.

His mother was standing outside their apartment talking to Mitsuki after Midoriya's dentist appointment. He wasn't paying much attention. Bakugou wasn't with her today and besides, he hadn't been very nice ever since he had gotten his quirk and Midoriya hadn't.

Instead of listening to his mother talk he decided to play with the red bouncy ball he had gotten from the dental office. Midoriya would throw it as hard as he could against the sidewalk and then fumble to catch it as it fell back down. He did this over. And over. And OVER again. It was just entertaining enough to keep his focus.

This time he was trying to see if he could bounce it higher than the sapling in front of the building. He wound up getting ready to throw it and with an internal "Delaware Smash" he chucked it down with all his might. The ball soared up, higher than even the tree. Midoriya grinned until he realized that the ball's trajectory had it now heading to the street.

His eyes widened as he ran to the curb determined to grab the ball back, as it rolled across the street he chased after it his only thought being that his mother would be so mad if he lost his new toy.

She wouldn't be, of course. I have no idea why he thought that. But in his defense, he was only five.

The ball was only a few feet away, Izuku could almost reach it. He crouched down hand outstretched and…

SPLAT

He didn’t feel any pain, only a slight tingle across his whole body as he watched red leak out of his limp body.

*That probably shouldn’t be happening,* he thought. Then everything went black.

-

And then he opened his eyes.

It was a bit disorienting, to be honest. The last thing he remembered was a car and someone screaming- had it been him? He couldn’t remember.

For the record, it was his mother. Don’t blame her though, she had just watched her son get run over and die after all.

And then his mother was clutching his face sobbing and there was the car and Bakugou's mother and his red ball in the gutter across the street and he thought that he remembered red but he couldn’t see any blood and-

“You’re alive?!”

-

It was his quirk. After a huge mess and lots of tears (Midoriya couldn’t help himself when he saw his mother crying) and a VERY strange conversation with the man who had been driving, Inko drove him to see a specialist across the city.

This was probably because the pediatrician they had seen a year prior was clearly incompetent. And also a bit of a jerk. Who just outright crushes a kid's dream like that? But I digress.

“Could you perhaps elaborate a bit on how Izuku looked right after the, ah, incident?”

Inko sat up straighter and sniffled a bit, “He- he wasn’t moving and so we rushed over and-” She sniffled again, “there was blood everywhere, but when I got closer I realized that it was, well, shimmery."

“Shimmery?”

Inko nodded. “As I watched it started to turn kinda gold colored. And then, it couldn’t have been more than five minutes at the most, it started to almost flow back towards Izuku. It kinda collected on him, coating him.” She paused and took a breath. “And then it turned into this like gold dust? I want to say it looked almost like glitter.”

The doctor nodded scribbling vigorously into his notebook. This was because the doctor was fascinated with quirks and this one was the most interesting one he’d seen yet. Part of him wondered if he could write about this experience on his blog.

“And after a minute or two, the glitter exploded. And Izuku was- was fine!”

The doctor was still writing in his book but he muttered “Fascinating, absolutely fascinating.” And with a loud clap, he finally closed the notebook. “Well! That is most definitely the result of a late formed quirk! And on top of that, I think this is perhaps the most interesting quirk I have EVER heard of!”

Inko was a little taken aback at the doctor's outgoing response but she sat up a bit straighter at the mention of a quirk.

“This is such a rare mutation though, I’ve NEVER heard of a quirk this interesting! But going by my knowledge of high-powered quirks I’m nearly positive that there must be another aspect to it.” The doctor turned to Izuku lowering his head, “You said that it didn’t hurt, huh?” His voice had taken on a lighter tone while speaking to the child. Midoriya shook his head vigorously, clucking a red bouncy ball to his chest.

Lifting his head the doctor continued talking to Inko, “That could be it. It’s possible that he won’t feel any pain for the rest of his life. However that’s not necessarily a good thing, it could mean that he’ll have to be very careful with normal activities in order to not harm his body. We feel pain for a reason and suppressing that can have unwanted consequences.” Inko furrowed her eyebrows in response.

“It should be pretty easy to test though!” He said cheerfully before

turning to Midoriya again, the doctor then leaned forward and gave him a small pinch on his arm. “That hurt at all?” Midoriya shook his head. “Izuku? I’m going to pinch you again a little harder, but stop me if it starts to hurt ‘k?”

“Okay,” Midoriya said.

The doctor took his arm once more and gave a hard pinch. Midoriya didn’t even flinch, even when the doctor sat back up and revealed his arm to be red and two distinct marks. “Well, that just about proves it! Seems like his nerves have been altered because of his quirk. His brain will no longer register pain! However, feeling pain is crucial in daily life. It tells us to stop touching that hot pan, to not walk on our hurt leg, and such. He’ll have to be very careful to not harm himself and once he does to be very careful to not injure himself even more.” The doctor was energetically scribbling in his notebook as he spoke but he stopped when he saw Inko, wringing her hands nervously eyebrows furrowed. “Er… it probably won’t be that bad. He seems to have a healing aspect to his quirk if this morning was any indication, so we’ll just have to wait and see!”

“…I have a quirk?” Midoriya said tentatively after a moment of silence.

“You do! And it’s a very interesting one!” The doctor told him softly.

Midoriya tilted his head thoughtfully and after considering it for a moment his eyes lit up and he jumped to his feet yelling “I’M GUNNA BE A HEROOOO!!!”

Inko looked like she was about to faint.

# Glitter pt. 2 - Wow! A real quirk!

Chapter Summary

Poor Inko

Chapter Notes

And now we'll get some details about his quirk!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The next day could be summed up in a list of things broken: 1 bathroom door, 1 blanket, 1 plate, and no less than 12 of Midoriya's bones.

Oh, and poor Inko's eyes if the constant tears meant anything.

It had started as Midoriya woke up. Rolling over he yanked his blanket off and watched as it ripped straight down the middle until he was holding a strip of it in his hand. His sleepy brain took a moment to register what had happened.

*Huh. Maybe I should tell mom.*

Standing up he padded down the hallway calling to his mother.

"In the bathroom Izuku!" Came the muffled reply.

He stood in front of the bathroom door and knocked. "Can I come-" His voice cut off as he watched his fist connect with the door and then continue straight through until it finally stopped on the other side of the door, a large hole showing his mother as she dropped the mascara wand she had been holding in the sink.

"Um. I ripped my blanket mom?" he said holding the strip of blanket in his opposite hand.

-

There were splinters from the door all along his arm, blood dripping from it onto the towel Inko had given him, and the entire thing felt *weird*. Midoriya flexed his fingers experimentally and the weirdness intensified.

For your information the arm felt strange because it was broken in 6

different places in 4 different bones; but, what with a new quirk and all, Midoriya hardly realized there was anything wrong with it. Except for the splinters. There were *lots* of splinters. Which brings me back to my point.

Inko was on the phone with the specialist from the day before setting up another appointment as Midoriya sat on the couch looking at his arm.

“Yes. Okay. We’ll be over shortly.” Inko hung up and looked up at Midoriya. “Oh, sweetie don’t mess with it.” Midoriya had taken to absentmindedly poking at one of the splinters watching as the wound dripped a bit more. “Put the towel back on dear.” He obliged. “Alright let's go get you ready. We’re going to see the doctor again ‘k?”

“I’m hungry.”

Inko looked at the clock and sighed. “Okay but you have to hurry alright?”

A few minutes she set a plate in front of Midoriya who was struggling to hold his chopsticks in his non-dominant hand. Tongue out in concentration he brought them down to the plate and watched in wonder as they shattered the plate and stuck a centimeter deep in the wood of the table. Letting go of the chopsticks (which stayed firmly upright) Midoriya noted his fingers seemed to be responding strangely, twisting in odd directions.

Inko, in a strange sense of calm simply sat next to him and attempted to feed him herself. But as soon as Midoriya closed his mouth there was a large cracking sound. Inko inhaled sharply as she realized what the sound must be.

“On second thought maybe we should just go to the doctors now.”

-

The doctor tapped his chin with a pen. “So from what you’ve told me, and what I can see for myself,” he gestured to the boy in front of him who was, even after repeated chiding from his mother, poking at his obviously broken arm. “I think it’s safe to say his quirk completely and utterly shuts off his pain receptors.”

“But what do we do? I can have him constantly breaking himself! There must be some healing aspect to his quirk right?” Inko pleaded.

In fact, Inko was quite positive that there had to be; this was why she took Midoriya to the specialist first instead of going to a traditional doctor. That and the fact that Midoriya didn't seem to be in any pain.

"I'm sure there is! And I think I have a good idea of how it works!"

Inko let out a sigh of relief. "Oh thank goodness! How do we activate it?"

"We make his heart stop!"

There were a few seconds of silence before Inko began to sputter. It took several more moments before she was able to calm herself into a semi-coherent state, "Are you saying you want to *KILL* my son?!"

The doctor laughed. "No no no no no! I would never do that!

Inko breathed deeply in relief.

"-without proper precautions."

Inko stopped breathing.

-

The doctor walked in a few minutes later with a woman at his shoulder. "This is my friend Arai. Her quirk is revival. She can resurrect anyone within 30 minutes of death, but if my theory is correct we shouldn't even need her!"

Inko made a sound like a choking duck. "Is this really necessary?"

"It's important that we find the exact parameters of Izuku's quirk so that we can better know how to control it. This is the safest way to do that!"

"Well… I suppose if it's for his own well being…"

"Brilliant! I'll get started right away!"

The doctor then pulled out a three-inch-long knife and a grin that really shouldn't be on the face of anyone with a weapon in hand talking about killing a child. With that thought, Inko once again started to feel faint. "That seems rather- violent."

"You said his blood interacted strangely, I'd like to see it in person. And a gun would make far too much of a mess. This is the best way,

believe me."

Inko swallowed hard and nodded hesitantly and then watched in horror as the doctor slit her son's throat.

-

The doctor told her she had regained consciousness shortly after Izuku. He also informed her that the blood had turned gold exactly as she had seen the day prior. That was as far as he got before Midoriya ran up to her and flew into her arms chatting excitedly.

"Mom! He cut me with the big knife and it made my voice sound funny and then it was dark and then it wasn't and look mom!" He held his arm up and then pulled his lips apart to show how each wound had healed."See! The blood is gone and it's not weird! An ma teef awre bewder too!"

"That's wonderful sweetie." Inko exclaimed, feeling a bit overwhelmed.

"Yup! Seems my hypothesis was right! You see quirks often have two parts to them, the actual quirk and the safety against them. For example, the pro hero Endeavor. His actual quirk allows him to produce fire and the safety keeps him from burning himself. In the case of Izuku, his quirk is what I would like to dub *Adrenaline Rush.* In essence, his body is constantly producing a varied form of adrenaline which does two things; first, it keeps him from feeling any pain, and it also keeps him in a near-constant state of hysterical strength making it hard for him to use anything less than 100% of his bodies strength even if it causes him harm.

"The safety measure would of course be that incredible healing of his. It seems that the healing is only activated once his heart stops and needs his blood to heal itself. After about five minutes he comes back completely healed and fine!"

Inko just blinked.

"Sorry for rambling." The doctor said shyly. "It's just this is really interesting! If you're okay with it I'd love to have a few more appointments with Izuku to run some tests, free of charge! It would just be a pleasure to see such an interesting quirk in action!"

Inko nodded. "Yeah… okay, sure."

“I’ll write everything that I found down for you soon! Oh! And before you go, I don’t think it would be bad to er- *help* his body meet the healing requirements when he gets injured again. It should work just fine and would keep him from being too uncomfortable.”

In a daze, Inko just continued to nod. “Yeah, I can do that. Just kill him. I mean he’ll come back so it’s not really…” she trailed off before snapping back to attention. “Ah! Well. We’ll be on our way then.”

“Of course! Feel free to contact me if there are any changes!”

As they were leaving the room Inko spotted the coating of gold glitter on the floor and thought about what the doctor had said. *“help his body meet the healing requirements when he gets injured again.”* When. Not if, but when. Inko sighed. She was going to be sick of the glitter very soon.

Chapter End Notes

> Alright! The next update we'll see Kacchan's reaction to his effectively immortal friend~

# Glitter pt. 3 - Yeah that didn't happen

Chapter Summary

ah yes. trauma.

Chapter Notes

Finally introducing Bakugou!

I'm really excited to write his and Midoriya's dynamic for this fic

Honestly though I'm just really excited for Bakugou in general.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You have a quirk?" Bakugou looked dubiously at Midoriya who was jumping up and down from excitement.

"Yeah!! I can be super strong like All Might and it doesn't hurt if I'm hit or stuff!"

Inko and Mitsuki watched the exchange with amusement. Inko had immediately invited her friend over to talk about the recent development of Midoriya's quirk and they were now seated around the table with mugs of tea in front of them.

Bakugou glared a bit at Midoriya before making his opinion known, "No you can't! You're just a quirkless Deku!"

"No, I'm not Kacchan! I got a quirk now and I can't get hurt!" Midoriya stomped as he returned Katsuki's glare.

"Oh yeah?" Bakugou drew back his arm. "Does this hurt?"

The two adults realized what was going to happen only a moment before it did. That moment was still plenty of time for them to yell and move to intercept the children.

"Katsuki you better not-"

"Please don't, Katsuki-"

Sadly, there was not enough time to reach the two before Bakugou swung his fist at Midoriya's face.

Now an interesting fact about developing quirks is that they are rather unpredictable. So children in certain circumstances (say swinging a fist at their supposed immortal friend) may experience significant changes to their quirk; including, but not limited to, activating said quirk unintentionally, going past previously thought quirk limits, and an all-around increase of power behind one's quirk.

Now it just so happened that Bakugou experienced all three of these changes at the same time, resulting in a punch that resonated through the room and set the couch on fire. And as another effect, blew up Midoriya's head.

Upon seeing his now headless friend fall to the ground, Bakugou began to scream shrilly, slowly increasing in volume and pitch for far longer than probably reasonable until he passed out.

This reaction is what we call trauma and it is a common occurrence in children who blow up their friends' heads, an experience that is largely regarded as, well, traumatic.

Inko and Mitsuki for their part stood in silence for a moment looking at their two children (one of which was missing a good fourth of his body) before remembering that the couch was on fire and promptly attempting to put it out.

In a very impressive show of stamina, Bakugou woke up screaming. He did stop however upon seeing Midoriya sitting at the table with a popsicle in his hand completely fine. Although there was a layer of glitter falling off him for some reason.

“Can I have one?” He asks rather timidly.

Everyone involved in the “incident” promptly and without discussion agreed to forget about it.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the short update! I’ll make it up to you next time

Also, I got a few questions about how Inko isn’t traumatized, what with the specifics of her situation
The answer is: she probably should be. But I’m just going to write this off as one of the more ‘crack’ aspects of this fic

I will go further in-depth on her perspective in a later chapter so be on the look for that!

# How to Create a Chaos Child

Chapter Summary

This is totally normal isn't it?

Chapter Notes

Time skip! I’m sure you want to get into the interesting stuff (I know I do) so here's a summary-of-the-next-few-years if you will for this arc

See the end of the chapter for more notes

After that day Inko decided to not tell people the specifics of Midoriya's quirk. Instead she coached him on how to tell people about his 'minor strength enhancement quirk' and its 'self healing aspect under certain requirements'. Which was all completely true while still leaving out the fact that the 'certain requirements' was his literal death.

Bakugou knew the full truth of course. It would be hard to forget. But nevertheless he agreed to keep Midoriya’s full quirk on the down low.

As a result he gradually stopped the snide remarks and the occasional punch he had given Midoriya before his quirk had come in. Not that he didn't try mind you, the fact was bullying him was just no fun. He’d push Midoriya to the ground just to have him give Bakugou a look.

Bakugou hated his looks. If anything it just made him want to beat the kid up more. But he couldn’t do that because then Midoriya would give him a talking to, and Bakugou hated those more than anything.

"Kacchan, we don't hit our friends."

“You’re not my friend, dick!”

“We don’t call our friend ‘dicks’ either.”

“Shut up! Don’t tell me what to do!”

“I’m just worried about you, Kacchan.”

These conversations usually ended with Bakugou gurgling incoherently in pure anger, and after a while he accepted that as much

as the boy needed it he could not simply give Midoriya a good beating now and again. Which meant that he might as well get on with his life. That did not however stop Midoriya from following him around like a lost puppy which annoyed him greatly.

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After the appearance of his quirk, Midoriya finally began to show some spine and actually possessed a great deal of self confidence that he had been lacking.

Part of this also might have been because he was, as far as the professionals knew, effectively immortal, which considering his dream to become a hero was pretty dang great. Because who had ever heard of a hero who couldn't die? He was going to be the *best.*

Honestly most of this confidence could probably be attributed to the modified adrenaline his body was constantly pumping into him. The adrenaline also had the added effect of making him ridiculously energetic all the time. Really it was a good thing he and Bakugou were friends, anyone else would collapse under the constant motion of the two.

Midoriya also picked up a few anxious habits (or dare I say- *quirks* *finger guns*) because of the nature of his power. These were mainly small things like muttering constantly and tapping his feet at a near insane pace, but he also took up a few hobbies that satiated his need to *do* something. His favorite of these was parkour; which he quite regularly roped Bakugou into as well, usually with a declaration of his superiority, which was clearly not something Bakugou could ignore. He also began taking lessons at a nearby dojo, this part was on Bakugou's insistence as, and I quote, "If your quirk is gonna break everything might as well learn how to aim so you break the villain." Midoriya had nearly cried at the offer to accompany him.

In truth the lessons had done wonder for his quirk control as he learned how much power to put behind each punch and kick. He stopped breaking things as often as he learned how to regulate the force behind his movements.

This does not mean that he didn't break anything ever. Far from it. Only that he was better at not shattering everything he touched for once.

-

Even with these newly implemented lessons, Midoriya broke bones nearly every day. Unless they were major injuries he would typically ignore them until he could get home and, as his mother was fond of saying, “reset”.

He found that while the broken bones didn’t hurt necessary, the sensation of his limb not functioning properly and instead flopping unsettlingly wasn’t a pleasant one.

The feeling did not compare however, to the inevitable disgust he felt upon inevitably killing himself. It wasn’t that he minded necessarily, he always felt better afterwards, almost rejuvenated in a way, but at the same time it really was unpleasant.

And yet as the years went on he got used to the strangeness of his life and accepted his weird quirk. After all, it was better than no quirk at all.

-

Bakugou got even angrier (as if that was possible) as they got older and began to take his frustrations out on some of the other extras, but every time he did Midoriya would intervene. This had the effect of it becoming common knowledge that Bakugou was a demonic gremlin and Midoriya was the only ethereal being that was able to keep him in check.

Which, to be fair, was accurate enough.

After a few years of being subjected to Midoriya’s near constant preachings of peace Bakugou did mellow out. Slightly.

By “slightly” I mean that he no longer picked fights with every person that crossed his path; now he only picked fights with every person that crossed his path that *deserved* it. I will be the first to admit however, that his definition of deserving was rather convoluted. But it kept Midoriya off his back for the most part and that was what mattered.

-

As for Inko, *well.* Let it be known that her job was not an easy one. Not by a long shot.

I am of course referring to the fact that her only son required constant care. And the nature of his quirk made it so the aforementioned care

was his literal death, occasionally at the hands of Inko herself. However this was only in the situations where it was absolutely necessary, say when Midoriya had broken not one but both arms during the day and was therefore unable to reset himself.

This situation did not traumatize Inko as much as she expected it would. Oh sure the first few times had been *hell*, and she had cried herself to sleep more times than she could count in the beginning, but around the hundred and fiftieth time he reset it started to seem, dare I say, *mundane*.

It was this mindset that allowed her to tolerate the layer of glitter that coated every inch of her house and the butcher knife in the bathroom cabinet.

A clarification upon both of these oddities; it is no exaggeration to say the glitter was everywhere. In the sink, in the beds, over the counter no matter how many times she washed it, their washing machine always had a handful of glitter in the lint catcher, and more often than not the vacuum cleaner was half filled with crumbs and dust and half filled with, you guessed it, GLITTER.

As for the butcher knife, well it wasn't their only knife kept for the sole purpose of resetting Midoriya. It was just that over the years they had realized that the mess was contained much better if the deed was done in the bath with the curtain drawn. It had become common for Midoriya to get home, go to the bathroom, and for Inko to hear the shower run as he washed the glitter down the drain.

Part of her did worry that this level of desensitisation was bad, but another much louder part told her to ignore the first part. As such she told herself that it was fine because: one, it didn't hurt him, quite the opposite in fact, as he confided that the sensation of broken bones, while it didn't hurt, was a very annoying one. And second, he always came back.

These reasons were enough for her to not worry herself much with the circumstances life had given her.

She did however still concern herself with every other aspect of Midoriya's life.

Midoriya for his part (as much as he might have complained in the moment) greatly appreciated her overprotective nature.

-

So life passed like this until before anyone knew it Midoriya and Bakugou were entering middle school with their eyes set on being heroes.

Chapter End Notes

Poor Bakugou. Having to be friends with *Deku* of all people. Oh well, I'm sure he'll get over it eventually.

Sorry this chapter was a tad dull. I really want to get into the cannon events so I'll probably hurry through the years leading up to UA

I do have plans for a couple of pre cannon arcs to establish background and relationships so be on the look for those!

# Bronze pt. 1 - Italian Soda with a Dash of Confusion

Chapter Summary

these kids I swear

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas!

We've now entered the countdown to UA, short story number 1!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*3 years before the entrance exam. 1st year of middle school.*

**Adrenaline Junkie**

*ASHJFKCHJSJEJN!!!*

**link**

**Lord Explodo**

*The hell? Stop sending me your nerd shit*

**Adrenaline Junkie**

*ITS TEH ALL MIGHTBRONZE AGE FIGURINE FIST EDITION!!!!*

*THEIR SELLUNG IT TOMORROW*

**Lord Explodo**

*Chill. You're gonna pass out if you keep this up*

**Adrenaline Junkie**

*YOU HAVE TO COME BUY IT WITH ME*

**Lord Explodo**

*no.*

**Adrenaline Junkie**

*KACCHAN!! PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEASE*

**Lord Explodo**

*no.*

**Adrenaline Junkie**

*I'll buy you coffee*

**Lord Explodo**

*What time?*

**Adrenaline Junkie**

*;p*

*It opens at 8*

-

The two boys met at a quaint little cafe not far from the merch store. It was a hidden gem they had found a year prior, small, but with what Bakugou described as "hecking good coffee", which coming from Bakugou was equivalent to a five-star rating and recommendation.

While I cannot attest to the hecking goodness of the coffee, having never tried it myself, I will say that the cafe was very aesthetically pleasing, the wood and potted plant theme being especially well-executed. And because the cafe wasn't well known it was typically very quiet and provided a peaceful atmosphere well suited for homework or cozy outings with a significant other.

As such, at 7:25 on that Saturday morning, the cafe was very tranquil, it's total of 5 occupants- if one was to include the barista and Midoriya, who had arrived early- were going about their business in the sleepy like manner all Saturday mornings constituted. That tranquility, however, shattered the moment Bakugou walked in.

He stomped over in his usual I'm-Better-Than-All-You-Extras manner and dropped heavily in the chair across from Midoriya.

Midoriya for his part didn't even flinch as he finished the note he was scribbling in a notebook of his and slurped loudly at his Italian soda.

"Hey, Kacchan."

"You still stalking heroes?" He said without preamble.

"No, I'm just *analysing* them. Not stalking " Midoriya replied sarcastically.

"You can dress it up in your fancy words all you want but I know the truth." He paused as Midoriya finished up and capped his pen. "They're weird as hell y'know."

"Well I haven't been yet, but I'm fairly certain Hell is a whole lot weirder than my analysis."

"Whatever you say, smartass," Bakugou said with an eye roll.

Midoriya just chuckled at that.

"What's so funny?" He sneered.

"Nothing, just laughing at the humor of the boy who's sweat smells like caramel calling *me* weird."

"At least I don't constantly smell like BO like you, adrenaline junkie."

"No, you just blow up when you're hot. Perfectly normal."

"Well *I* don't cough glitter every time I use my quirk like some kinda

gay-”

“Kacchan, *YOU’RE* gay.”

“Your point?”

“MY POINT is that analysis will be a good skill to have once I’m a hero.” At that Midoriya stood and made his way to the counter continuing his conversation as Bakugou followed him. “Even if my quirk keeps me safe it’s still not great in a fight. I need to identify a villain's weakness to win.”

Bakugou snorted. “‘Not great in a fight.’ That’s one way to put it.”

“Oh shut up! I’m getting better at controlling it!”

“Oh you are? I wasn’t aware.” He then turned to the barista, “Large iced coffee two shots caramel.”

“Please!” Midoriya added.

The barista, a bored teenager who looked slightly out of place in all the comfy decor, simply rolled her eyes and turned to make the drink.

“Care to tell me exactly how many bones you broke yesterday?” Bakugou continued as Midoriya counted out money for the drink.

Midoriya blushed. “That doesn’t count! Yesterday was an outlier and you know it!”

“Was it 3? 4? Oh, wait. IT WAS 27.”

The two sat back down at the table after grabbing Bakugou's coffee, continuing their conversation with a vigor that drew the attention of the rest of the cafe.

The rest of the cafe amounted to not much, mind you. There were only three other patrons, a man in his late 40s and a young couple that looked to be early 20s. That meant that aside from Bakugou and Midoriya it was relatively quiet. Not that they seemed to care.

“It was an accident!”

“Izu, I saw you trip over your OWN FEET, shatter BOTH arms trying to catch yourself, and then proceed to fall down 3 FLIGHTS OF STAIRS.” He threw up his arms. “I don’t know how to do that on *purpose* for crying out loud! How the hell did you manage to do it by

accident?!"

"... I'm talented like that?"

"Your only talent is ruining my clothes with all your blood."

"Well excuse me! I never ASKED for you to carry me home!"

"You had BONE showing!! What was I supposed to do?!"

Midoriya scoffed. "My legs were fine."

"They were fractured in 6 different places."

"But not broken!"

At that moment a man dressed in a black shirt, a black beanie, and a black coat that he stuffed his hands in, walked in and then up to the counter.

I will be frank, he looked like the definition of sketchy. Heck, the bulge in his pocket was so clearly a knife that you would have to have led a completely knife free life to not recognize it. And since "knife free life" did not describe either of them in the slightest, what with Midoriya's 'condition', you would think they would notice, but they were too invested in their conversation to pay him any heed. That or they just didn't care, which I cannot rule out.

"Your arms were dust from trying to *catch* yourself!" Under his breath, he whispered, "Getting better my ASS."

Midoriya caught it. "It's reflex okay?! It's really difficult to control ALL. THE. TIME. It's like- like, tiptoeing constantly. You can do it but it's easy to forget if you're focused on something else."

It was during his explanation that the sketchy man drew a knife and shook it at the barista.

"Money in the bag! NOW!"

The three customers stared in shock, first at the robber, and then at the two boys who continued talking and tuned out the situation behind them.

"Once we get into UA I'll be able to learn how to direct the force better. Right now all the energy is coming from breaking my bones and tendons and going everywhere. I need to learn how to-"

"Ugh! Fine! I get it!"

The barista looked at them and rolled her eyes once more. She was surprisingly unfazed as she slowly shoveled money into the bag.

I can only conclude that this calmness came from a frightening mixture of teenage angst and the laissez-faire attitude that one acquires after working in customer service for minimum wage, although I have no real proof for this.

“I swear we've had this conversation a dozen times-"

"And yet you fail to grasp the severity of my situation!"

The robber stared at them. "Will you two SHUT UP?!"

Bakugou sipped his coffee ignoring the man. "There's not enough caffeine for me to deal with you today."

"HA. Only a wimp would need caffeine to wake up."

"Not all of us are spastic junkies like you."

"Well-" He was cut off as the robber, who having had quite enough of these two idiots, decided to take matters into his own hands and grabbed the back of Midoriya's collar. He yanked him out of his seat and pressed the knife to his neck.

“I. SAID. SHUT. UP!!”

It was like a flip had switched. The two went from being absolutely careless to having a slight care. That care having come about only once there was a literal knife to Midoriya’s throat.

Midoriya screamed and reached his arm out straining, "KACCHAN!"

Bakugou's eyes blew wide. "SHI-" He dove wildly across the table, his fingertips almost there but just slightly too short.

But at the last second his hand wrapped around the Italian soda that was teetering from the activity and threatened to spill across Midoriya’s notebook.

The two boys let out identical sighs of relief.

Because yes. Of course, they were worried about the soda. They were both aware of how Midoriya was in no real danger; the notes,

however? Those couldn't come back to life.

This would be obvious to those who knew the two and Midoriya's blatant disregard for his life, however, the robber did not know the two and as such just watched the situation in complete and utter confusion. Which, considering the circumstances was a reasonable reaction.

"Gosh darn it, you almost spilled my soda."

"Wh- I- I have a knife to your throat!"

"Yeah, I'm well aware."

The robber just sputtered bewilderedly. It took him several moments to regain his composure. "You! Kid!" He said to Bakugou. "Hands in the air or your friend gets it!"

"Oh yes please. End the bitch."

"Kacchan!" Midoriya gasped exaggeratedly in mock hurt. "You wound me!"

"That's what you get for ruining my sweatshirt."

"I said I was sorry!"

"I don't think you understand." The robber pressed the knife into Midoriya's neck, cutting him off from his argument. "I. Will. Kill. Him."

"He'd deserve it."

The robber, an unsatisfied grocer employee when he wasn't robbing cafes, was in a state of delirious bewilderment. This was quite possibly the weirdest situation he'd ever been in, even beating the lizard cheerios incident of last month (but we don't speak of that).

"WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU. Is he even your friend?!"

"You know sometimes I wonder."

"ARGHHH"

"Look. You are clearly incompetent. So how about you let that nerd go and turn yourself in before I blow your face off, hmm?"

“Kacchan you better not-” Midoriya spoke even against the knife causing it to graze his neck and drip blood onto the hand of his captor.

His captor for all his many faults was also quite squeamish at the sight of blood. This was rather unfortunate considering he was attempting (I say attempting as it’s clear he was very bad at it) to rob a small cafe with a knife.

I am of the opinion that he should have tried some non-blood crimes if he had wanted money. My go-to suggestion would be embezzlement, difficult to get away with yes, but surprisingly blood-free for those villains who may be squeamish.
Regardless of what he should have done, the fact was that our hemophobic criminal was now painfully aware that there was blood in between his fingers.

There was a high pitch squeal as the robber let go of Midoriya and simply stared at the blood

He swooned, he shook, and he fainted.

“What.”

“That was- rather anticlimactic,” Midoriya said as he coughed and rubbed at his bloody neck. “Lend me your scarf would you?”

Bakugou obliged and Midoriya wrapped the material around his wound.

“There goes more of my wardrobe to your blood,” Bakugou grumbled.

“We should probably call the cops huh?” Midoriya said, dodging the statement.

The barista, who up until that moment had been quiet spoke, “I like, called them *ages* ago.” She popped her gum.

“Ah. Well that works I guess.” Midoriya said before he jerked back to face Bakugou. “CRAP. What time is it??” He then proceeded to pull out his phone and find out for himself. “NO! We’re late!!”

“Oh no. How tragic.”

“C’mon! Let's go, let's go, let's go!” He bounced in place as Bakugou gathered up his coat.

“Finnnnee. But you owe me.”

“I bought you coffee!”

“Yeah, and it nearly got you killed.”

“What’s new?”

And thus the two left, arguing all the way, leaving behind 3 confused customers, an unconscious body, and an exasperated barista attempting to explain the robbery to a pair of cops.

Chapter End Notes

> For those of you wondering, yes. He did manage to buy one of the last FIRST EDITION, ALL MIGHT, BRONZE AGE, FIGURINE!!
>
> EDIT:
> I got some lovely fan art done by RavenWithAKnife for this chapter! I love how they exactly captured the scene, from the bored barista to the confused thief. Thank you so much!
> [image]

# Bronze pt. 2 - It's a ripped Shrek

Chapter Summary

Bakugou why did you beat up the hulk's son

Chapter Notes

TW: small suicide joke towards the end in reference to Midoriya's 'resetting' (this will most likely be a common occurrence for future chapters. I will never make fun of suicide, only Midoriya's suicidal nature in this particular fic)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*2 years before the entrance exam*

*Midoriya's front door slammed open with a vigor that seemed to shake the entire apartment complex. Midoriya, who had been in the process of putting on some red sneakers, watched as Bakugou rushed in and proceeded to shut and lock the door behind him.*

*"What did you do."*

*"uHh. Nothing...?" Bakugou couldn't sound more guilty if he tried.*

*Midoriya simply crossed his arms. "Uh-huh."*

*"I- I may have pissed off a kid."*

*At that moment there was the sound of something ramming against the door. The something seemed to carry a lot of weight. This is not to say that the something, whoever or whatever it may be, was fat per se, only that it was definitely on the larger side.*

*"That doesn't sound like a kid."*

*"Well. He. Um, sorta told his dad?"*

*There was a muffled scream from outside. "I know you're in there! Come out and fight, ya brat!" The voice was deep and gruff and had there still been any doubts about the something being a child, nearly all of them were quelled upon hearing it.*

*"What did you DO?!"*

*“Doesn’t matter,” Bakugou said with a wave of his hand. “He deserved it.”*

*“Sure he did.” Midoriya bent down to finish tying his shoes. “Why did you come here though?”*

*“Your house was closer.”*

*He stood. “Fair enough. You’re welcome to hide out here if you want, I’m going to go for a jog.”*

*“WAIT DON’T GO OUT THERE,” Bakugou said frantically as he grabbed the back of Midoriya’s shirt.*

*“Kacchan I didn’t beat up this man's kid. I’ll be fine.” He turned the knob.*

*The door opened to reveal an 8-foot 5-inch tall slab of muscle blocking his way.*

*Now I realize that some of you may struggle to imagine what this height entails and as such, many not grasp the absolute terror such a man emits. For this reason, I will liken him to an 8-foot tall tree, something I am sure many of you have experienced at some point in your life. As for how terrifying he was, please for a moment imagine you have a deathly fear of trees. The fear the two boys felt upon seeing the man was the same as the fear one might feel in the presence of a horrifying 8-foot tall tree.*

*The man's quirk caused him to have rough green skin. At the risk of sounding quirkest I would describe him as an ogre, a jacked Shrek if you will. With horns.*

*You can see how this would be rather unsettling, I’m sure. Especially when you take into account that from the man's expression it was clear he was unable to differentiate between the brat who beat up his son and Midoriya.*

*The door closed.*

*Midoriya turned on his heels. “Upon further consideration, I have decided to cancel my jog.”*

*There was another loud bang on the door. "Come DIE you little shit!”*

*“I’d rather not! Thanks!” Bakugou shouted back.*

*This garnered a ferocious growl from the man who did not seem to be a fan of Bakugou’s cheek.*

*Midoriya, upon hearing the growls, turned to Bakugou. “Good GOLLY,*

*what did you do to tick off the HULK?"*

*"The hulk's son actually." He clarified.*

*Midoriya waved his arms in the air. "Regardless! There is a literal giant outside my door!"*

*"Yeah. That's why I'm staying here. Going out would most likely result in pain which is something I try to avoid."*

*Midoriya scoffed. "Wimp. I regularly break bones and you don't hear me complaining."*

*Bakugou's face lit up.*

*"Um. Wh-What's that face for...?"*

*"What face? This is a normal face."*

*Midoriya took a step back. "Nope. I know that face. That's your scheming face."*

*"I don't have a 'scheming face'!"*

*"You do and that's it."*

*Bakugou rolled his eyes. "I just had an idea, that's all."*

*"Do I want to know."*

*"Well… I can feel pain. But YOU. You can't." Bakugou grinned.*

*"Kacchan I SWEAR-"*

*He was cut off as Bakugou sprung forward and after a moment of the two wrestling Midoriya found himself shoved unceremoniously out the door.*

*Even after hearing the distinct sound of the lock, he struggled with the door handle for a moment. "KACCHAN, YOU JERK! I AM NOT GOING TO PLAY SACRIFICE TO YOUR MISTAKES!"*

*"Thanks, Izu! I owe ya!" Bakugou's muffled voice called from inside.*

*There was a low growl behind Midoriya. Slowly the boy turned around to face the monster of a man in front of him.*

*"G-G-Good morning, s-sir. I don't suppose we can talk this out?"*

*The growling got louder.*

*Midoriya sighed. “Yeah, I didn’t think so.”*

*-*

*Bakugou stood near the door patiently waiting. There was the sound of a scuffle outside yet he stayed, hands clasped together until the noise died down.*

*After a moment of silence, there was the sound of Midoriya banging on the door. “Let me in Kacchan!”*

*“Is he gone?”*

*“He will be as soon as he wakes up!”*

*Bakugou unlocked the door and watched as Midoriya pushed past him, cradling a broken arm. “Nice job. Now I have to go fix this-” He waved the limp arm in front of Bakugou’s face. “-instead of going on my jog!”*

*Bakugou, however, was looking at the unconscious body outside the door. “Holy shit, Izu. You didn’t have to kill him.”*

*“Oh, he’s fine. I, ON THE OTHER HAND.”*

*“I mean it worked, didn’t it?”*

*Midoriya rolled his eyes. “You owe me big time.” He looked at his phone. “My mom’s going to be home soon, but thanks to you I will be unconscious. So I think it’s only fair that you explain this mess to her.”*

*-*

*It was only a few minutes later when Inko walked in, arms laden with groceries.*

*“Hey, Auntie.”*

*Inko started nearly dropping her bags. “Oh! Katsuki! Didn’t see you there!” She sat the groceries on the table. “How are you doing this morning?”*

*He shrugged.*

*Inko looked around. “And where’s Izuku?”*

*Bakugou tilted his head towards the stairs. “Resetting.”*

*“Ah.” She pursed her lips. “Does this perhaps have anything to do with the unconscious man outside?”*

*“Ah shit, he’s still there?”*

*“Did you get in another fight?”*

*“I-” He stopped as he looked at his friend's mother. There was no use lying to her and Bakugou knew it. Through the years the two boys found that while they could hide things from Inko to some extent, it was nearly impossible to get away with out-right lying to her. It was this knowledge that caused Bakugou to bow his head in shame. “Yeah...”*

*“Are you okay?” She asked, concern being her natural first reaction.*

*Bakugou merely waved a hand and nodded. “Izu took care of it.”*

*“And I assume THAT is why he’s upstairs resetting right now?”*

*Bakugou winced. “Yeah?”*

*She sighed. “Just WHAT am I going to do with you two.”*

*“You could feed us!” Midoriya called as we ran down the stairs fully healed. “I’m starving!”*

*“Izuku Midoriya.” Inko crossed her arms. “Did you get into another fight?”*

*Midoriya froze. “It- It was his fault!” He pointed at Bakugou who looked incredibly offended at the totally accurate acquisition.*

*“Izuku, you can’t just get into fights with grown men!”*

*“I’d say he can by the looks of it,” Bakugou muttered.*

*At the same time, Midoriya complained, “That’s not fair! It’s not like I was trying to get into a fight!”*

*“Look here,” She turned to Bakugou who had lost interest and was now absentmindedly looking at his phone. “BOTH of you.” Once she had their attention she continued. “You boys have got to tune down this reckless behavior. I can’t keep coming home to finding unconscious bodies on my doorstep-”*

*“You do realize that’s only happened twice,” Bakugou said.*

*“-which is two times more than most people! And Izuku!” She turned to her*

*son. “You may be immortal but that does NOT mean you need to be suicidal!”*

*He winced at the berating. “Sorry, Mom.”*

*Her voice softened. “Just please do be careful. All this action is scaring your poor mother.”*

*“I don’t get what’s the big deal. HE CAN’T DIE.” Bakugou said.*

*“He might not be able to die but you can, Mister! Next time I hear word of you fighting I’m calling your mother.”*

*“You can’t threaten me. The old hag will just yell at me till she’s not mad.” He shrugged. “No big deal.”*

*Inko tilted her head and grinned wickedly. “Is that so? Then I don’t suppose you’d mind if I told your father?”*

*Bakugou’s eyes widened. “You wouldn’t.”*

*“If I find another body on my doorstep I won’t hesitate to.”*

*Bakugou shuddered. “FINE. Whatever I guess.”*

*The truth was Bakugou could easily weather any amount of screaming and nagging without a problem, yet as soon as anyone's who’s opinion he valued (which was a difficult thing to achieve in itself) expressed a slight disappointment in him, Bakugou fell apart. This ended up being his father's primary means of parenting due to how effective it was.*

*Bakugou knew that if his father were to become aware of his less than heroic behavior that day, he would be subjected to the following: a week's worth of worried expressions, a slight head shake, and perhaps even a hand on his shoulder as his father uttered a soft “I’m not mad, I’m just disappointed that you’ve done this." Knowing this, Bakugou decided it was in his best interest to keep this situation between Auntie Inko, Midoriya, and himself.*

*This is of course only reasonable if one does not know that Bakugou’s father was well acquainted with his behavior. In fact, his father knew all too much about Bakugou’s tendency to make his opinion known through his fists during arguments. Among other things.*

*Masaru had decided long ago that his son was far too much like his mother to be much influenced by anything he could ever do. This resulted in him*

*only pulling out the 'disappointed eyes' for matters that truly necessitated such punishment.*

*I myself am not totally sure if 'sacrificing his immortal best friend to an evil Shrek' would qualify, and it seems I will never know as Bakugou seemed quite content to meet Inko's demands of not knocking out men in front of her door again, and as such, the event was kept from Masaru.*

*"Now, if you two would help me out, I'm making soba for supper."*

*The two boys followed Inko into the kitchen and the unconscious man was forgotten as more pressing matters arose. Specifically the grumbling of the two growing boys growling stomachs.*

Chapter End Notes

Did I mention how much I love this duo? Because I really love this duo.

Last short story before I move on to cannon timeline!
(cuz I'm way too impatient ;p)

# Red, White, and Gold Glitter pt. 1 - Adrenaline Junkie

Chapter Summary

Midoriya's an adrenaline junkie, what's new?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*The year of the entrance exam, sludge villain arc*

*Bakugou heard a small tapping at his window. The hell? He then turned his attention to the clock which read 1:47 AM.*

*Upon reading the time he realized a few things. First, he had been asleep. Second, he was no longer asleep. And probably most importantly, some idiot had somehow managed to wake him up in the middle of the night by tapping on his 5th story window.*
*He angrily (as per usual) threw off his blankets and stomped to his window where he could see the unmistakable green hair of his friend clinging to the fire escape.*

*He opened the window and resisted (barely) the urge to cuss out the boy for waking him up so early.*

*Instead, he settled for hissing across the distance, "What the hell are you doing?!"*

*Midoriya simply put a finger to his lips and tapped his phone.*

*Bakugou slunk back inside and clicked on the notification.*

***Adrenaline Junkie***

*Care to join me for some midnight parkour?*

***Lord Explodo***

*Auntie's gonna kill you*

***Adrenaline Junkie***

*What she doesn't know won't hurt her :)*

*How about it?*

***Lord Explodo***

*It's the asscrack of dawn bastard*

***Adrenaline Junkie***

*Awww does Kacchan need his beauty sleep?*

*Bakugou responded with a string of middle finger emojis, which, in case you weren't aware, is the pictogram version of "fuck you". Why he sent pictures rather than actually typing it out is beyond me, however, Midoriya seemed to get the message as he sent a picture of a face sticking its tongue out in response. Now while this is not the, shall I say, the conventional response to being confronted with such vulgar terminology, it was actually pretty typical for Midoriya.*

***Lord Explodo***

*Just this once adrenaline junkie*

*As he turned to dress in a more suitable outfit he smiled to himself.*

*-*

*The next day Midoriya was acting more energetic than typical as they walked to school. He skipped around Bakugou, jumped up and down, and generally acted like a complete oddity for the Wednesday morning.*

*Bakugou yawned and sipped his coffee.*

*“Gosh Kacchan, you look like crap.”*

*Bakugou glared at him and pointed an accusatory finger. “Who’s fault is that?”*

*“Aw, you totally enjoyed parkouring!”*

*“I’d have enjoyed it more if it wasn’t on a school night.”*

*“Next time we’ll do it on the weekend.”*

*“There won’t be a ‘next time’ junkie.”*

*“Whatever you say Kacchan.” Midoriya teased, before running out of the way of the expected fist. He did a cartwheel while he waited for Bakugou to catch back up.*

*Bakugou just rolled his eyes at this. “Showoff.”*

*“Me? Never!”*

*“What’s got you so worked up anyway?”*

*“Hm?”*

*“Don’t play dumb. You’ve been like 5x more spastic this last week.”*

*“Well, you know me, adrenaline rush and all.”*

*Bakugou sighed exasperatedly. “Just spill it already.”*

*Midoriya absentmindedly scratched the back of his head. “It’s just all the talk about careers and the future at school got me thinking…”*

*Bakugou spun and grasped Midoriya’s collar. “You ain’t backing out, are you?! You HAVE to become a hero so I can beat you once and for all!”*

*“Chill! I’m still gonna be a hero!”*

*“Oh.” Bakugou dropped his friend. “So then what’s the problem?”*

*“Well I’m going to have to pass the UA entrance exam to get in, and as useful as this quirk is, that’s gonna be tricky. So I guess I’m just worried about not being strong enough.”*

*“Hence the midnight parkour.”*

*“Yup.*

*Bakugou scoffed. “They’d have to be idiots to not let you in. You’re gonna be a hero one way or another, just depends on whether or not we have to threaten them or not.”*

*“Kacchan we can’t threaten them.”*

*“Why not? You got all those stalker notes, I’m sure there’s some stellar blackmail material in there.”*

*“That’s not the POINT.”*

*“Laaame. Why even have stalker notes if you aren’t gonna blackmail people?”*

*“We’ve been through this before.”*

*“I know, I know,” Bakugou said. “Guess you’ll just have to get stronger huh?”*

*“Yeah.” Midoriya sighed. “I wish there was a way I could spontaneously develop a strength quirk before the exam.”*

*Bakugou laughed. “While we’re dreaming I want All Might to autograph my shirt.”*

*“Like he’ll ever touch that sweaty rag of yours.”*

*“I’d have better clothes if you didn’t get BLOOD all over them!”*

*“Wouldn’t fix that sweating problem of yours.”*

*“It’s my quirk, you bastard!” Bakugou growled at his friend and began to chase him.*

*They ran like this all the way to the school, Bakugou shouting cusses while Midoriya laughed at him.*

-

*“Let’s goooooo. What’s taking you so long?” Bakugou complained as Midoriya packed up his books at the end of class.*

*“Go on without me, Mr. Shibata wants to talk to me.”*

*Bakugou looked up at their teacher who was talking to a different student at the front of the class. Upon confirming he was out of earshot he turned to whisper to Midoriya. “The hell does that quirkest bastard want with you?!” He hissed.*

*Though I am not typically a fan of Bakugou’s colorful language I will agree that “quirkest bastard” is an apt description for Shibata. He was a 35 year old single man who had been teaching for the last 10 years of his life. All 10 had reflected poorly on his character, however, an uncle of his with power in the school board ensured his position. As for his permanent single status, it was entirely his own fault. The man seemed to value powerful quirks over any personality, unfortunate considering his quirk allowed him to change the texture of his skin, which, by all definitions, is a ‘lame’ quirk.*

*This quirkest judgment transferred over to his class and caused him to be extremely lenient to those with hero quirks, and far less gracious to those without. From this Midoriya had pointed out several times in the past that Bakugou was seemingly immune to detention because of their teachers' poor morals. A fact Bakugou had been happy to take advantage of by regularly getting into fights, something Midoriya had chided him repeatedly for.*

*“I don’t know what he wants.”*

*“I swear if he gives you shit about wanting to be a hero I’ll-”*

*It’s FINE Kacchan. I’ll see you later.”*

*Bakugou ignored the invitation to leave. Midoriya was clearly anxious about the situation, knowing full well the meeting would be about his application to UA. “Hey, wanna meet at my house after? We can watch that All Might movie you like so much.”*

*Bakugou wasn’t the best at cheering people up (he didn’t DO cheerful), so he typically banked on the knowledge that Midoriya had an unnatural love for All Might. This line of thinking had worked well over the years and Bakugou was confident it would continue to do so for the years to come.*

*Midoriya smiled slightly. “Sure. I’ll walk down after I’m done here.*

*“You sure you don’t want me to wait for you?”*

*“I’ll be fine.”*

*With that Bakugou turned and left and Midoriya found himself alone in the room with Mr. Shibata. He took a deep breath.*

Chapter End Notes

I apologize for the abrupt ending, the chapter went long so I split it into two!

Anyways- next update will be where the action is

# Red, White, and Gold Glitter pt. 2 - Golly Geez, it's All Might

Chapter Summary

All Might meets a child

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“See Midoriya, I called you here to discuss your future. You have here written that you want to be a hero and train at UA.” The teacher held up a sheet the students had filled out a few days prior.

“Yup.” Midoriya’s foot tapped anxiously.

Mr. Shibata sighed. “I think it’s time you start thinking less about what you *want* to do and more about what you *can* do. It’s simply not practical for you to become a hero, I-”

“Why not?” Midoriya interrupted, finding himself growing upset.

“Wha- Sorry?”

“Why can’t I? I’m fit enough, I have the grades, and I know I have the drive, so why can’t I become a hero?”

“Midoriya, please.” He sounded exasperated. “Don’t make this harder than it is. Your quirk is just not fit to be a hero. I read your file, you would get one hit in before you break yourself and become completely useless. It's just not feasible."

"Well, then I'll have to make that one hit count."

"Midoriya, please be reasonable."

The boy stood up. “If that is all I’ll be leaving now.”

“Midoriya! I am trying to HELP you here!”

“Well, I don’t need your help to become a hero thanks. I’m doing fine on my own.”

“You’re weak! Your quirk is useless, you won’t last a week!”

This is a perfect example of what *not* to say to a student when discussing their dream career. Future teachers take notes. However, Mr. Shibata is a complete and utter idiot with no regard for human emotions aside from his own who deserves to be crushed in a trash compactor, or some equally terrible fate, such as, being repeatedly awakened at 6 in the morning on Saturday by your demon spawn of a neighbor deciding to mow his lawn.

But I digress. Midoriya, the poor boy, ran out of the room, bag clutched in his arms before the man could see the tears gathering in his eyes.

It was only after he got a few blocks away from the school that it dawned on him; he'd just gotten into an argument WITH A TEACHER.

And said teacher had told him he was useless and couldn't become a hero. That thought made Midoriya feel slightly better about yelling at him.

He was walking through an underpass when he heard a sound behind him. His reasoning for taking the route had been that it would be the fastest way to get to Bakugou's house, however, he would have most likely avoided it if he had known that taking it would result in him getting suffocated by mud.

The experience was an unpleasant one. Specifically, Midoriya was not thrilled at the taste of the slime slipping through his teeth.

"MUmH," Midoriya said.

I do not know what he was trying to say but I can infer it was something along the lines of, "Ew. Please stop forcing yourself into my mouth." or perhaps, knowing him, just a sarcastic, "This day could NOT get better."

Just when Midoriya's vision started to go black a huge punch came out of nowhere and blew the villain apart.

The punch was not an ordinary punch mind you, you might even say it was *extraordinary*. This was because All Might had been the puncher and he was widely regarded as a very good puncher. I am inclined to agree with this as the punch managed to blow the villain apart and still left Midoriya completely unscathed. Although honestly, I doubt he'd mind if he was punched by All Might, being the fanboy he is, I am of the opinion he would treasure the moment as much as any autograph.

Midoriya, forgetting that there was goo in both his mouth and lungs, attempted to acknowledge the hero who had just saved him. This did not go as planned and he ended up just hacking for several minutes.

All Might quickly gathered the villain into two large bottles and then proceeded to stand by watching as Midoriya tried his hardest to upchuck a lung.

Once he managed to get himself under control he stood shakily and uttered a breathless, “All Might!”

“Hello, young boy! I apologize for the disturbance! Are you alright?”

“YUP.” Midoriya squeaked. “Totally peachy!”

All Might, mistaking his fanboy panic for just panic of the ‘I just nearly died’ variety, bent down to examine him. “Are you positive?”

Midoriya nodded.

“Well if you’re sure. I hate to leave so soon but I’m afraid I’m on a rather tight schedule…” He bent his knees and prepared to take off.

“Wait-I-wanted-to-ask-you-sometHIIIINNNGGG.” The end of Midoriya’s very rushed sentence was lost to the wind as he took to the air hanging on All Might’s leg.

All Might seemed slightly disturbed at the fact that this seemingly suicidal boy was now clinging to his leg hundreds of feet in the air. He logically landed on a nearby roof. “What were you thinking?!”

“I- I wanted to ask you something?” Midoriya repeated rather pathetically.

“Look kid, I really need to go-”

“Can I be a hero with a useless quirk?”

“Eh?”

“I mean it’s not entirely useless, I can’t feel pain which is actually really nice, it’s just that it’s not really heroic or anything and everyone tells me that-”

“Hold up. Your quirk is that you can’t feel pain?”

“Among other things.”

That was an understatement. The immortality aspect of his quirk was perhaps the most important part, however, Midoriya was used to not explicitly talking about that so he opted to stay silent on that bit.

His omission was missed as a cloud of smoke enveloped All Might and left a stick figure in his place.

“Whaaaat,” Midoriya said in a mix of awe and confusion.

All Might sighed. “I have something to tell you.” What followed was a long-winded explanation that involved losing organs, a time limit, and holding one's abs while swimming. Midoriya wasn’t entirely sure he understood the analogy but the rest made sense enough.

“-that being said I’d appreciate it if you don’t tell anyone else about this.” All Might finished.

“Alright.”

“...You don’t seem very surprised about all this.”

“Yeah well, my quirk’s weird too. A quirk that makes you spit blood and turn into a scarecrow when you use it doesn’t seem THAT far fetched.”

“Oh. I suppose so.” All Might seemed to have never thought of it that way.

“Um. About me being a hero with a lame quirk…?” Midoriya prodded.

“Ah yes, that.” All Might tilted his head in thought. “You can’t.”

“What?!”

“If you want to save people, become a police officer or something. Being a hero is far too dangerous. Look at me!” He chuckled. “Seriously though, you can get really hurt.”

“I can’t feel pain though! That’s literally my quirk!” Midoriya pleaded. “There’s even a self healing aspect so I won’t even be out of commission for long!”

“Even still, villains don’t aim to injure.” His voice lowered ominously. They aim to kill.” All Might opened a door that led to a stairwell. “Regardless of your quirk, there’s no way to come back from the dead. Sorry kid, but you need more than passion to become a hero.”

Midoriya was left stunned and sputtering on the rooftop. Even his hero didn't believe in him. And yet, that didn't really change anything. Midoriya had been having his doubts that day, what with the argument with Mr. Shibata, and asking All Might, well, he had hoped it would be a confirmation. A confirmation that he COULD be a hero, regardless of what people said. But that wasn't the way it went.

But still, what was it he had said? *"Regardless of your quirk, there's no way to come back from the dead."*

Midoriya laughed out loud, the noise bubbling out of him in relief. "And THAT'S where you're wrong!" He said aloud.

He knew he could, knew he *would*, become a hero.

Chapter End Notes

Midoriya: Death? Ah yes. She and I are very well acquainted.

# Red, White, and Gold Glitter pt. 3 - All your fault

Chapter Summary

The universe is out for Bakugou

Chapter Notes

Buckle up and get ready for some mostly cannon with a few significant twists

Bakugou was simply making his way from school to his home when the universe decided he should be eaten by a slime.

Bakugou was not a fan of this decision, something he made very clear by him screaming loudly in anger and attempting to blow up the villain. This did not cause the villain to let him go, but it did succeed in drawing a crowd who called in the heroes.

Although typically that would be a good thing, the heroes that came were very clearly not fit for the situation and honestly probably should have stayed at their agencies and waited for a crime that was more suited to their specific talents.

All this meant that there were multiple witnesses, much to his embarrassment, as Bakugou unsuccessfully exploded.

Internally Bakugou was blaming Midoriya for this situation. He had no reason to do this, albeit that he always internally blamed *someone* for all his problems, and it was simply a coincidence that this was slightly Midoriya's fault.

I say that quite loosely, it was only his fault in that he had accidentally caused All Might to drop the villain while he clung to his leg, mostly it was the villain himself who was to blame. Really Bakugou should be blaming the sludge villain for attacking him, not Midoriya for causing him to be in the area he was when he got attacked. Which was kind of funny if you think about it, he was subconsciously blaming his friend, who was sort of at fault, but not for the reason he thought.

But I am getting sidetracked when really I should be covering the fact that Bakugou was quite literally dying.

Luckily before he snuffed it he caught sight of a familiar bag soaring through the air and into the villain. Unfortunately, because at that moment Bakugou himself was *in* the villain, the bag also hit his face.

“MmmMGRHM.”

“Let go of him!” Midoriya yelled.

“You again?! Fucking brat!” The villain hissed. “I’ll kill you!”

“I’d like to see you try! You can’t kill a fly!” Midoriya taunted. He figured that if he could get the villain to attack him Bakugou would be able to run free. He was ridiculously surprised when that was what actually happened.

“I’ll show you, twerp!”

And with that Midoriya was once again eating mud.

The experience caused him to swear off all jello for the remainder of his days, sure that the texture would cause him to barf. The feeling was so unpleasant he found himself wishing he’d just die, as once dead he would not be able to taste. Also because while not painful, the experience of suffocating was not enjoyable.

His wish was granted in a timely manner and only moments before All Might came careening through the sky to deliver a literal weather changing punch that scattered the villain all across town.

This left Bakugou in the awkward situation of trying to hide his friend's corpse from the heroes.

He did an admirable job, managing to drag him down an alleyway while everyone was focused on the sudden arrival of All Might.

It truly was a testament to the love of All Might that the two boys escaped without being seen, or perhaps just a testament to shoddy writing.

-

Midoriya awoke to a slap across the face.

“Hi, Kacchan.” He coughed having inhaled some glitter. “Well then. I suppose I can check ‘suffocation’ off my suicide bucket list.

Bakugou chose to ignore that last little bit. “Sure took your sweet

time.”

“My bad, I’ll try to *resurrect* myself faster next time.”

“You better. Now let's get out of here, I bet all the heroes are trying to find us.”

“They don’t know where we are?!”

“It was that or I explain to the officer how, ‘my friend isn’t dead, he’s just sleeping!’” Bakugou raised an eyebrow at Midoriya, “Can’t see that going over so well.”

“Alright, fair enough.”Midoriya stood and brushed the glitter off his jeans. With a skip and a hop he jumped onto a dumpster and jumped once more to grasp the bottom of a fire escape which he proceeded to climb like some freak hybrid of a monkey and a spider. Now that I think about it he could just be compared to a normal spider monkey, a very real thing I try to avoid thinking about most of the time.

“Well? You coming or not?” He called down once he reached the top of the building.

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “You’re so extra, you know that right?” He said before moving to follow in his friend's lead.

“That’s why you love me.”

-

The two had slowed their pace once they neared Bakugou’s house and stopped for a moment on a rooftop not far from his apartment complex to catch their breath.

“So… We still on for that movie?”

“Izu. I almost DIED.”

Midoriya rolled his eyes. “Clearly you’re not trying hard enough, I DID.”

“You *always* die.”

“I am pretty impressive like that aren’t I?”

Bakugou snorted. “You have a way of making traumatic situations seem pretty ordinary.”

At that moment a man crashed down in front of them having just flown through the sky to land on the roof. The man was All Might, of course, just barely holding onto his form. “I AM HERE! TO TALK TO YOU!”

“All Might?!” The boys exclaimed at the same time.

“How did you get away from the reporters?” Midoriya asked.

“Not a problem for me! Besides, they were quite distracted looking for you two.” All Might shook a finger at them. “Naughty, naughty, all that sneaking around had the heroes worried!” There was a veil of smoke starting to pour from his body. “But enough of that- I wanted to speak to you Midoriya!”

“Okay.” He made no move to leave.

“Um. Alone, please.”

“I’ll just tell Kacchan whatever you tell me.”

“What? Couldn’t you-” All Might transformed. “Well shit.” He sighed.

“EHH?!” Bakugou exclaimed.

# Red, White, and Gold Glitter pt. 4 - The Truth

Chapter Summary

All Might's turn for trauma!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took several minutes to get Bakugou caught up on the whole situation.

"Soo. Is this, like, a well known thing?"

"Not in the slightest. In fact aside from a handful of close friends you two are the only ones that know."

"Wow. You kinda suck at keeping this a secret." Bakugou said, unamused.

All Might simply coughed a bit of blood in way of a response.

"Anyways, what did you want to tell Izuku?"

"Um. Are you sure I can't convince you to leave?"

"Not a chance," Bakugou said, crossing his arms.

All Might sighed. "Well, in that case, let me tell you two about a little thing called One For All…"

-

"And you want ME to inherit this quirk?!"

"That is the plan, yes."

"I- Are you sure you want to do this? I told you, my quirk is really not suited for being a hero. And I mean, you don't really know me that well. We only had like one conversation and it was kinda rushed. Almost like the whole conversation was being written by an author who just really wanted to get to the next scene and was banking on the fact that most of the readers knew the extent of the situation already..."

This is in fact exactly what happened, however, Bakugou and All Might chose to ignore this insight as neither of them had a good grasp on the concept of the fourth wall.

“He’ll do it.” Bakugou interrupted the insistent mutterings.

Midoriya snapped out of his mutter trance to elbow Bakugou. “Hey! That’s not exactly your choice to make!”

“You better take it. This on top of your shitty quirk will guarantee that you’ll make it into the hero course.” Bakugou pounded a fist into his hand. “Then when I beat you I’ll prove to everyone that I’m the best!”

“Ah, of course, you have an ulterior motive.” Midoriya rolled his eyes.

All Might coughed. “He does have a valid point, what do you say?”

“UM. YES. Of course! This- this is like a dream come true, I’d love to take on your quirk- if you’re sure about this that is.”

“Believe me when I say that I think you will be perfect.”

“...still not totally sure why you think so…” Midoriya muttered.

All Might ignored him. “You will, however, have to train your body to be able to take the strength that comes with One For All. If you don’t then your limbs could potentially explode!” He chuckled. “You can see how that would be a problem I’m sure.”

Now had All Might fully understood Midoriya’s quirk he would have realized that this was actually NOT much of a problem. The two boys had made this connection and did not laugh at the joke.

“You didn’t tell him?!” Bakugou glared at Midoriya who in turn threw his hands in the air.

“Well, I didn’t know he was going to make me his freaking successor! It’s always been a secret, why would I tell him?!”

“I dunno, cuz he’s your idol?! You have to tell him now!”

“Shut up! I was going to!”

“Um.” All Might seemed at a loss for words. “What?”

“We need a minute,” Bakugou said with finality as he grabbed Midoriya’s wrist and dragged him a few paces away.

“Hey!” Midoriya shouted.

“So let me get this straight.” Bakugou hissed, his back to All Might. “Some guy who claims to be All Might is offering to make you his successor on the basis that you’re more suicidal than pig taunting a tiger-”

“The heck is that analogy.”

“SHUT UP. The point stands!”

“Well I’m fairly certain he IS All Might, I don’t know many other people who can make it rain from a single punch.”

“He could be, like, a shapeshifter pretending to be All Might, and the real All Might is still with the reporters or something.”

Midoriya simply stared at Bakugou in response.

“... or something like that.” Bakugou finished lamely.

“Okay, so I seriously doubt that’s the case-”

“Well, the only other option is that the number one fucking hero wants to give you his quirk! YOU! So sorry if I find it hard to believe that anyone would want you as a student.” He crossed his arms.

“I don’t understand! You seemed really eager for me to get his quirk a few minutes ago.”

“Yeah well, that was before I learned that he didn’t know about your quirk, cuz that means he looked at you recklessly throwing yourself into dangerous situations and thought, ‘Hmm. This kid would make a GREAT successor.’ And that’s just stupid!”

Midoriya opened his mouth to argue. Midoriya closed it and thought about Bakugou’s words. “Point.”

“ ‘sides, he said it makes you explode? C’mon Izuku, do your *really* need more ways to break yourself?”

“Like you’re one to talk Mr. Explodo.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “Regardless. You are going to tell him?”

“Yeah. But first,” Midoriya looked at Bakugou, all humor gone from his face. “Do you really think I should do this?”

“You fucking BETTER. This is the chance of a lifetime nerd.”

Midoriya smiled.

“And you’re going to need all the help you can get if you keep getting into trouble.”

“You sound like my mother,” Midoriya grumbled. “And I don’t get into *that* much trouble.”

“We both know that’s a major lie.” Bakugou turned around and walked back to All Might, Midoriya followed suit.

“Alright junkie, tell him.”

Midoriya took a deep breath. “All Might, I have something I need to tell you.”

“Okay?”

“So. My quirk. Um. It’s weird? I’m not totally sure how to explain this?”

Bakugou growled. “Just show him, idiot!”

“Show me what?” All Might questioned, growing more confused by the second.

“I can’t do that!”

“Why the hell not?”

“Cuz it’s-” Midoriya struggled to explain himself. “It’s disturbing!”

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “Get over it. You’ll have to show him at some point if you take him up on his offer.”

“FINE.” Midoriya slung his bag off his shoulder and pointed at Bakugou. “But YOU’RE gonna have to explain it to him.”

“I don’t understand? What are you doing, Midoriya?” All Might questioned.

You see All Might was used to being at least a little confused most of the time. This was because for all extents and purposes he was not the brightest bulb on the Christmas tree and as such rarely understood what was happening. Mostly he just waited for people to scream and

then punched stuff. Somehow this method had ended up working out pretty good for him thus far and even resulted in him becoming the number 1 hero.

However, this situation had him more confused than ever. Sure, he had chosen a successor on the basis that Midoriya seemed to be hero material, a conclusion he had come to upon seeing the boy throw himself into a very dangerous situation, but the two boys were making him feel incredibly out of the loop.

“Sorry for lying to you All Might, but THIS is my quirk.” And with that Midoriya took a deep breath before running the short length of the roof and jumping.

To elaborate, he quite literally swan dived off the roof headfirst in an impressive display of athleticism and a complete disregard for personal safety.

All Might for his part stood completely still, refusing to believe that anyone was that, well, *suicidal*. He quite honestly believed that Midoriya was going to fly or demonstrate something equally epic as his true quirk. Don’t blame him for thinking so, he had very little context for the situation, and as such the boy flying seemed reasonable enough.

As it was, Midoriya did NOT fly, instead, he fell the length of the building and landed with a grotesque squelch on the pavement.

“That BASTARD.” Bakugou glared angrily at the edge.

All Might’s jaw moved up and down but no noise came out.

Bakugou turned to the man. “Um. All Might sir? So, don’t panic but-”

“Is- is he *dead*?”

“Well,” Bakugou seemed to be a bit panicky himself, “I mean, kinda? He’ll be fine! But-”

“He’s dead.”

“Uhh, yeah. He’s dead. But-”

“*Shit.*” All Might then turned and ran away.

“WaitAllMightYouDon’tUnderstand-” Bakugou chased after the hero.

Chapter End Notes

Next update will wrap up this arc

# Red, White, and Gold Glitter pt. 5 - Hey Kacchan, now I can explode like you!

Chapter Summary

This was a mistake, wasn't it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Bakugou finally caught up to the hero who had stopped running after his curiosity got the better of him to stare at Midoriya's deformed corpse. The boy's blood had gathered around his body and was already starting to shimmer.

The two stood in silence for a minute before All Might finally broke it. "I'm concerned," He said.

"Yeah well, everything considered that's a fair reaction."

"He's really dead," All Might said, still in shock.

"I tried to tell you," Bakugou examined the body. "It's his quirk."

"DYING is his quirk?!"

"Um, kinda??"

All Might just stared at Bakugou.

"Ugh. I'm really not good at explaining this."

"NO. NO, YOU ARE NOT."

Bakugou glared at All Might, annoyed at this reaction. I don't think that's really fair to the hero, he simply lacked the background knowledge to truly comprehend the situation and Bakugou was frankly not helping.

"Look. He's immortal. He dies and then he gets his shitty glitter everywhere and BOOM. Not dead."

"What does that even MEAN."

“It means the asshole knew I’d be terrible at explaining this and wanted me to suffer!”

“You know, somehow I doubt that was his intention.”

“That was DEFINITELY his intention. He just likes to see me fail.”

“Will you please just explain what’s happening-”

At that moment Midoriya did indeed explode in a cloud of glitter. “I’M BACK!”

All Might screeched.

“Sorry for keeping that from you All Might,” Midoriya said as he stood. “But there you go! I’m also immortal. Which is kinda useful.”

“I’m sorry you’re what.”

“Kacchan! Did you not explain my quirk to him?” There was a teasing undertone to his words that lent credence to Bakugou’s theory.

Bakugou flipped Midoriya the bird. “Explain your own quirk, idiot.”

“Finnnne.” He turned to the thoroughly confused hero. “So! My quirk is called *Adrenaline Rush*, basically my body pumps modified adrenaline into my system 24/7. It makes me have a constant adrenaline rush and also activates my body's hysterical strength mechanism. So that means that I go over my limits in strength, but it has the side effect of breaking me cuz my body isn’t meant to take the strain-”

“I don’t mean to be rude but can we please get to the immortal part?”

“Oh! Um, yeah that’s probably important.” He cleared his throat. “As a safety since my quirk is so volatile there’s also a healing aspect. That is, um, only activated after my heart stops. So… yeah.”

There is a silence broken only by an awkward cough from Bakugou.

All Might took a deep breath, “Kid. WHY did you not think to tell me this?!”

“I just did.”

All Might said nothing.

Midoriya sighed. “I dunno. I guess since I just don’t really tell people it didn’t exactly occur to me.”

“And WHY do you not tell people?! I for one would have greatly appreciated a warning.”

“Uhh, I have a few reasons. Also,” Midoriya winced. “it does tend to cause, er, trauma.”

“Ah. That would be a valid reason.” All Might sighed and shook his head. “You’re going to be a handful of a successor aren’t you?”

“Wait. You still want me to inherit your quirk??”

“If anything the knowledge of your true quirk has only reaffirmed my thoughts that you should. After all, being immortal will probably be very helpful.”

“Okay, but WHY do you want me to take your quirk?”

“Don’t argue with him dumbass!” Bakugou interjected. “Just take the damn quirk!”

“Okay okay!” He turned to the hero. “All Might sir, I would love to take on your quirk.”

They stood in awkward silence for a few minutes as Midoriya looked at the hero expectantly.

“Um. Right now?” All Might said.

“Was- was that not what you meant?”

“Well, originally I had planned on having you train your body before so that you wouldn’t explode-”

“Been there, done that, he’s fine,” Bakugou interjected. “Now give him the quirk.”

“Wha-”

“Don’t ask,” Midoriya said exasperatedly. “Um, he has a point though…”

“That he does.” Suddenly he transformed back into his All Might form and pulled a hair out of his head. “EAT THIS!”

“What.”

“You need my DNA to get my quirk.”

“Okay but like, your hair??” Midoriya put a hand to his mouth and began to mutter. "Only the follicles at the bottom actually contain DNA so I really should only need to eat that end, but that's still kinda ineffective. Maybe if I just like licked your arm? Cuz then I'd be digesting hundreds of your dead skin cells and those would also have DNA-"

All Might struggled to keep up with the relentless flow. "Do- do you *want* to lick me?"

“I- not particularly!” He waved his arms. “But like, I WOULD if I needed to.”

“UGHHH,” Bakugou groaned. “Just eat the damn thing already!”

“Okay! I was going to!” And with that Midoriya grabbed the hair and devoured it.

He made a face as he swallowed. “Is that it?”

All Might nodded. “You should begin feeling the effects very soon.”

As soon as he said that Midoriya doubled over. “Uh oh.”

“What’s wrong?! Are you okay?!” All Might asked worriedly. He bent closer to the boy.

“GET-BACK-I-THINK-I’M-GONNA-”

I have no doubt that the next word was going to be ‘explode’, but the sentence was cut off by Midoriya exploding so I am unable to confirm this.

Bakugou let out a high pitched screech of anger as blood splattered his shirt.

-

“Okay, so I guess you were right about the whole exploding thing,” Midoriya said as soon as he revived.

Bakugou furiously slapped at the glitter down his front. “You THINK?!”

“I…” All Might blinked hard. “I don’t think I’ll ever get used to that.”

“You say that until it happens like a hundred times,” Bakugou glared at his shirt as if willing the glitter out. It did not work. “Then it’s just annoying.”

“So exploding wasn’t fun but I think I have a better handle on it now,” Midoriya said as if that was a normal sentence, “What next?”

“Ah. Well,” All Might started, at a loss for this strange situation he now found himself in.

“Cuz I was thinking I might need to change my quirk description now that I have One For All too.”

“What, you finally going to add the ‘makes owner of quirk act like a fucking squirrel with no regards for personal safety' to the description?” Bakugou snorted.

“Ha ha. But really. The official description says I have a very minor strength enhancement which is obviously no longer true.”

“Well…” All Might started hesitantly. “You are able to change those when necessary. If I may offer my opinion?”

Midoriya nodded.

“We can’t have people knowing about One For All, but if you edited your quirk as if you had just discovered more about it then it should be fine.”

“So you’re saying I should change my quirk description to be like a combination of Adrenaline Rush and One For All?”

“Exactly. I was thinking you could maybe name it after the small strength aspect of your existing quirk.”

Midoriya’s eyes brightened. “Hysterical Strength!”

Bakugou laughed sharply. “Well you’re hysterical enough, that’s for sure.”

All Might smiled. “Midoriya Izuku, today you become the ninth holder of One For All, or as it will be known as from this day forward- *Hysterical*.”

Chapter End Notes

We got title dropping in this chapter, how delightful

Thank you all for reading this fic! I reached 5000 hits as of this last update and I'm just in awe

# I'll make a HERO out of you

Chapter Summary

> Yes, give the child muscles on top of both an immortality quirk and strength enhancement. That can't possibly go wrong.

Chapter Notes

> I opted for a time skip in this chapter so that I could introduce Uraraka and I have absolutely no regrets.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

They decided to meet the next day at Takoba beach to start Midoriya's training.

"What time we gonna meet?" Bakugou questioned.

"'We?' Are you coming too young Bakugou?" All Might questioned, slightly confused.

Bakugou scoffed. "Of course I'm coming. You think I'm going to let this idiot get ahead of me by having extra training? Hell no. I'm coming too," He tilted his head in thought. "Also you're probably gonna need my help. It's harder than you'd think keeping this dumbass from killing himself."

Midoriya rolled his eyes. "I'm fine! No need to baby me."

"Trust me, you'll be grateful that I'm coming by the end."

-

All Might was.

By the time they had finished with Midoriya's first day of training, he had died no less than 17 times which was 17 more times than All Might had expected. Although to be fair that was probably his own mistake considering Midoriya had died 3 times the day prior but I digress.

It seemed that there was a slight problem with One For All that caused Midoriya to be unable to use it at less than 100% and that meant he was constantly exploding himself.

All though he hadn't believed Bakugou at the time, All Might was starting to feel a little desensitized to the constant death.

"Midoriya…" All Might said as the boy woke up for the 17th time that day. "I'm beginning to think we need a new approach."

Bakugou snorted. "Ya think?"

"Yeah, that's probably a good idea. I don't seem to be getting much more control of this quirk. What do you suggest?"

"Well originally I was going to have you train your body to become a better vessel for One For All, perhaps we should go back to that?"

In the end, it was decided that All Might would continue to train Midoriya by helping him to strengthen his body. And Bakugou, not being one to relax, decided that he too would prepare for the upcoming entrance exam by pushing his body to the limits. Thus the two boys each worked hard for the next many months in hopes of achieving the same goal; being accepted into UA's hero course and becoming the best possible heroes.

Now if you are so inclined, I would urge you to imagine a particularly powerful training montage in which you may see Midoriya clearing the beach with All Might, lifting weights as he studies for the exam, and perhaps most importantly, attempting to not use 100% of his power 100% of the time. This was much easier said than done considering the boy was now in the possession of not one, but TWO quirks that seemed to only allow him to go over his body's limits and evidently would not allow him to settle for anything less. Despite this, he managed to get to the point where he could use 5% of One For All with minimum repercussions. This was also due to the fact that he had quite a bit of prior experience with limiting his strength and as such was confident that he would get a handle on the two quirks during his time at UA.

If you are to continue this fictitious montage you may see Bakugou who has also thrown himself completely into training. Not only training his body but also paying particular attention to his quirk which, although not similar to Midoriya's in most ways, also put quite a strain on him due to its, shall I say, *explosive* nature. As if this wasn't enough, he had also decided that it would be in his best interest to study for the written exam. (no he is NOT a nerd and you should be ashamed of thinking so.)

That would conclude the training montage that I do hope you have

imagined in far greater detail than my words could ever express. My reasoning for having you imagine this scene is that I quite frankly do not have the energy to describe it for you. Although I am beginning to realize that to some extent I have done just that. Alas.

-

This would lead us to the day of the entrance exam where Bakugou and Midoriya were walking towards UA, predictably arguing.

"... all I'm saying is that depending on the hero their personality can actually increase civilian approval! It's not enough to be efficient, as a hero you have to make sure to garner the support of the general public. Take Endeavor for example. His cold demeanor has a certain type of appeal for some fans, but only because the persona is well crafted and all encompassing. If he were to start acting more aloof and out of character his ratings would plummet, but since he-"

"I cannot BELIEVE you just compared me to that shitstain." Bakugou glared at Midoriya.

"Yeah well, that 'shitstain' has more popularity than you ever will with that flaming pile of trash you call a personality."

"I don't NEED a personality. I have BOMBS for HANDS!"

"Oh my goodness. I can't," Midoriya rolled his eyes and threw his hands in the air, exasperated. "Look, you want to be number one? I can't wait to see how well that will gooOOOOO-" It was at that moment that Midoriya found himself falling, having tripped over either his own two feet or perhaps something invisible that lay on the ground. Most likely his own feet.

Midoriya had, like most people, tripped many times in his life. However, in his case, it was slightly different as if he was to catch himself it would most likely result in shattering his arms. He knew this and, not wanting to go to the exam with two broken arms, acted accordingly, closing his eyes and bracing for impact but kept his hands at his side.

This of course meant that he slammed into the ground with enough force to give him a bloody nose, the sight of which caused Bakugou to laugh.

Not even a second after he decided to become acquainted with the cement he felt a slap to the back. This was odd considering that

Midoriya was fairly certain he hadn't slapped himself on the back and Bakugou was still doubled over laughing at his predicament.

It was strange, although Midoriya was sure that he had been lying on the pavement only moments before, he now seemed to be pinwheeling through the air completely weightless. His vision was rather blurry from the spinning but he thought he saw a girl around his age flailing her arms and Bakugou wheezing next to her.

"WHOA," Was all Midoriya said.

"Oh-no-I-am-so-sorry-" The girl said. "I saw you falling and I tried to catch you but I guess I was too late oh, I should probably put you down I'm so sorry-" She rambled without taking a single breath before touching her fingers together.

Weight returned to Midoriya and he fell on his head on the floor.

"Oh gosh, I'm so sorry!"

"Wow!" Midoriya scrambled back to his feet, unfazed. "Is that your quirk? That's so neat! Five-point contact right? Can you make anything weightless or does the size matter? How long can you hold it? Can you make yourself weightless?"

"Chill Izu, you look like a complete maniac, you're scaring the poor girl!" Bakugou rolled his eyes.

Midoriya took a second to realize that there was still blood trickling down his face and had bombarded this stranger with intense questions about her quirk.

"Oops," He said. "Um- don't worry! I'm totally fine!'

The girl looked on the verge of crying. "You're bleeding!"

"Oh. Yeah well, not a big deal."

"I'm so embarrassed!" She buried her face in her hands. "I'm just going to run away now!"

She then proceeded to do just that, racing into the building without a second glance.

"Wow. Quite the charmer aren't you?" Bakugou said sarcastically.

"Hey! It wasn't that bad!"

“It was.”

“And what about you! You just stood around *laughing* at me!”

Bakugou dug through his bag and tossed a handkerchief to Midoriya. “You would too if you had seen it. You looked HILARIOUS.”

“Rude!” Midoriya took the handkerchief and tried his best to wipe the blood off his face.

“Oh give it here,” Bakugou said, roughly taking it from him. “You’re just smearing it all over.”
Bakugou dabbed at Midoriya who squirmed.

“Just leave it! We’re gonna be late for the exam!”

“You are NOT going to the exams with blood on your face! What kinda impression would that leave?!”

Approximately 18 feet away (or 6 meters for literally anyone who does not live in the US) Koji Koda, a UA hopeful, stood watching the entire exchange. Because he had seen the whole situation he decided to change that 18 feet into 33 as he made a very wide circle around the strange children.

He shuddered and decided he very much did not want to associate with Bakugou and Midoriya. Which, in my opinion, was probably smart.

Chapter End Notes

(I'm *really* excided for the next chapter!)

This fic has now surpassed 500 kudos and I'm just shocked that there are that many people that enjoy this
All of your kind comments have really helped keep me motivated and I'm really enjoying writing this fic, so thank y'all so much!

# Rust in Peace pt. 1 - Are you kidding me

Chapter Summary

> Don't worry, Uraraka. This is normal.

Chapter Notes

> Midoriya has one goal in life and it is to traumatize every person he comes into contact with. So far he has succeeded in almost every way possible.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Robots," Midoriya said, disgusted.

"HA! This is PERFECT!"

"Robots!" Midoriya repeated as if pleading for Bakugou to correct him.

"Imma blow them all to bits and ace this exam. But you-" Bakugou laughed. "You're screwed!"

"Ughhhh," Midoriya lowered his head onto the tabletop. "I'd rather die."

"That can be arranged."

"Haha," Midoriya said without humor. "Seriously though. And they put us in different areas too, probably so we can't collaborate with our classmates."

"You should be glad about that you know, otherwise I'd destroy all the robots before you'd even get a chance."

Midoriya rolled his eyes. "Must everything be a competition with you?"

"Izu, this is literally a competition to get into UA."

"And we're gonna be late if we don't leave now."

Bakugou flicked on his phone, checking the time. "Shit, you're right," He quickly gathered up his bag. "See ya after!"

“Good luck, Kacchan!”

And with that, the two boys parted and went their separate ways.

-

As Midoriya neared his group he recognized the brown haired girl with the anti gravity quirk standing in the crowd, deep in concentration.

Now Midoriya, having had ample time to process the situation from earlier that morning, had come to the conclusion that he had not made the best first impression. This is why he decided to approach her and attempt to rectify the situation. Unfortunately, he was stopped by another participant.

“Oooo! Monsieur, you look absolutely FABULOUS!” The interrupter was quite literally sparkling as he batted his longer than average lashes at Midoriya. This was strange considering most humans do not sparkle.

“Uh, excuse me?”

The boy giggled. “Non, excuse *moi*! I simply couldn’t help but admire your twinkling aura!”

“My… what?” Midoriya asked, confused.

“Why that glitter is so magnifique!” He gestured vaguely to Midoriya who was indeed covered in a sheen of gold glitter. “I do consider myself somewhat of an expert on the art of the sparkle and *that* is some high quality glitter. Wherever did you get it?”

For a second Midoriya mulled over the question. Typically honesty was the best policy but he wasn’t sure if telling this stranger that he had actually acquired this glitter from an unfortunate incident that morning that involved a broken finger and a knife was a good idea. Nor did he think simply telling him it was his ‘blood glitter’ would be any better.

“Uhhh private dealer?”

He nodded as if this was a perfectly reasonable response. “I’m afraid my dealer retired not two weeks ago so I’m running on dregs at this point. Alas! The price I pay for beauty! I am Aoyama Yuga by the way. And you are…?”

“Midoriya Izuku?” Midoriya replied, still quite lost.

Whatever potential conversation the two boys could have had was cut off as Present Mic’s voice rang through the crowd. “AND START!”

Midoriya and Aoyama shared a surprised look.

“Au revoir! Until next time *ami*!” Aoyama said before running away.

With some bewilderment, Midoriya realized he should probably do the same. He let out a small sigh and jogged away.

*Stupid robots.* He thought.

-

Midoriya was glad that he had managed to get somewhat of a handle on One For All before the exam. As it was, each robot took several punches at the 5% his body could handle without breaking and he still managed to break 3 fingers when his control slipped for a moment. It didn’t help that all the other participants were even crazier than he was. Multiple times he would start pounding on a robot only to have it taken out by another applicant.

“Are you kidding me.” Midoriya grumbled as the three pointer he had been punching was ultimately destroyed by a boy with a speed quirk who jumped in at the last minute.

About 7 minutes had passed when there was a large commotion a little ways away from Midoriya. He sighed. He only had about 12 points and would have to hurry if he wanted to get enough points to qualify, whatever was happening would just be a waste of time.

That was before he rounded the corner and was immediately bowled over by the flood of fleeing students.

“ARE YOU KIDDING ME.”

He then caught sight of the absolutely enormous zero pointer. Suddenly he felt much more sympathy for the hurried participants. And was that...?

“Help me!”

It was. Without a second thought, Midoriya ran towards the robot and the familiar girl it was about to crush. She seemed to be pinned under some rubble as the giant robot lumbered towards her. Midoriya did

some fast thinking, he could help free her, but if she was injured there was a chance they wouldn't be able to make it away in time. Which of course left only one other option.

Midoriya sighed and let out a burst of speed, already preparing for the inevitable broken limbs.

-

Uraraka watched as the green haired boy from that morning barreled towards her. For a moment she was filled with equal parts gratefulness and lingering embarrassment, but as she watched him run past her she became increasingly confused.

Turning her head to see what he was doing she was able to catch a glimpse of him launching himself into the air with a superhuman amount of strength and punching the robot.

"SMAAAAASH!" He screamed. While it was most likely that this was referencing All Might's catchphrase, there is also a small possibility that it was in regards to his now quite 'smashed' skeletal structure.

Uraraka strained against the rock she was under before eventually using her quirk on it and trying her best to swallow the bile that rose in her throat. She knew that whatever happened she had to catch the boy who had just saved her, even if that meant losing her breakfast.

As Midoriya fell to the earth, like any other object does when affected by gravity, Uraraka stretched out her fingers. Her heart soared as they made contact… then immediately dropped as Midoriya kept falling before her last finger touched him.

Her heart continued to drop as Midoriya crashed to the ground and the now broken robot fell on top of him in a very death inducing way.

Far away many of the participants wondered why the alarm to end the exam seemed to be mixed with a long high pitched scream.

Chapter End Notes

> Am I using google translate to find french vocab words? Yes, of course.
>
> It wasn't until after I'd written this chapter that I realized that I made 'glitter' sounds like some kind of colloquialism for drugs. I regret nothing.

# Rust in peace pt. 2 - I SURVIVED

Chapter Summary

The boy's been splatted

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As it was, Midoriya did not die the moment he hit the ground. Sure, there was probably a concerning amount of internal bleeding and he certainly wouldn't be going anywhere anytime soon, but he wasn't dead which was good.

But then a giant robot fell on him and he became VERY dead.

This was bad for a multitude of reasons, the first of which was that UA was the school that both Midoriya and Bakugou wanted to attend and this situation reflected poorly on their safety precautions.

Not that UA was particularly known for their safety, at this point I am half convinced that Nedzu had blackmailed the entire school board into letting him whatever the hell he wanted, but it was more the principle of the matter.

The second problem was that Uraraka was not aware of Midoriya's immortality and as such was now contemplating if she could still become a hero after murdering a kid. (The answer is of course, no. However she didn't actually murder him, this situation would be considered manslaughter, which, while having a worse name in my opinion, is actually a lesser crime and one that you can have committed and still become a hero. [None of which actually matters considering Midoriya doesn't actually ever stay dead and I don't think there's a law that applies to that, but the point stands.] )

As Uraraka's worry grew, she shifted through the remains of the robot, hoping that despite what she had seen Midoriya was somehow alive.

Considering how large the robot was and the fact that she had to puke before looking for him (whether from her quirk or the fact that she had quite literally just seen a child die I cannot say), it took her several minutes before she finally found him.

This was good because it meant that Midoriya had time to recover

right before Uraraka floated a flat piece of metal off him.

“OH NO IS THE EXAM OVER?!”

“AHH!” Uraraka fell onto her butt as Midoriya bolted straight up, a blanket of glitter falling from him as he did. “You’re alive!”

“Huh? Oh, yeah I guess I am. Now is the exam done?”

“Yeah, but HOW?!” Uraraka waved her arms in confusion. “You fell and then the robot crushed you and you should be dead but HOW-”

“Magic,” Midoriya said before flopping on the ground. “Gosh darn it. I didn’t get nearly as many points as I wanted.”

“I’m so sorry! If I hadn’t needed your help then you could have gotten more points!” Uraraka started tearing up.

“Hey, no it’s fine!” Midoriya started panicking. “Really, it’s not a big deal, I’ll be fine!”

“If you say so…” Uraraka said. “Um, but how did you survive that fall? And why are you covered in glitter?”

“Just my quirk.”

“But I thought your quirk was super strength…?” Uraraka said, thinking about the One For All enhanced jump and punch combo Midoriya had executed only minutes earlier.

“It is!”

“...what.”

“It’s actually pretty complicated but it really doesn’t matter. Say, I never got your name,” Midoriya said, changing the subject before she could wonder more about his quirk. “I’m Midoriya by the way.”

“Uraraka-”

“Well, it sure was nice meeting you Uraraka!” Midoriya interrupted. “Hate to cut this conversation short but I have to go meet up with my barbaric demon of a friend before he blows something up out of boredom. Hope to see you in UA!”

Uraraka gaped as she watched Midoriya run off, waving a hand at her as he left. Truth be told her emotions were extremely frayed from the

encounter, having to fluctuate rapidly from embarrassment, panic, and mind boggling confusion. (She would soon learn that such confusion was simply a constant when Midoriya was involved)

For a second she wondered if he was serious about a demon that exploded out of boredom.

-

He was. Or at least it wasn't too much of a stretch.

"That's an awful lot of glitter there Izu," Bakugou said, narrowing his eyes at Midoriya. "Don't tell me…"

"Um."

"Are you kidding me. It was 10 minutes. HOW did you manage to die in 10 minutes?!"

"Well, I sorta fell?"

"You fell. From what, a roof?!"

"It's actually a funny story…" Midoriya avoided eye contact. "I kinda jumped too high and THEN I fell."

"You killed yourself from jumping too high?!" Bakugou raised an eyebrow. "That's a new one."

"Actually it wasn't the fall that technically killed me."

"Okay I give, how'd ya die."

"I was splatted by a dead robot."

"I-" Bakugou blinked, speechless.

"To be fair it was a very large robot."

"I don't think splatted is a word."

"*That's* what you took from this?"

Bakugou glared. "What, you want me to yell at you for managing to get yourself killed in an EXAM? Cuz I could do that but I'm sure Auntie will do it for me when you get home."

“Oh please don’t tell her-” Midoriya looked at Bakugou, panicked. “She’ll think UA isn’t safe and not let me go!”

“Is she wrong?! You just died!”

“C’mon Kacchan, if I was banned from everywhere I’ve died then I’d be confined to my room for the rest of my life!” Midoriya tilted his head. “On second thought my room would be one of the first places on the list. It’s surprisingly easy to die while just sitting in your room. We actually had to reinforce my window frame after the third time I fell out. Also, the edges of my desk are kinda pointy and y’know, sharp edges and heads don’t mix, I mean they *can* there’s just a lot of blood involved which isn’t ideal. Actually, now that I think about it, it’s really lucky that I’m immortal, I’m fairly certain most people don’t die as often as I do-”

“You calling me weak?!”

“No, never!” Midoriya waved his hands. “You’re just… fragile.”

Bakugou recoiled, extremely offended. “FRAGILE?!”

“Uh oh. I don’t think I should have said that.”

He most definitely shouldn’t have, as true as the statement might have been, as it caused Bakugou to test Midoriya’s immortality for several blocks.

Chapter End Notes

> Uraraka over there just questioning her sanity as Bakugou tries to blow up Midoriya

# Kacchan I know what we're going to do today! pt. 1 - A really good lawyer

Chapter Summary

Bakugou considers the legal ramifications of blackmail

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for 10,000 hits! I appreciate every one of you who have read/commented on this fic, it really means a lot to me

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“We’re home!”

Inko poked her head out of the kitchen at the sound of Midoriya’s voice. “Izuku! Katsuki! How was the exa-” She stopped talking abruptly and glared at Midoriya. “Izuku Midoriya. You better PRAY that I’m imagining the glitter on your shirt,” She hissed.

“It’s just from this morning! I broke my finger and reset before I left for the exam!” Midoriya yelped.

While this is technically true, (making breakfast can be particularly difficult when you are both nervous and have the innate ability to not feel pain), Inko easily saw through the half truth.

“IZUKU!” She threw her hands in the air in exasperation. “Just WHAT am I going to do with you?!”

“You tell him, Auntie,” Bakugou said, his head in the fridge as he searched for a snack.

“I swear to goodness if you don’t at least *try* to be safer then I will make sure that you never set foot in that school again!”

“But Mom-” Midoriya started.

“NO BUTS! I am sick and tired of you constantly getting yourself killed! You have no regard for your own wellbeing and I am done with it!”

“Where do you keep the peanut butter Auntie?” Bakugou yelled,

holding an apple in one hand and opening doors at random with the other.

“To the left of the oven, dear,” She called back with a much kinder tone before turning back to her son. “I’m not done with you, mister!” She glowered at Midoriya who was attempting to sneak away as she was distracted.

“C’mon Mom! I’m fine!”

Inko sighed. “I know you are Izuku, but that’s not the point. You need to realize that using your quirk in public can have damaging consequences. Did anyone see?”

“Just this one girl-"

“Izuku…”

“-but it wasn’t a big deal! She was just a little confused.”

“Well, if she gets into UA you’ll have to invite her over for pie to apologize.”

“You’re such a bad son Zu! Making your mom bake apology pies for all the people you’ve traumatized.”

“I doubt she’s *traumatized*…”

Both Bakugou and Inko stared at Midoriya for a minute before Bakugou started to cackle. “Yeah right! The poor girl is probably questioning her sanity right now!”

“It wasn’t on purpose! She was literally about to get stepped on by a robot but I saved her!” Midoriya coughed before continuing quietly, “And maybe sorta died a little in the process…”

Bakugou shook his head. “Sorry Auntie, but I think he’s a lost cause.”

“Izuku this conversation is not over,” Inko jabbed a finger at Midoriya before smiling. “But come sit down, you two, I want to hear all about your exam.”

-

“... and then I blew up another robot. And then I blew up a robot and a building,” Bakugou said in between bites of apple. “The robot was on the building.” He clarified.

This was a necessary clarification as one could never be too sure with Bakugou, the odds of him blowing up a building just because were unreasonably high.

“Anyways, it was really fun. I just got to explode everything.”

“That’s nice dear,” Inko said, unaffected by Bakugou’s feral grin. “How about you Izuku?”

Midoriya shrugged. “I punched a few robots, not a ton though.”

Bakugou and Inko were quiet as they waited for Midoriya to continue.

“And there was this girl from earlier who was pinned under some rocks-”

“Wait, the floaty one?” Bakugou interrupted.

“The very same.”

Bakugou laughed. “Ha! Round face is probably regretting ever getting involved with you!”

“C’mon, ‘Round face’? Are you even trying Kacchan?”

“Oh shut up, Mister Lemme Just Fucking DIE In Front of a Stranger-”

“LANGUAGE,” Inko interrupted.

While the swearing was an issue in this situation, I’m inclined to point out how ‘Mister Lemme Just Fucking Die In Front of a Stranger’ is far too long of a name to have any real world applications. I mean can you imagine putting it on a resume? I can see so many potential problems with such a name. Mainly introductions to strangers because if a person came up to you and shook your hand and introduced themself as Mister Lemme Just Fucking Die In Front of a Stranger, I think you would be more than a little rattled and also confused as if they were really saying their name, or if they were simply narrating what they were about to do, in which case you best run.

Luckily Bakugou does not have the authority to name people so Midoriya is still Izuku Midoriya and not Izuku Lemme Just Fucking Die In Front of a Stranger. Although if Bakugou really had his way he might rename his friend Adrenaline Junkie Lemme Just Fucking Die In Front of a Stranger, which also has issues for much the same reason. Yes, it really is a good thing Bakugou doesn’t name things.

“And who exactly is this girl?” Inko asked once the two boys had settled down.

“Oh, just this extra that watched as Izu made an utter fool out of himself before the exam. And I guess she saw him die later.”

“ANYWAYS, she was pinned under some rocks when the zero pointer nearly stepped on her-”

“I thought you said the robots weren’t that big?” Inko interjected.

“Yeah well, this one was,” Midoriya sighed. “But that’s not the point! She was about to get crushed and there wasn’t enough time to free her so I used One For All and jumped really high and punched it in the face.”

“-And then you died,” Bakugou finished.

“Yeah pretty much.”

“Izuku…” His mother started.

“Yeah, yeah, he shouldn’t die and needs to be more careful, we’ve heard it a million times,” Bakugou waved a hand. “What I’m wondering is how many points he got.”

Midoriya chuckled nervously. “Well you see, the thing is, I mean it was kinda tricky, and then I was dead so I lost like 3 minutes-”

“Just cut to it!”

“...15. 20 tops,” Midoriya said quietly.

Bakugou blinked at his friend before standing abruptly and clapping his hands. “Alright then! Time for plan B, go grab your blackmail notebooks, nerd.”

“Kacchan we’re not going to blackmail them.”

“I’d say it’s about your only chance at this point.”

Inko sighed. “Katsuki, that's called extortion and you can go to jail for it.”

“How would you know that?!” Bakugou shot back.

“...I’m a lawyer.”

“So?”

A minor clarification: Bakugou was well aware of Inko’s career as a lawyer (you’ll find that education in law comes in handy when people accuse your son of traumatizing people via his not so permanent death and/or occasionally committing crimes) however he found it far more fun to ignore this fact unless it was convenient.

Midoriya groaned. “Can we drop it already? Either I got in or I didn’t, nothing we can do about it now except wait.”

And so they did. For approximately 12 seconds. (This may not seem like a long time but I dare you to sit for twelve seconds in silence during a conversation, do be careful though, the awkwardness has been known to kill over 65 introverts who attempted this.)

“But waiting is boring,” Bakugou said eventually.

Midoriya stood up. “I agree, let's go break into UA and see if I passed the exam.”

“Hell yeah!”

“What did I *just* say about jail time?!” Inko yelled as the two boys turned the corner to go to Midoriya’s room.

“It’s okay!” Bakugou yelled back. “We know a really good lawyer~”

Chapter End Notes

> I love writing crack. I can just decide at the last minute that I want them to break into UA and like, that can happen??
>
> Anyways, I know this chapter was kinda short and mostly filler and I kinda feel bad so I’m going to update tomorrow too, until then!

# Kacchan I know what we're going to do today! pt 2 - *insert spy music*

Chapter Summary

School's only fun when you're not supposed to be there

Chapter Notes

And as promised here is the second chapter in as many days- enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Why the hell do you have two official UA gym uniforms in our size?!" Bakugou said as he held up the jumpsuit.

Midoriya shrugged. "Found them on the internet a few years back," He said as if that was a reasonable answer.

Bakugou, well aware of how that was the best answer he'd get, rolled his eyes. "Yeah okay, whatever. You sure this plan will work?"

"I'm like, 70% sure."

"You know what? That's good enough for me," Bakugou said. "Let's blow this popsicle stand!"

-

"This is so stupid," Bakugou said as they trudged through the wooded area behind UA. "Why are we doing this?!"

"Cuz you were bored."

"Okay, I mean a *little* but that doesn't mean I wanted to infiltrate one of the most secure hero schools in the country!"

"Actually it's ranked number one in both security and fortification by *The Heroic Weekly* as far as hero schools are concerned," Midoriya said matter of factly.

"SO?!"

"So it's not just one of the most secure facilities, it is THE most secure

facility.”

“THAT’S NOT BETTER!”

“Wow, touchy much?”

Bakugou groaned. “Look, all I’m saying is that I don’t want to potentially ruin my future of becoming a hero over a little under-stimulation.”

“Relax. We won’t get caught.”

“You don’t know that!”

“What, are you doubting my ability to break into a heavily guarded hero base and look at top secret documents while using a plan I came up with-” He looked at his non-existent watch, mockingly. “-45 minutes ago?”

“KINDA, YEAH.”

“Well, you totally shouldn’t. Also, it’s a bit late for second thoughts, we’re here,” Midoriya pushed through the foliage, revealing a 30 foot tall wall jutting out from the forest.

“Remind me why I’m your friend again?”

“Because I’m immortal and you have a bad habit of blowing up your friends,” Midoriya said without pause. “Now brace yourself, this part is going to be a little messy.” Midoriya gave Bakugou a second to dive for cover before he placed a well aimed kick using 100% of One For All at the base of the wall, taking out a large chunk of the wall and completely shattering Midoriya’s foot.

“WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!”

“Killing two birds with one stone,” Midoriya gestured to the generous hole in the wall. “Now we have a way in-” He then pointed at his completely decimated leg. “-and a reason to get where we need to go quickly without too many questions.”

“Have I mentioned how much I hate you?” Bakugou grinned as he said it.

“Once or twice,” Midoriya replied, mirroring the same grin. “Now c’mon! This is going to be so much fun!”

-

No one paid attention to the two boys as they made their way across the school grounds and into the actual building other than to give them a wide berth as soon as they saw them.

This was probably because Bakugou was glaring at anyone that came near. Or perhaps it was just that no one wanted to get too close to Midoriya who had slung one arm over Bakugou's shoulder and was limping down the hallway while leaking blood from his leg which was impaled with pieces of wall. This, as you can imagine, was not an appealing sight. It didn't help that Midoriya, who hadn't experienced pain in over a decade, was not particularly good at faking it.

I mean this in the kindest way possible, but Midoriya's expression looked like he had just snorted a bottle of lemon juice after becoming acquainted with pig droppings, as he let out pitiful (and frankly lacking any emotion) "ow's".

"You look constipated, idiot," Bakugou gritted out.

"Well I'm SORRY. I don't exactly have the best reference for how a person in pain is supposed to look," Midoriya hissed as they rounded the corner.

"What about before you got your quirk-"

"You mean 10 YEARS ago?!" Midoriya interrupted.

"-I know for a fact you were in pain then. I think I actually punched a couple of your teeth out by accident when we were four, remember that?"

Midoriya just stared at Bakugou.

"What?"

He looked away. "You have issues."

"I have issues?! What about *you*, suicidal adrenaline junkie-"

"Hi!" A new voice interjected.

Both Midoriya and Bakugou slowly looked up to see a bouncy blue haired girl waving at them.

"Um, hi?" Midoriya said.

“Sorry for interrupting your argument but I couldn’t help but notice that you seem kinda broken.” She looked down at Midoriya’s leg. “Wow! It looks even more painful up close!”

“Oh, uh, it is?” Midoriya said before remembering that most people would be in agony in this situation. “Uhhhgghh,” He groaned. “Owww, it really hurts…”

Bakugou slapped his face.

“I bet!” The girl continued, ignoring Midoriya’s lackluster acting. “I’m Nejire Hado, and you two must be first years cuz you’re too small to be third years and I know all the second years. I was just going to get a drink but then I saw you two and my curiosity got the better of me, my friends tell me I’m too curious sometimes, but I think that the more you know the better! Anyways, how'd ya do that?"

"Training accident," Bakugou said.

At the same time, Midoriya said, "Faulty jetpack.”

*Faulty Jetpack?!* Bakugou mouthed at Midoriya, who in turn just shrugged.

Nejire tilted her head.

“Well you see,” Midoriya started. “We were training with the rest of our class when a faulty jetpack flew out the window and hit my leg. We were outside over by the D wing, y’know, support department?”

Nejire nodded. “Ooohh, yeah that makes a lot more sense. But why are you guys over here? Recovery Girl’s office is that way.” She pointed back behind the way they came.

“Yeah and so is the D wing,” Midoriya continued.

“So?”

“Didn’t you hear me say the support department was involved? Trust me, no one’s making it through there for a while. We’re taking the long way to Recovery Girl.”

“Understandable,” Nejire said. “Well, I’d hate to keep you, especially in that condition. Guess I’ll see you around!”

Considering neither of the boys were *officially* students of UA (yet), this was not true. But Nejire was not aware of this and was simply

being polite. Don't read too much into it.

The two boys waved at the excitable girl and let out twin breaths of relief as she turned down a different hallway.

"Faulty jetpack?!" Bakugou said aloud.

"What? It *could* have happened."

"You know for someone so smart you really are an idiot."

"Please, she didn't suspect a thing."

"Yeah about that-" Bakugou started before Midoriya directed him to a different hall.

"Left."

"-I have a feeling I should be suspicious of how good a liar you are."

"If you had to explain how you're alive multiple times without having a legitimate reason like me, you'd be a good liar too."

"I still can't believe no one's suspected us yet."

"I told you, if you act natural you'll be fine. Basic infiltration technique." Midoriya said as he turned Bakugou down another hallway.

"This place is a fucking maze," Bakugou grumbled.

"We're nearly there, quit whining."

"I'm not whining!" Bakugou whined.

"Yes, you are."

"Do you even know where the hell we are?"

"Of course, I looked at the fire escape plans before we came. UA has a surprising number of fire drills cuz, y'know, support students."

Bakugou huffed, "Whatever. Just get us there soon, I don't want us to get caught."

Midoriya stopped in his tracks causing Bakugou to stumble as he struggled to pull his crippled friend along.

“What the fuck, nerd?! I didn’t say to stop!”

“We’re here,” Midoriya said, looking at the unmarked door in front of him before grinning. “Time to have some fun～”

“Bring it.”

Chapter End Notes

> The things we do out of boredom, am I right?
> Writing this fic for example. (Although to be fair this fic was born more out of procrastination than anything.)

# Kacchan I know what we're going to do today! pt 3 - 77 points

Chapter Summary

Bakugou's tired of Midoriya's bullshit

Chapter Notes

*cackles in crack*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"It's locked," Bakugou said as he rattled the handle.

"Ha! It'll take more than simple locks to keep me out!" Midoriya limped to the door and took the handle in his hand. With a loud crack, he twisted hard, causing the locking mechanism to break and the door to swing open.

"That works," Bakugou said as he stepped into the room.

The office housed several filing cabinets, each one systematically neat and tidy. In the back corner, there were several computers and monitors for some unknown reason.

"Wow," Midoriya said, after following Bakugou inside the office and closing the door (as much as it could be closed in its current condition) behind him. "This looks like super stereotypical."

"We have to sort through all these files?!"

"It looks super organized so it probably won't take too long."

"Are you ignoring the fact that you just put your dominant hand out of commission while trying to look cool? It's gonna be hard for you to do much of anything in that condition."

"It's fine! I'm ambidextrous."

"You most definitely are not."

Midoriya shrugged. "I can fake it. Besides, I didn't hurt it too much, I'm getting better control with One For All."

Word to the wise: ambidextrousness is not something that can be faked. If you have doubts about this then you may wish to conduct a simple experiment, just try writing your full legal name (or perhaps even your illegal name if you wish) with first your dominant hand and then the other. Chances are one will look far better than the other regardless of how much you were trying to fake it. If this is not the case then you really are ambidextrous which is probably something you should have known at this point in your life. (unless of course you are three years old in which case you would probably not know if you were ambidextrous because you are only three. I would also ask you if you are indeed three to please stop reading this because as impressive as it is that you can read at your age this fic swears kinda a lot and I do not need “teaching a toddler how to swear” on my conscience.)

“Whatever. What are we even looking for anyways?” Bakugou asked.

“The reports from the entrance exam. Since it was only this morning they shouldn’t be too hard to find.”

“What makes you think they even have them filed yet?”

“They probably don’t, but on the off chance that they do we’ll be able to see if I made it in.”

“You’re telling me that you had us break into UA on an ‘off chance’?!”

“Well I mean I was also really bored. You know how energetic I get, what with my quirk and all.”

“You CANNOT blame your poor decisions on your quirk!”

“Hey, you decided to come with me.”

“I really hate you.”

“Sure you do. Now quit yapping and get to looking.”

Bakugou, wisely, decided to do just that. It didn’t take long before he found a large manila folder labeled ENTRANCE EXAM YEAR 20XX.

“Hey dumbass, this what we looking for?”

Midoriya limped over to Bakugou and took a look at the folder. “I think so! You take one half and I’ll take the other,” He said as he split the papers and handed a large stack to Bakugou.

“Holy shit, this is a lot.”

It was. Even with the report limited to only a page per participant there were several hundred sheets. This is due to the fact that both All Might and several other popular heroes were UA alumni and as such most people considered UA to be the most prestigious hero school. It was still quite funny that so many students tried for UA even though there were over a dozen hero schools across the country with excellent reviews as well.

Luckily between the two of them it only took about 2 minutes and 46 seconds before Bakugou found his sheet.

“Hell yeah! 1st place, bitch!”

“Wait lemme see-” Midoriya and Bakugou fumbled over the paper until Midoriya finally pulled it from his grip. “77 points, nice! Hold up… this says you *tied* for first.”

“WHAT?! WITH WHO?!”

“It doesn’t say.”

Bakugou started frantically tearing through the papers in both stacks looking for his mysterious rival. “Who the fuck-” He grumbled.

“Hmm. This is kinda odd,” Midoriya jabbed at his paper. “Says here you got 77 villain points and 0 rescue points. Does that mean you get points for rescuing people?” Midoriya gasped. “Kacchan! That means I might have got in after all!”

Bakugou had stopped sorting through the papers having found what he was looking for. He clutched a single sheet tightly. “No. No, it can’t be.”

“Did you find who you tied with?”

“AURGHH!” Bakugou threw the paper which just drifted lazily through the air unsatisfactorily. He then pivoted on his feet and shook Midoriya by the shoulders, his quirk active.

“Woah! Watch it! These clothes are collectibles!”

“YOU SAID YOU ONLY GOT 15 POINTS.”

Midoriya’s eyes widened in realisation. “Wait…” He pried himself from Bakugou’s grip and ran to the fallen paper. He turned it over to see his own green eyes staring back at him.

MIDORIYA IZUKU 1ST PLACE (TIE) 17 VILLAIN POINTS 60 RESCUE POINTS

“HECK YEAH!” Midoriya jumped excitedly. “We’re going to UA!”

Bakugou trembled with rage. “I will NOT be beaten by a nerd like you.”

“I didn’t beat you. We tied,” Midoriya started rifling through the papers once more.

“SAME THING.”

“You’re too competitive.”

“I’m not competitive, I just want to win.”

“That’s what competitive means.”

“Yeah well-” Bakugou stopped talking and stared at Midoriya. “What are you DOING?! We found our scores, let's get out of here!”

“I’m trying to find Uraraka’s score.”

“Who?!”

“The girl I saved. She wasted a lot of her time looking for me after I got crushed, I’m trying to see if she still got enough points to get in,” Midoriya held up a piece of paper. “Hey! It’s the french dude! He got in too!”

“The who.”

“French dude. He complimented my glitter before the exam.”

Bakugou wrinkled his nose. “Your blood glitter? Why would he do that?”

“I dunno. He said it was high quality though.”

“The hell does that mean? It’s blood glitter.”

Midoriya shrugged. “I’m not really sure, but the french know their glitter so it made me happy.”

“You are so stupid. ‘ThE fReNCh KNoW tHEiR GLitTeR’, what gave you that idea?!”

“Hey I found her!” Midoriya looked at Uraraka’s report as he ignored Bakugou. “Good news! She made it in! Oooo, 3rd place too. Huh.”

“What?”

“Well it’s just she got 45 rescue points… Which is fine! It’s just weird since, y’know, she kinda failed to rescue me.”

“Thought that counts?”

“Must be. That does seem like something Nedzu would do,” Midoriya moved the papers back into the folder as Bakugou picked up the sheets that had fallen to the ground in his rage. “Y’know this was a whole lot easier than I imagined. Bit concerning actually. It would be really simple for some villains to stage a distraction and break into UA and go through some of these documents to figure out how to stage a mass attack without anyone being the wiser.”

The two boy’s didn’t say anything for a moment, allowing the foreshadowing to sink in.

“Oh well,” Midoriya shrugged. “Not my problem.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “Whatever you say, nerd. Now let's get the hell out of here.”

Chapter End Notes

Aaayyyy I actually managed to update today!

I might even update TWICE this week if I keep procrastinating homework this well. But who knows? I might get my shit together and study for once-

Ha. Now THAT'S a good joke. See you in a few days~

# Kacchan I know what we're going to do today! pt 4 - that creepy rat face

Chapter Summary

> Somehow Midoriya's bullshittyness increased and Bakugou is not amused

Chapter Notes

> Thank you all so much for 1000 kudos!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Well I guess we're not going back that way," Bakugou said, looking at the hole in the wall they had created that was now surrounded by several students and teachers.

The teachers especially looked confused at the undesirable lack of wall in that one area.

Midoriya hummed, sounding slightly disappointed. "Drats. I was afraid of this."

"You expected them to find it?!"

Midoriya shrugged. "I knew there was a chance."

"Then you also made a plan to get out of here."

Midoriya stayed quiet.

"...you did, right?"

"You do realize I had like 15 minutes and a bus ride to plan the entire successful infiltration of the number 1 hero school."

"But that wasn't enough time to come up with a way out?!" Bakugou hissed.

"Just give me a minute! I'll come up with something!" Midoriya put a hand to his temple in concentration.

"What, like using your *good* leg to break another hole in the wall?!"

“I got it!”

“That wasn’t a suggestion, dumbass.”

“No, no, we don’t have to do anything like that, we just have to walk out.”

Bakugou slapped his head. “Brillant. Why didn’t I think of that?”

“Seriously, we just have to go to the gate and walk out. We look like students and no one will bat an eye at two boys leaving school early for- say, a dentist appointment.”

“Yeah cuz no one would wonder why we both have dentist appointments at the same time.”

“I didn’t say it was perfect.”

Bakugou paused and thought it over. “You sure this will work? Won’t us opening the gate alert the teachers? I don’t want rat face knowing we were here.”

“Oh, I’m sure he already knows.”

“What.”

Midoriya laughed. “You didn’t think we broke into UA without anyone knowing did you?” He started to walk away, motioning for Bakugou to follow him to the gate.

“Is- is that not what’s happening right now??”

“Don’t get me wrong, I’m flattered, but you can’t honestly think that I’m smart enough to outwit the principal of UA, who literally has an intelligence quirk.”

Midoriya’s reaction made Bakugou feel stupid. He, like most people, did not like feeling stupid so he decided to keep talking. Since his goal was to not feel stupid this was in itself a stupid decision to make considering that they both were aware that Midoriya knew more about UA and its teachers than Bakugou did (he’s a bit of a nerd in case you’ve forgotten). “Yeah? Well, then why the hell are we still here?”

Midoriya shrugged. “I dunno. If I had to guess I’d say that Nedzu used his facial recognition technology and ran it through UA’s database. He probably saw that we were the 1st place winners in the entrance exam

and got curious as to what we were doing. He might have then watched us through the cameras as we went through the file and is possibly still watching us even now."

Bakugou stared at his friend.

"What? It's just a guess."

"How would he know we were even here in the first place? No one else suspected us."

Midoriya laughed again. "You're kidding, right? There's probably some detection tech at the gate that we tripped coming through, there are cameras all over this place," Midoriya pointed to a few places as they walked. Bakugou couldn't see any cameras but Midoriya seemed fairly confident in his pointing. "-and there is a trail of blood marking our path through the school. I mean that literally, not figuratively." He gestured to his bleeding leg.

Bakugou looked down at it in surprise. "Oh yeah. I kinda forgot about that. We should probably fix that at some point."

"Not till we get back home. I don't want to push our luck by sticking around for an extra five minutes."

"You gonna just look like that for the entire bus ride?"

"Why not?"

"Cuz people will freak out."

"Maybe they should just mind their own business."

Bakugou rolled his eyes. "Fair enough."

Midoriya stopped in front of the gate. "Er…"

"What now."

"Um. How- how do we open it?"

"You have to be KIDDING me!" Bakugou growled. "HOW?! Did you just expect we could open it from the inside?! GAH you are such an IDIOT!"

"This is fine, this is totally fine. I can figure something else out." Midoriya said, his voice a bit panicky. "There must be a button or

lever somewhere, right?"

"You can break into UA, no sweat, but this is what freaks you out?!"

"Shut up and let me think!"

"I can't believe I let you convince me to do this. We're gonna get caught and then our careers as heroes will be over and we'll have to become vigilantes and run from the law and All Might's gonna hate us-"

Personally, I don't know what Bakugou was so worried about, becoming vigilantes sounds like an absolute blast. Unfortunately, that is not the route this story is going as Midoriya decided to cut off Bakugou with an idea.

"I got it! Kacchan, throw me over the wall!"

On second thought perhaps they will become vigilantes after all because that was the dumbest idea ever.

"What?! NO! That's the dumbest idea ever!" Bakugou said, just proving my point.

"Do you have a better idea?!"

"Literally anything would be better than-"

There was a click and the gate very slowly started to open.

"Yeah I have a better idea," Bakugou continued. "Let's just go out."

"Hmm. Nedzu must have seen us struggling and decided to help us out."

Bakugou shuddered. "Can we please not talk about that creepy rat watching us?" He looked over his shoulder warily. "It makes me feel… *violated*."

"You're fine, you big baby," Midoriya said as he strolled out of UA and raised a hand to wave back at the building. "So long Nedzu! See you soon!"

-

Nedzu leaned back in his chair and watched through the security cameras as Midoriya and Bakugou made their way across campus. He

poured a fresh cup of tea as they spoke to Nejire and chuckled as they broke into his filing office. (technically speaking there was no reason to have all those official documents on paper, what with the high tech the school utilized, however, Nedzu found he liked keeping a physical copy of most things “just in case”.)

His phone rang just as the two boys started arguing about tying for first place.

*Hey, Nedzu-*

“Is this about the hole in the wall?”

*Huh? Oh, yeah. How did-*

“Don’t worry about it, I’ve got the situation under control.” Nedzu hung up, the entire time his eyes never left the screen.

The boys left the building and headed back towards the wall finding the students and teachers now gathered around it.

“Now what will you do?” Nedzu muttered to the empty room.

The cameras outside weren’t equipped with microphones so the principal attempted to read Midoriya and Bakugou’s lips as they walked to the gate. It was quite difficult, even for someone as skilled at the art of lip-reading as Nedzu.

He actually had a medal he had won for lip-reading a few years back in his closet, although that isn’t very important.

He managed to pick up the gist of the conversation and was pleasantly surprised to learn that Midoriya had no illusions that his little excursion had gone unnoticed. His pleasantly surprisedness rose a few notches as the boy then went ahead to point out several (although admittedly not all) of his hidden cameras.

Nedzu watched as the two tried to figure out how to surpass the gate. It was quite funny to watch the young boys struggle but eventually, Nedzu took pity on them and opened the gate remotely.

*So long Nedzu! See you soon!*

How very interesting. Nedzu made a mental note to warn Aizawa of his new ‘problem children'. Until then he decided to look more into the two, absolutely giddy with the prospect of having these two as

students in his school.

What fun they would have.

Chapter End Notes

> Good heavens. This chapter took me longer than expected for literally no reason at all

# This is your hero academia!

Chapter Summary

> Midoriya is allowed to go to UA as long as he promises to not explode the school

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Izuku! It’s here!” Inko ran into his room waving a fancy envelope.

Midoriya fell out of his chair. “MY UA ACCEPTANCE LETTER??” He ran and grabbed it from his mother. “Wow! It’s heavier than I thought it would be, I wonder if…”

“I’ll leave you to it, ‘k?” His mother winked at him as she left. “Good luck!”

Midoriya fumbled with the seal of the envelope finally ripping it apart allowing the small disc to fall and roll across the floor. He cursed and dove after it. Before he grabbed it the disc activated and a giant hologram was cast sideways atop his floor.

“Wha…?”

*YOUNG MIDORIYA!* All Might’s voice boomed. This confused Midoriya considering the letter was from UA and he was fairly certain All Might did not work at UA. He would have heard of such a thing if he did.

Midoriya picked up the hologram and set it on top of his desk as there was some unintelligible chatter from someone behind the camera of the hologram.

*Hmm? What do you mean wrong camera? What? Oh. Well why didn’t you say so?* All Might turned to face the camera that was projecting the hologram. *Why even have two cameras if you’re just using one of them... What a hassle…* He grumbled.

“All Might!?”

*This is just a recording so I can’t hear you.*

“Oh. Of course.”

*-not that it matters considering I’ll see a lot more of you since I’ll be teaching at UA this year!*

Midoriya’s jaw dropped.

It turned out that he was not aware of his idol/mentor (he wasn’t quite sure about the exact terms of their relationship) becoming a teacher at his go-to school. The same school he had broken into just a week prior. Midoriya wondered if that meant All Might could give him detention if he found out about that whole escapade. He decided to play it safe and not tell him just in case.

*But enough about that, congratulations! You passed the written test with flying colors, as for the practical, well, just watch the screen.*

Midoriya watched the recording of a recording in which Uraraka approached Present Mic and asked for some of her points to be awarded to Midoriya (if his eyes became a little wet, well no one was there to say anything).

*Because of your selflessness-*

I’m sorry to cut All Might off but I’d like to point out that this is not totally true. Since Midoriya couldn’t die it wasn’t really selflessness that drove him. Mind you I have no idea what it was that drove him but I figured I’d just remind you that he’s immortal. Just in case you’d forgotten.

*-you’ve been awarded 60 rescue points! Oh, and Uraraka got 45 too for some reason… Anyways, with that, your total points come to 77, a tie for first place!* All Might leaned in closer to the camera. *And fair warning, you tied with young Bakugou. So I’d find a bomb shelter before he realizes that if I were you. I can’t imagine he’ll be too happy with you.*

Midoriya remembered his reaction when they broke into UA. All Might was right. Bakugou was not very happy.

*Meaning that you passed, kid!* All Might said, stepping back. *This is your hero academia!*

The hologram winked out.

Midoriya was crying so much he almost missed the hologram turning back on.

"Huh?"

The new video showed Nedzu sitting in a much too large chair in his office.

*Hello Midoriya!*

"Um, hello?"

Nedzu chuckled. *This is still a recording.*

"Oh. Whoops?"

*Don't be embarrassed! It's perfectly understandable.*

Midoriya thought it was odd how perfectly Nedzu was reacting to him, even down to the very timing of his chuckles. He was pretty sure it was actually a recording which meant that Nedzu must have based his speech purely on what he knew about Midoriya. This was not a very comfortable thought to think so Midoriya decided to ignore it for now and focus on what Nedzu was saying.

*This extra recording is of course about you and Bakugou's little adventure from a week ago. Don't worry! I'm not about to berate you, quite the opposite, in fact, I'm rather amazed at how you executed it. The very fact that you had the guts to do it, knowing I'd find out is enough to pique my interest.*

Midoriya let out a little sigh of relief at that.

*I do hope you don't mind,* Nedzu continued. *You see I was simply so curious that I took it upon myself to look into you and Bakugou.*

That small breath of relief Midoriya had taken now came back full force as he found himself choking on air. He almost missed the next bit as his body tried to punish him for breathing so fast by making him cough.

*That being said, I found some very… interesting things.*

Midoriya grasped his chair tightly, worried about what the principal had found. Perhaps he knew about Midoriya's quirk, or his relationship with All Might, or maybe he even knew about the accidental avocado explosion (or as all involved now refer to as *the disaster*). He hoped it wasn't the accidental avocado explosion. That would really make for a terrible first impression.

*The most intriguing thing I found was some old documents by your quirk doctor from when you were five.* Nedzu leaned towards the camera. *You have the most fascinating quirk. I understand your reasoning for keeping it quiet and I have no intentions of telling anyone.* He chuckled. *It will be more fun to see if your teachers and classmates can figure it out on their own anyway!*

Even though he was now slightly terrified that the notoriously genius principal was aware of his immortality, Midoriya couldn't help but agree that confusing the rest of his class would be a definite plus to keeping quiet about his quirk

*But I feel certain that you and Bakugou will excel in UA, and I hope that I as your principal can help you grow into a successor worthy of the number one hero.*

Oh. And it seemed that said principal also knew about One For All.

*I am so very excited to see what you do during your time here, and there's not a doubt in my mind that you will go far! This is your hero academia Midoriya, welcome to UA!*

Midoriya sunk in his seat as the hologram flickered off once more. Suddenly it turned back on, showing Nedzu grinning slyly at the camera.

*One last thing,* His grin widened. *No avocados in class, please.*

The picture dimmed again, this time for good. Midoriya simply gaped at the empty space.

He knew.

He knew *everything.*

Chapter End Notes

I love the diabolical rat sadist

# First Impressions pt. 1 - Lookout UA, here the problem children come!

Chapter Summary

Didn't anyone teach these two to act civilized?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There were only a few weeks till school started back up once more and Aiwawa got a new batch of chaos children. As such he was preparing the best way he knew. Napping.

So it was that he was in the middle of a very pleasant dream in which he did not have to deal with overpowered teenagers on a daily basis but was instead a respectable accountant when his ringing phone woke him up. Because Aizawa was not a fan of ringing phones he had most people silenced, this meant that if he could hear it then the call was most likely important.

"What." He grumbled into the phone.

*You sound quite tired, Aizawa. I do hope I didn't wake you.*

Aizawa groaned inwardly at the sound of his boss's voice. "It's fine. What do you need?"

*I don't necessarily need anything, I just thought I'd offer you a warning.*

"A warning?"

*Yes, you see recently it came to my attention that a couple of your students for this year are a bit… enthusiastic.*

"What's that supposed to mean?"

*They're, as you would say, problem children. I just wanted to give you a heads up so that you'll have time to prepare yourself.*

This was a lie. Nedzu's only reason for calling was to mess with Aizawa.

*Don't get me wrong, I'm sure even you'd agree that they have enormous*

*potential, they're just a little volatile. Partially a result of their quirks but also just their personality I think.*

"Are you purposely being as vague as possible? What did they even do?!"

*Oh, nothing much, just some minor infiltration.*

"What."

*...among other things.*

Aizawa sighed, well aware that Nedzu was trying to annoy him (and also aware that it was working). "The least you can do is tell me their names."

*Y'know, I don't think I will. I doubt you'll find it too difficult to figure it out yourself and I'd really hate to spoil the surprise.*

"Nedzu-"

*Goodbye Aizawa! See you in a few weeks!*

Aizawa slumped back into his bed, throwing the now silent phone onto the pillow next to him. "What was even the point of calling if he wasn't going to give me any information?" He grumbled.

This was a rhetorical question. Both because Aizawa already knew the answer and because he was not expecting a response. Had he received one I have no doubt he would be extremely unnerved considering there was no one aside from himself in the house. And his cat. But his cat was, unlike Nedzu, not a talking animal. She also did not care about Aizawa's troubles with his boss and the promise of problem children.

As for the reason for Nedzu calling the answer was of course that the principal delighted in confusing people with a passion that rivaled even Midoriya's. And truly Nedzu was giddy at the prospect of seeing Aizawa attempt to teach the lively bundle of chaos that was Izuku Midoriya.

As for Aizawa, he found himself dreading teaching Midoriya, not that he knew that he would be teaching Midoriya, nor did he even know who Midoriya was, but he found himself dreading it regardless.

Rightfully so I would say.

-

*The first day of school*

“That desk is meant for school-related materials only! Please remove your feet from atop its surface as this unseemly behavior of yours is acting as disturbance for the rest of the class!” Iida chopped his arms through the air to emphasize his point.

Bakugou glared at him with unhidden contempt. “Who shoved a stick up your ass? ‘Sides, I’ll have you know I made it into this school too, therefore my feet are technically ‘school-related materials’. Now fuck off ya two-bit extra.”

Iida sputtered at the unrestricted profanity.

“Kacchan, stop being a smartass,” Midoriya said as he dropped his bag on the desk behind Bakugou. He then turned to face Iida “Apologies for my friend here, Kacchan has the social skills of a toddler and no regard for basic decency,” He glared at Bakugou.

“Shut up, dumbass.”

“Stop acting like a barbarian and take your feet off the desk.”

Bakugou gapped. “You’re taking this privileged asshole’s side?!”

“Well excuse me-” Iida started.

“Shut it, nerd,” Bakugou snapped at him. “I know that look, you think you’re fucking better than me! Well, I have news for you, Mr. Elite-”

Midoriya groaned and cut Bakugou off. “This again?! Not everyone thinks they're better than you! Just be civil for once in your life and at least *try* to act respectful!”

“Fucking MAKE ME.”

As if he had been waiting for those words, Midoriya rolled up his sleeves and gave a feral grin before launching himself at Bakugou.

“This is NOT proper conduct!” Iida looked ready to start vibrating from the stress of the situation.

The two boys wrestled, attracting the attention of the rest of the class, as Midoriya struggled to push Bakugou’s legs off the desk who in turn was trying to push Midoriya off of himself.

“Let GO of me, you maniac!”

“Not till you show some respect!”

Uraraka chose that moment to bounce through the door. “Oh! Hi, Midoriya!” She then took a moment to fully comprehend the situation before her. “Huh. Bad time?”

“Hi, Uraraka!” He said as he tugged on Bakugou’s foot. This turned out to be a bad idea as there was a shoe attached to the foot. After a moment of tugging there was no longer a shoe attached as it flew off and soared halfway across the room, narrowly missing Koda who let out a squeak of surprise. “Sorry, lemme just take care of this real quick-”

“What’s happening?” Uraraka leaned over to ask Iida.

“I believe they are fighting.”

“No duh, but WHY-”

“You JERK! Leave me alone!” Bakugou yelled as he shoved an elbow to Midoriya’s face.

“I will as soon as you-”

The desk, having had far too much of this nonsense, decided to see itself out by tipping over under the strain of the two boys and falling to the ground with a loud crash.

“Now look what you’ve done, Kacchan!”

“This wouldn’t have happened if you weren’t climbing on me like a fucking monkey!”

“Not my fault that you only learn through physical violence.”

“I’LL SHOW YOU PHYSICAL VIOLENCE!!”

Not only did he proceed to show Midoriya physical violence (a lesson that was not necessary considering how accustomed Midoriya was already having fought Bakugou more times than he could count), but the entire class had front row seats to the Midoriya and Bakugou show as the two wove their way around (and often through) the desks and chairs.

“YOU ARE SO IMMATURE, KACCHAN!”

“…Um, should we stop them?” Yaoyorozu asked quietly.

“I don’t know if we can, they look pretty intense,” Kirishima responded.

It was at that moment Aizawa walked into the room, shedding his customary sleeping bag like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

*Ah,* He thought upon seeing the entire class circling the two boys who were shouting generally causing a large disturbance. *These must be the two Nedzu warned me about.*

*Oh dear.*

Chapter End Notes

Forget an apple, Midoriya’s teachers need a bottle of tequila

# First Impressions pt. 2 - please don't break your bones in school

Chapter Summary

Aizawa considers retirement.

Chapter Notes

What kind of crack fic would this be if I didn't traumatize everyone?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"-well if you weren't such a stubborn *ass*-"

"-explode your fucking face, maniac-

"AHEM." Aizawa loudly cleared his throat, drawing the attention of the entire class including Midoriya and Bakugou.

"Ah shit," Bakugou cursed.

"Now-" Aizawa started before being cut off by a squeal from Midoriya who had just seen the teacher.

"HOLY HECK IT'S ERASERHEAD!!!"

Aizawa wasn't expecting to be recognized, typically his status as an underground hero kept him out of the public eye which was exactly how he liked it. Still, he refused to show any surprise and instead simply nodded. "Eraserhead is my-"

"You know this hobo?!" Bakugou asked Midoriya, interrupting Aizawa once again.

Aizawa glared at the boy and activated his quirk, his red eyes glowing threateningly. It wasn't necessary. Midoriya had already shushed him loudly and Bakugou recoiled before rolling his eyes.

"Geez. Sorry."

The way he said it implied that Bakugou was actually not sorry, not even a little bit, but Aizawa decided to let it slide. "As I was saying, I am Aizawa Shouta, your homeroom teacher," He turned to stare at

Midoriya, “Also known as pro hero Eraserhead.”

There was quite a bit of whispering following that declaration, the loudest was of course Bakugou announcing his disbelief that “a washed-up stiff like that could possibly be a hero” followed by Midoriya’s rambling mutters that were only comprehensible to himself. Even Bakugou, having known the boy for his entire life, was only able to catch about one in seven words. This was not very useful as it’s very difficult to understand a one-sided conversation when six-sevenths of the sentence are unintelligible.

Aizawa sighed. Twelve seconds into knowing these two and he was already mentally weighing the pros and cons of retirement.

“Quiet, please.” The class compiled. “Your gym uniforms are in that box right there.” He gestured to the front of the room. “You have 10 minutes to get changed and meet me at the testing grounds. Do not be late.”

And with that Aizawa did a 180 and walked out of the classroom as the children scrambled madly to find their outfits in his peripheral vision.

He wondered if it was too late to beg Nedzu for a raise.

-

Aizawa found his will to live shrinking exponentially throughout the testing.

There were many reasons for this. Partially it was because Bakugou was constantly declaring his superiority and how he was going to beat Midoriya with a confidence that was, if I am to be honest, downright terrifying.

Mineta going around harassing all the girls was also not helpful. Aizawa vowed that if the pervert got last he would make good on his promise to expel him.

There was also the slight issue of Midoriya.

That’s a lie, Midoriya was the main issue, nothing slight about it (Aizawa suspected that would be the case in most situations). The boy seemed to sacrifice his limbs the same way one might throw out old leftovers; without concern and with only minimal deliberation.

“If I use my left leg for the long jump then it will be harder to run the 50- wait I could just use my right and jump the whole thing- but then my sideways jump score will be trash- I can dislocate my back for the toe touch to make up for it though- and then my left hand for the grip strength and my right for the softball throw- yeah that should work…” Aizawa struggled to hear Midoriya’s mutters and even after getting closer he doubted he had heard correctly, until he watched with his own two eyes as Midoriya passed each test with both flying colors and broken bones.

It still took several minutes for Aizawa’s brain to catch up to his eyes. Halfway through the testing, Midoriya was already limping with two broken legs and what appeared to be a completely shattered left hand. And the kid just- was fine?? Literally no sign of pain and even Bakugou acted like it was totally normal that his friend was completely broken, only stopping to tell him how he was *definitely* going to beat him.

The rest of the class seemed quite baffled upon watching Midoriya as well. However, they considered the fact that one of their classmates had both a bird head and a sentient shadow while another was quite literally invisible and decided that a boy who broke all his bones in a burst of super strength wasn’t *that* weird.

This reasoning did not help Aizawa from feeling that the entire situation was extremely confusing. He later internally blamed this confusion for causing him to have an idea which in hindsight was perhaps not entirely smart.

In his defense, he was only aware that Midoriya had a strength quirk as his file did not list any specifics such as his inability to feel pain or the healing aspect of his quirk. This meant that Aizawa was privy to only the knowledge that his student was knowingly breaking his own body in order to pass what should have been a very simple placement test.

Still, using his quirk on the boy was perhaps one of the worst things he could have done.

But let me reiterate that Aizawa should not be blamed for what followed, in his mind he was simply doing what was the sanest option in an insane situation; stopping his student from shattering his one remaining arm during the ball throw.

Now the simple fact was that Midoriya was now in possession of two

separate quirks, Adrenaline Rush and One For All. While technically speaking the two had merged to become Hysterical Strength, Midoriya still thought of them as separate. Perhaps that is why Aizawa was only able to erase one of them as he activated his quirk.

Midoriya threw the ball with literal superhuman strength as he activated One For All. Unfortunately, he did so only a fraction of a second after Aizawa activated his quirk in an attempt to stop Midoriya from hurting himself more. This had the opposite effect of suddenly erasing the effectiveness of Adrenaline Rush and leaving Midoriya with four broken limbs and the feeling of excruciating pain for the first time in a decade.

This, as you can imagine, was not entirely pleasant and Midoriya reacted in the typical manner for those in immense agony.

He screamed.

The scream was loud and long and continued even as Midoriya collapsed to the ground like a rag doll. It suddenly dissolved into a long string of garbled half profanities. “FrigingHECKdagnabit-”

Realizing that something was very wrong Aizawa immediately blinked, stopping his quirk. This was actually mostly an instinctual action as inwardly he was freaking out as he realized he had just killed a kid.

He hadn’t. And even if he had it wouldn’t really be that big of a deal, after all, Midoriya is immortal. Although on that note, it remains to be seen if he would actually come back to life if he was to die while Aizawa had his quirk active. Forgive me for not wanting to test that.

As soon as his quirk cut off the screaming did too. “So THAT’S pain! Wow! What a rush!” Midoriya jumped to his feet, seemingly back to normal. His smile faltered a bit. “I don’t think I actually liked that.”

“The hell happened?!” Bakugou yelled at him. He sounded quite angry but in actuality, he was simply concerned. It is very easy to mix up these emotions with Bakugou as to an outsider there is no discernible difference.

Aizawa was still rather shocked at the unexpected situation, a common symptom of Midoriya’s trademarked teacher trauma, and made no move to explain. Luckily Midoriya jumped in right away to answer.

“That’s Eraserhead’s quirk! Isn’t it cool? It was even able to override my quirk’s pain suppressors.” The last end of his sentence was directed at Aizawa. The teacher realized that Midoriya was trying to help him by offering an explanation for his reaction. It made sense, a pain suppressant aspect of his quirk explained why he hadn't seemed to mind getting injured.

Still- “Your approach to this testing is illogical. Do you intend to become incapacitated and have someone save you?”

“Mr. Aizawa, sir, I’m simply trying to show you what I can do. Also, as a part of my quirk, I can heal myself when I need to.”

“...That wasn’t on your file.” *And it really should have been.* Aizawa thought. He was going to have a talk with whoever decided that it would be a good idea to ignore that crucial information and nearly cause him to have a heart attack.

Midoriya shrugged. “Well, I can. I don’t really need to worry too much about being safe or taking it easy because thanks to my quirk there’s not much of a downside to going full on plus ultra all the time.”

Aizawa did not have a proper rebuttal to this and still being a little rattled as it was he simply sighed and put a hand to his temple. “Fair enough.”

Chapter End Notes

> Apologies for not responding to the comments on the last chapter. I still do read all of them and really appreciate them!
>
> Thank you all for 20000 hits and 1500 kudos <3

# First Impressions pt. 3 - Spoiler: he dies

Chapter Summary

Emperor Aizawa declares that there shall be no murder

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“HOW?!” Bakugou screamed and launched himself at Midoriya upon seeing the scoreboard.

Aizawa, having expected this reaction and knowing how it would turn out, had his capture weapon at the ready and used it to restrain the explosive boy. “There will be no murder today.”

Bakugou squirmed against his bonds, desperately attempting to reach Midoriya.

The funny thing was, neither of them got first place. That honor belonged to Todoroki. But the slight difference between 3rd place and 4th was enough to make Bakugou explode (literally) with anger.

“In your face!” Midoriya taunted, only angering Bakugou more.

“Midoriya, I would greatly appreciate it if you do not provoke the exploding child.”

“But it’s fun!”

“No.” Aizawa sighed and turned to the rest of the class. “Also, I was lying about expelling someone.”

*Only because Hagakure got last instead of Mineta.* He thought. *Oh well, I’m sure there will be plenty more chances to expel him.*

“Just a logical ruse,” He continued, to the chagrin of the class. “Anyways, we’re done here. Get to lunch.”

-

“Go on without me, I got to take care of this.” Midoriya waved a broken arm at Bakugou. “Save me a spot!”

“Yeah sure, whatever,” Bakugou looked at his arm with disgust. “Just

make it quick, I don't wanna hang around with these nerds for very long."

"Aww does poor Kacchan not wanna make fwends?" Midoriya mocked.

"You better fucking hurry before I decide to speed along the process myself!" He growled.

Midoriya simply laughed before skipping off to find a bathroom in which to kill himself.

-

"Hey!"

Bakugou turned his head to see Uraraka waving him over. It wasn't like he *wanted* to go sit by her, it was simply out of convenience and the lack of empty tables. Still, he found himself carrying his tray over to where she and Iida were sitting.

"The hell do you want, round-face?"

"Uraraka," She corrected, unfazed. "And you're Kacchan right?" She wiggled an eyebrow mischievously.

"SHUT UP STUPID ROUND-FACE-"

"Uraraka."

"-CAN'T FUCKING CALL ME THAT!"

"Language!" Iida interjected.

"But isn't that what Midoriya called you?" She asked, feigning ignorance.

"THAT- HE-" Bakugou sputtered. "HE DOESN'T COUNT!"

"Oh!" Uraraka put a hand to her mouth. "Don't tell me, is he your *boyfriend*?"

Bakugou scrunched his face up in utter disgust. "EW. *Hell* no. That would- HEY! Why are you laughing at me, bitch?!"

Uraraka, was in fact, laughing to the point of choking on the sip of water she had unwisely taken only moments after asking. This was

because Bakugou's expression was like that of someone who had been expecting a mouthful of water but was instead treated to the taste of spoiled milk. With a bug in it.

"Sorry! Sorry!" Uraraka struggled to regain control of her lungs. "I'll stop messing with you now I swear."

"That would be advisable!" Iida said. "It is not very heroic to mock your friends!"

"Who said I'm friends with you, prissy bastard?" Bakugou sneered.

Iida's jaw dropped. "Why you-"

"SO!" Uraraka intercepted. "Where is Midoriya? I thought he'd be with you."

"Nerd had to go clean up from the testing."

"His quirk has a healing aspect, doesn't it? Good thing too, I remember watching him get crushed in the entrance exam, I thought he was dead for sure!" She gasped. "WAIT!" *You're* the exploding demon he was talking about!"

Bakugou rolled his eyes.

"Anyways, you didn't seem too concerned about his injuries, does that happen a lot?"

"Way too fucking often," Bakugou muttered.

"How does his quirk work?" Iida asked, having recovered from his profanity-induced shock. "I haven't seen him heal himself so I assume there is some kind of prerequisite needed but I am unsure as to what."

"Why am I even talking to you extras?!" Bakugou asked, dodging the question.

"Cuz Midoriya's not here and you're bored," Uraraka said.

It was completely true and he knew it, but Bakugou being Bakugou there was no way he would admit it. He was unable to think of a clever rebuttal, which, while uncommon, was not necessarily unheard of for Bakugou

"Shut up." He eventually grumbled.

She did not.

-

Meanwhile, Midoriya had finally found a bathroom.

He set his bag on the counter and began to dig around in it. “Probably no knife… don’t want too much blood…” He muttered to himself. “I could probably just break my neck? ...no. That would look like foul play if anyone walked in before I was done…”

You see, Midoriya was ill-prepared to reset at school. In the past he had just dealt with his injuries or, if they were bad enough, called his mother to take him home. This was no longer an option as he was well aware that he would most likely continue to sustain huge injuries and need to take care of them at school.

He had however prepared a vast array of materials that would be great for killing himself. Unfortunately, the majority of them would be quite messy as well as being more or less illegal.

“Heck yeah!” He said after finding a little baggie with several small pills. “I didn’t think I had any left…”

Midoriya was holding a quick-acting poison (the acquiration of which is a story for another time) that was incredibly lethal.

He would know.

“Down the hatch!”

-

While it was lunch for the students the teachers also had their own break. This was good as Aizawa sorely needed the rest.

He also, as is with most humans, needed to use the bathroom.

Now while there was a staff-only restroom near their offices, it was clear across the school and Aizawa had no intentions to walk that far when the restrooms near the cafeteria were perfectly usable. This was a reasonable intent with only one problem; Midoriya was in that restroom.

This meant that Aizawa pulled open the door to see his student spasming on the bathroom floor right in front of the stalls while a thick white foam poured from his mouth. Which, as you can imagine,

was not exactly a pretty sight. Nor was it a wanted sight or an expected sight. It was, at least for Aizawa, incredibly disturbing

*NOPE.*

Now while the reasonable response would most likely be to check and make sure that Midoriya was okay, Aizawa was on his last straw as it was. So it was that he simply left the now unconscious boy, turned around, and closed the door. He then proceeded to make his way to the staff bathroom after deciding it was probably worth the extra walk.

For the rest of his break he tried his best to forget about what he had seen.

He did not.

Chapter End Notes

> Wow. So as of the last couple days this fic gained a ton of new readers
> (like seriously, where'd y'all come from??)
> Anyways, welcome!
> Thank you so much for all your comments, kudos, and bookmarks. I really appreciate it!

# First Impressions pt. 4 - Dress to intimidate

Chapter Summary

Linear timelines are for COWARDS

Chapter Notes

Thank you @froggie.socks for recommending this fic on tiktok!
(Go check them out if you haven't already <3 )

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Izuku! These extras are harassing me!"

"Good for them. You could use a good harassing," said Midoriya as he sat down in between Uraraka and Bakugou a few minutes after recovering from his death.

"What the fuck?! Don't take their side asshole!"

"Thank you for keeping an eye on him," Midoriya said to Uraraka, blatantly ignoring Bakugou. "I know he can be a handful. I do hope he didn't bite anyone." He reached over to ruffle Bakugou's hair.

"HEY! Cut that out dipshit!" Bakugou violently ripped Midoriya's hand away. "Damn it! You got your fucking glitter in my food!"

"Deal with it."

Uraraka giggled. "I think he was about ready to kill Iida but other than that-"

"I simply corrected his poor grammar," Iida interjected.

"I'LL CORRECT YOU'RE FACE!!"

"It's your not you're," Iida said.

"The fuck does that even *mean*?!"

-

The banter did not stop for the remainder of lunch. In fact, Bakugou continued to yell up till the start of class.

It was fun, Midoriya decided. For quite some time it had been just him and Bakugou and the occasional lackey who was drawn in by Bakugou's confidence. They never stayed for long.

Uraraka seemed far less shy now that he had gotten to know her and Iida, as stuck up as he might have been, was just as stubborn as Bakugou which made for an entertaining duo.

The rest of the afternoon progressed smoothly, they met their other teachers (each one subjected to Midoriya's constant fanboying) and began to settle in as they became familiar with the school and their classmates.

The day ended with Aizawa returning for the last 10 minutes, just in time to stop Bakugou from blowing up Iida who had corrected his grammar once again. (Specifically, he was attempting to explain the difference between to and too, the auditory distinguishment of which is only possible to those aware of the fourth wall.)

Upon using his quirk it was brought to Aizawa's attention that several students had been under the impression that his quirk was "excruciating pain causer" and that the name 'Eraserhead' referred to, as Kaminari put it, "you erase the things in our head that say 'no pain'".

This came as a surprise for Midoriya as he assumed it would only be obvious what their teacher's quirk was after seeing it in action that morning. It was not. You see, the only thing the students had seen was Midoriya falling to the ground in agony, him explaining it away by saying it was Aizawa's quirk, and then providing a vague explanation on how he hadn't felt pain since his quirk came in so he was slightly unprepared. As you can imagine the obvious conclusion from this would be the one that nearly 75% of the class came to; that their teacher was somehow allowed to literally torture his students using his quirk. But I digress.

Eventually, the students began to file out, presumably so that they could go home and prepare for the next day. Midoriya and Bakugou were about to follow suit until Aizawa stopped them.

"Midoriya, I'd like to talk to you for a bit."

Now Midoriya was no stranger to being held after class; you may even recall that talking to his former teacher was actually how he came into contact with the sludge villain. Luckily he hadn't developed a talking-to-teachers-after-class-phobia from that event so he was

perfectly content to tell Bakugou to go on without him.

“You’re always ditching me, loser,” Bakugou grumbled.

“Does little Kacchan need help walking home?” Midoriya said in a babying tone.

“Fuck you.”

“I’ll come to your house after, ‘k?”

“Be fast. The hag’s making Katsudon.”

Midoriya’s face brightened. “Heck yeah! I’ll be there.”

-

Aizawa motioned for Midoriya to take a seat before he pulled up a chair himself.

“First, I must apologize for this morning. I had no idea your quirk would react that way, I was simply afraid of you injuring yourself beyond repair. I am glad to see that you’re back to normal now.”

“No biggie! My healing and pain tolerance isn’t in my quirk description so I can see how you were confused.” Midoriya waved away his teacher’s concern.

“Which is a serious oversight in itself.”

“Only sometimes.”

Aizawa shook his head. “As long as you’re okay I suppose.”

Midoriya bounced in his seat which, in a way, proved his okayness.

“The second thing I wanted to discuss is your hero costume.”

He pulled out a sheet of paper showing the official blueprint for the design he and Bakugou had decided on nearly 6 weeks prior.

-

I apologize for interrupting this scene with Aizawa as I’m sure you would find it absolutely hilarious, however, I feel it necessary to commence a slight flashback so that you might know exactly how the design for Midoriya’s costume came to fruition. As such I will now

turn your attention to roughly a month and a half before the first day of school, specifically to the moment in which Midoriya was showing his friend his costume plan.

-

“It’s trash,” said Bakugou as he examined Midoriya’s sketch.

“What?! I thought it looked good!”

Bakugou scoffed. “Not even a little bit. The colors are all wrong, the style is so unflattering, and don’t get me started on that trainwreck of a face covering.”

“Yeah well, what do you know about fashion anyway?! I think it looks great!”

“Izu, my parents are *literally* designers. I think I know a thing or two about style.”

“Fine then. How would *you* do it?” Midoriya crossed his arms.

Bakugou whipped out a pencil and began to scribble over the design.

“Oy!” Midoriya squeaked.

“First, out with that hoodie. It looks like a shitty easter bunny cosplay.”

“I thought it was cool!”

“For a 5-year-old maybe, but this will be your costume for the rest of your life and I am NOT gonna let you go looking like a green All might wannabe.”

“Ouch.”

“The color coordination is all wrong. Without the hoodie, you’ll look like a stick of boiled broccoli. Why on Earth did you put so much green?!”

“I dunno,” Midoriya rolled his eyes. “Maybe cuz it’s like MY color?!”

“So you use it as an accent. Here,” Bakugou added a few notes to the drawing. “Switch the black and green. The black won’t stand out as much for stealth missions and then the green just adds to the overall design.”

“Huh. That’s not actually half bad.”

“That’s what you get for doubting me, dumbass.”

“Any other suggestions?”

Bakugou grinned wickedly.

“Uh, should I be concerned?”

“Hell no. You should be thankful.” He turned his attention back to the paper and began to ‘fix’ it once more at a frantic rate that matched his tone. “Out with the shoulder pads, literally why.”

“Well I thought-”

“Don’t care. Mouthguard thing also has to go. No need for some demented smile thing that does absolutely nothing.”

“Hold up!” Midoriya interjected. “I need *something* for my face.”

“No, you don’t.”

“Wha- but even YOU have a mask!”

“Listen closely Izu cuz I’m only going to say this once: you don’t *need* a mask.

“Wha-”

“Shut up. The only benefit to a mask is to keep your identity safe, stylistic preference, and to intimidate villains.” Bakugou held up a finger to emphasize each point. “You’re fucking immortal and I know you don’t care about style, so that’s out, and you don’t need to worry about the rest.”

“Wait, what do you mean?”

Bakugou groaned. “Are you REALLY gonna make me spell this out for you?”

“I think at this point clarification is necessary, yes.”

“Look. You can already be intimidating when you want to. You don’t need a mask for that. Not that this stupid smile mouthguard would accomplish that anyways…”

“What. Kacchan I am most definitely NOT intimidating.”

“Well, not typically!” Bakugou threw his hands in the air. “But like, sometimes, when you’re pissed or something you get all threatening and it’s fucking freaky! You like smile really wide and you kinda look like you wanna EAT someone, and sometimes it’s during a fight so there’s just like blood trickling down your face. It’s seriously messed up.”

Midoriya blinked. “Kacchan, was that an attempt at a compliment?”

I would like to interrupt and say that typically calling a person's face, and I quote, “Fucking freaky”, is not normally regarded as a compliment, but as it IS Bakugou we are talking about that’s about as close as he gets.

“HELL no! I’m just proving my point!”

“Got it. So no mask.”

“Exactly.”

“...but you think my face is intimidating?”

“I’m moving on.”

“Yeah alright, that’s fair.”

“These gloves are dumb. Do you want to look like a fucking hedgehog?!”

“What?!” Midoriya asked, confused, as most people would be, on how having gloves could in any way, shape, or form warrant being compared to a hedgehog.

“Sonic. Keep up,” Bakugou said. “Make them fitted and a little longer, halfway to your elbows. And put some knuckle dusters in them too, to give you punches a little zest.”

I must correct Bakugou as “zest” was perhaps not the best word to use in this situation, rather one could use “blood”, “pain”, or if you’re feeling adventurous “both physical and mental turmoil”. This is because these are all perfectly reasonable products of knuckle dusters whereas “zest” is not.

“Okay…”

“Colors still suck. Make them red like your shoes.”

“Are you done yet?”

“Nope! Maybe if you hadn’t had such a shitty design in the first place I wouldn’t have to change so much!”

Midoriya sighed. “Fine. Just hurry up would ya?”

“Gotta get rid of the sleeves too-”

“Say what.”

“Oh please, I’ve seen you punch with One For All, do you really think that any sleeves would survive that?”

“Hey! You just want me to match you!”

“So? It only makes sense that the top two heroes will have similar costumes.”

“No, it DOESN’T. That is the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard, although I'm flattered that you'd be willing to match the number one hero, that takes a lot of confidence."

"You dumbass! I'M going to be the number one hero!"

"Sure you are."

Bakugou growled and pushed his chair back. "I'll show you-"

"Can't we have this fight after my costume is done?"

"FINE. But this is not over."

Midoriya looked down at the edited sketch. "Actually I think it looks pretty good right now. Are we done?"

"No!" Bakugou stared at the paper as it had personally offended him. "It's still missing something…"

"Well, you're the fashionista here."

"I got it!" Bakugou yelled, ignoring Midoriya's jab. "Do you have a gold pen?"

"Yeah?"

"Give it."

Midoriya complied.

Bakugou drew atop the sketch, adding a gold stripe to each glove, gold buttons on his red utility belt, and gold lace laces on his boots.

“Perfect.”

“Oh, I like that actually quite a bit.”

“What did I fucking tell you? Now if that wasn’t a costume worthy of a hero then I don’t know what is.”

“The number one hero.”

“WHY YOU-” Bakugou yelled as he launched himself at Midoriya.

Luckily the sketch managed to survive the encounter by some turn of fate and thus Midoriya’s outfit was decided.

Chapter End Notes

> Gonna be 100% honest this chapter was entirely self-fulfillment. I just really wanted to redesign Midoriya’s costume and I HAD to insert my headcanon of Bakugou being a total fashion diva (you cannot tell me that someone who literally picked grenade gloves and explosion hairpins doesn’t care about his looks. Bakugou has more style than the entirety of UA except for maybe Aoyama. Fight me.)
>
> Anyway, this chapter is slightly longer than usual to make up for the inevitable slightly shorter than usual chapter that will occur next week

# First Impressions pt. 5 - A child with a gun

Chapter Summary

Aizawa is C O N C E R N E D

Chapter Notes

Remember how I said this was gonna be a shorter chapter? Apparently, there were other plans I was not aware of until writing this. Anyways, here is a surprisingly normal sized chapter, enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Now that the flashback has concluded I will now direct you back to the normal timeline. Which is, in case you have forgotten, approximately 17 minutes after the first day of school had officially ended.

Perhaps you will recall that Aizawa was in the middle of a conversation with Midoriya, the first half of which had pertained to his quirk and the unfortunate lack of info in his file. If you did not recall this then I hope you do now, seeing as how I just told you.

“The second thing I wanted to discuss is your hero costume,” Aizawa said.

“Oh! I think I might know what the issue is.”

“Thank goodness. I was worried that you were just going to go ahead with this without talking about it with a teacher.”

Midoriya laughed. “Definitely not my intention! I just totally spaced the fact that I should probably see what your thoughts are before we actually have to use costumes tomorrow.”

“I think that would be wise.”

“Super wise.”

The two sat in silence for a moment, neither knowing how to start the topic.

Now fun fact, both Midoriya and Aizawa were aware of the fact that

they both were thinking of the same thing but neither was aware that this awareness was actually false and that they were in fact, thinking of entirely different things.

However, this did mean that they were still better off than you are now, not being aware of either thing they were thinking about. I know of course, but seeing as how I haven't told you yet it is impossible for you to know. You are most likely wondering why I haven't done that by now. The answer is something called suspense. It is a feeling that one gets after being led on and expecting to receive some form of a conclusion and you might be feeling it right now. I do however understand how such dramatic effects can be considered to be quite annoying and I despise being seen as rude so I will now continue this retelling and hope that you do not hate me now.

"So…" Midoriya said awkwardly after a moment. "I guess I was hoping you'd be okay with how my costume was actually sewn by my mother. Obviously, I'll eventually have to get a school-supported designer to redo it with high-quality material but I was hoping I'll be able to wear it for the time being."

"Wait. You're worried about being able to wear the costume your mother made?"

"Yes?"

"Midoriya… that is NOT what I needed to talk to you about."

"No? That's good, I really wanted to wear it and- wait, not good. What DID you want to talk to me about??" Midoriya said in confusion.

"Yes well, it's really not a problem that your mother made it, no, I wanted to talk to you about the equipment you asked the support course for."

"Oh."

Ironically, 'Oh' was all that Aizawa had said upon seeing the list himself.

"I have a few… *issues* with some of the things." Aizawa looked back at the paper and cleared his throat. "Let's start with this one: a razor in the collar of the outfit which, and I quote, 'can fly into my jugular when I push one button or fly out at my enemies if I push a different button.'" Aizawa looked at Midoriya who shifted awkwardly in his seat. "WHY?! Using it on villains, okay, I can see that, but why on

Earth would you have an option for it to go into your own throat?!”

“Well. You see. I can’t feel pain.”

“Yes. I am PAINFULLY aware of that fact. However, that does not answer my question. What if you hit the wrong button by accident?!”

“I can assure you that I would be fine.”

“You would DIE.”

Midoriya shrugged.

This was very concerning to Aizawa who did not like the implications of a student shrugging after being told they would die. He decided to just ignore that and continue. “And that’s not it! Cyanide pills in the pocket of your utility belt?? What do you even plan on doing with those? Shove them down the throats of villains?? Because that would be very very difficult and also very very illegal.”

“I have no plans to give them to villains,” Midoriya answered.

“Then who-”

“Me.”

“What.”

“Any other issues or is that all?”

“Is that all- NO. Of COURSE, there’s more!”

“Alright let's hear it.”

“Wiring in the interior of the costume that essentially makes you into a human taser?!”

“So that when I touch the villains they’ll get electrocuted!” Midoriya said happily. He was actually quite proud of that one.

“Yes but so will YOU.”

“Can’t feel pain,” Midoriya reminded.

“But-”

“Can’t feel pain.”

Aizawa sighed. “And then- A gun? Really Midoriya? You *really* want a GUN?”

“Yes.”

“NO!”

Midoriya rolled his eyes. “Snipe gets one. Why can’t I have one?”

“It’s part of his quirk!”

“Mine too…” Midoriya muttered.

“What.”

“Um. So my healing. I can do it but there are certain requirements...”

“Do I want to know.”

Midoriya pointed at the paper. “Gun.”

“Gun?”

“Gun.”

Aizawa did not know how to respond to this so he simply moved on. “A canister of knockout gas.” He raised his eyebrow. “Which, while it might be useful against villains I feel the need to reiterate that it would also affect you.”

“Oh! That one I actually have a good reason for!” Midoriya said excitedly. “I can’t pass out!”

“WHat,” Aizawa said. “I literally saw your unconscious body during lunch.”

Midoriya thought back to that day’s lunch in which he had killed himself in a public bathroom. “Oh, you saw that…?”

“YEAH I SAW THAT.”

“Well, I can promise you that I was not unconscious,” Midoriya answered honestly.

“Then what-”

“Anyways, it's already been approved so I don’t think you can do

anything about it.”

“Who the hell approved this.”

“All Might!”

“Of course.” Aizawa buried his head in his hands. “Why wouldn’t he?” He looked back at Midoriya. “PLEASE tell me you at least have good insurance so the school doesn’t have to pay for your inevitable demise.”

“Actually most insurance companies stopped working with us a few years back.”

“Why am I not surprised? That’s only rational.”

“Yeah… something about too much collateral damage. But it’s fine! My mom’s a lawyer so it’s not a problem.”

“Too much collateral- you know what? I don’t want to know.”

“Can I go now? I’m going to the Bakugou’s for dinner.”

“Please.” Aizawa waved a hand. “Just leave.”

Midoriya did.

-

“Nedzu, I’m going to die,” Aizawa said as he walked into the principal's office without so much as knocking, which was very impolite but also understandable considering the situation. "I am quite literally going to die."

"I take it you've acquainted yourself with Midoriya?"

"He can't feel pain."

"I'm aware."

"And you didn't think to tell me?!"

"You found out eventually didn't you?"

"Yes, after using my quirk on him and causing half the class to think I had the ability to cause excruciating pain at any given moment."

"Keep them on their toes I always say," Nedzu said.

"He attacked another student."

"He and Bakugou are on good terms. I'm sure no real harm was intended."

"He broke over a dozen bones just today."

"And healed all of them as well."

"He wants a GUN," Aizawa was nearly pleading.

"I've already verified his permit."

"He- he passed out in the bathroom and was foaming at the mouth??"

“Yes, about that, why didn’t you check to make sure that he was okay?” Nedzu of course was well aware of the events that transpired earlier that day because of his constant monitoring of the cameras. He also was not concerned considering he knew about Midoriya’s quirk but it was still a little strange to watch the teacher simply leave the dying boy.

Aizawa rolled his eyes. “Please. This IS a crackfic, even I can’t be rational all the time.”

The two sat in silence following Aizawa’s declaration.

Finally, he spoke up once more. “Can I get a raise?”

The principal dissolved into a mess of maniacal laughter. The crazed sounds stopped abruptly as Nedzu looked up and stared directly into Aizawa’s eyes. “No.”

Chapter End Notes

Midoriya has a gun. Life is about to get a whole lot more interesting.

ALSO. HOLY SHIT. I GOT FANART! Thank you so much @Rita_holbok! Words cannot express the appreciation I feel towards you

EDIT: I finally figured out how to post the pictures! Look at these masterpieces
EDIT 2: No, no I did not. Apologies dear friends but alas, I am not

technologically inclined. I have put the fanart into a document for the time being, I do hope you are able to access it now!
https://docs.google.com/document/d/1D9rOgrDJZioNEDAhEXMCqC79FRBGtaWqJ2-EYAOiqPs/edit?usp=sharing

# Ft. Way More Explosions Than Necessary pt. 1 - Fighting children

Chapter Summary

> Because you can't make a hero without having children explode each other

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Second day of school*

“I AM HERE! TO EDUCATE THE FUTURE GENERATION!!!”

“Oh my goodness it’s All Might!” Midoriya squealed.

Bakugou turned in his chair to look at him. “What the hell? You already knew he was going to teach here?”

“Yeah but I forgot,” Midoriya said.

Bakugou groaned exasperatedly.

“What? It’s been a long week.”

“Hurry and get into your costumes! Today you learn how to become a hero!” All Might said.

-

“It is now time for some, ah,” All Might looked down at a note written on his hand. “Indoor anti-personal battle training! Er, antipersonnel. I hope that it will be very personal!” He laughed. No one else did. This was because it was not a very funny joke and people typically only laugh at things they think are funny.

All Might coughed. “Well then. I’ll, uh, separate you into teams of two.”

He then proceeded to do just that, drawing names from a small box that he just had for some reason.

“Heck yeah! You ready to do this Uraraka?”

Uraraka gave Midoriya a high five. “We’re gonna crush them!”

“Crush them to DUST!”

The two continued to increase in volume as they got pumped up.

Meanwhile, Bakugou was looking at his partner in disdain. “Here’s the plan, glasses. You do what I say.”

Iida stuck a finger up and opened his mouth to speak.

“No but’s,” Bakugou didn’t let him. “I don’t care about whatever weekass idea you have.”

“It’s weak, not week.”

Bakugou blinked slowly. “I got a question for you.”

“Yes?”

“Do you want to fucking DIE?!”

-

“Our first group will be Midoriya and Uraraka vs. Bakugou and Iida!”

“I’ll beat your ass!” Bakugou yelled.

“You’re on!” Midoriya yelled back.

All Might cleared his throat. “Er, well Midoriya’s team will act as the heroes, and Bakugou’s will be the villains-”

“How fitting,” said Midoriya.

Bakugou bared his teeth.

“AHEM.”

Midoriya shut up.

“As I was saying, the objective of this practice is simple; the villains will be somewhere in that building and the heroes will have to infiltrate it and arrest the villains. The catch is that the villains have a powerful bomb they will be hiding-”

“Bitch, I AM a bomb,” Bakugou interrupted.

“PLEASE just let me finish.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes in response.

“As I was saying, the heroes have limited time to secure either the villains or the bomb, failure to do so will result in a villain win. Do you all understand?”

The class nodded,

“Questions?” All Might asked.

“Hell yeah, why the fuck am I a villain?!”

“Am I allowed to bring my gun?”

“Can I acid Mineta’s face?”

“Do I not look absolutely *fabuleuse*?”

“Can I pee?”

“WHY IS EVERYONE SO LOUD?!”

“Can I get your autograph?”

“You look really strong?”

“Kaminari, you idiot! That’s not even a question!”

“It should be! Look at him!”

“Are we allowed to exchange partners in event of being paired with a grammatically incompetent blonde?”

“The fuck are you getting at, glasses?!”

All Might sighed. “I am really not fit for being a teacher.”

“You THINK?!” Bakugou yelled as he tried to explode his partner, only being held back by Midoriya who was climbing on his back.

-

“Alrighty, Uraraka! Here’s the deal; doesn’t matter what Iida does, Kacchan’s coming for me.”

“That’s rough,” Uraraka said.

Midoriya shrugged. “No biggie, we fight a lot so I kinda know all his moves.”

“That’s uhh, convenient?” Uraraka sounded confused, still not totally used to the strange relationship that was Midoriya and Bakugou’s friendship.

This made sense. Few people did understand them, and by few people, I really mean that no one did, not even they themselves. The simple truth was that Bakugou just really liked to fight people and was entirely willing to take advantage of nonexistent consequences that came from fighting Midoriya. And Midoriya enjoyed expending his overabundance of frantic energy by occasionally (and by occasionally I really mean constantly) beating some sense into Bakugou. There was of course more to it than that but a full psychoanalysis of them would be quite lengthy and frankly still very confusing.

“Anyways, I have a plan.” Midoriya grinned at Uraraka with a too-wide smile and suddenly she was far too grateful that Midoriya was on her team.

-

Meanwhile, Iida was failing to convince Bakugou to not attack Midoriya.

“I’m just saying it’s far too expected! Can’t you at least try to come up with a reasonable plan?!”

“Oy brick head, Izuku’s going to know I want to go after him,” Bakugou said.

“Then why-”

“Don’t interrupt me, Mr. Karate Kid,” Bakugou said, interrupting Iida. “Anyways, he knows I’ll go after him and he knows I know it so reasonably he knows that I won’t.”

“...You won’t?”

“No dumbass! Of course I will! He’s expecting me to know that he knows that I’ll go after him and therefore to NOT go after him so he won’t be expecting me to go after him because he knows that I want to go after him! Geez, can’t you at least try to keep up?”

“I-”

“I’m gonna go get ready to attack him now. You better not let round face get that bomb.”

-

“See you soon!” Midoriya waved at Uraraka as she rounded the corner. After a moment he walked into the building, waiting patiently for Bakugou to show up.

He didn’t take long.

“Heya Kacchan, fancy seeing you here!”

“Damn it.” Bakugou stepped out into the open. “How’d ya know I’d come for you?”

“Simple! I knew you wanted to and I knew that you knew that I knew you wanted to and so I knew that you would come after me, not knowing that I knew you would!”

Bakugou nodded. “Of course, I should have known. Not that it changes anything, I’m still going to beat you!”

Midoriya tugged on his gloves. “We’ll see about that.”

Bakugou charged.

Midoriya caught the punch in his hand with ease. “So predictable Kacchan. Always starting with a right hook.” He shook his head in mock disappointment.

“And you still haven’t learned how to fucking dodge!” Bakugou jeered as he forced open his fist and let out a quirk powered explosion.

The blast forced Midoriya across the room and he slammed into the wall with enough force to shake the building.

“SHIT!” He yelled as he brushed some loose rubble off his head. “You broke a rib fuckface!”

“You have such a potty mouth when you fight,” Bakugou said, a touch of humor in his voice.

Midoriya laughed and jumped back up, spitting out some blood as he did. “I learned from the best.”

“Damn straight.”

“You sure you’re up for this Kacchan? I don’t plan on going easy.” Midoriya tilted his head and widened his stance.

Bakugou grinned. “I wouldn’t want it any other way.”

“Well then, may the best man win.”

The two boys collided.

Chapter End Notes

> Time for the inevitable confusion that shall occur as the class watches the chaos duo fight!

# Ft. Way More Explosions Than Necessary pt. 2 - Bombs away!

Chapter Summary

The class may or may not be slightly traumatized

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Wow. They sure are intense,” Mina said in awe as she and the rest of the class watched the footage of the fight.

“They look… feral,” said Yaoyorozu as Bakugou body slammed Midoriya.

“I know! It’s so manly!” Kirishima practically squealed.

Yaoyorozu stared at him. “That’s not really what I meant.”

“Uh, All Might sir?” Kaminari said. “We’re not going to be expected to go all out like that right? Cuz I kinda have this slight problem with my brain cells and quirk overuse…”

“Ah, no. Young Midoriya and Bakugou are an… *exception.*”

The class watched in silence for another minute. They all collectively winced as they watched Midoriya throw a punch into Bakugou’s gut and did not stop wincing as Bakugou retaliated with a wicked uppercut that quite literally caused Midoriya to fly several feet into the air.

Now to the typical outsider (of which the class was entirely composed), this fight was starting to look like a mostly one-sided beating of Midoriya by Bakugou. This was not true of course, as Midoriya was immortal it was actually Bakugou who was in a bad position. Unfortunately, this was difficult for most people to realize.

“Don’t you think you should stop them? That looks pretty rough…” Ojiro asked hesitantly.

All Might hummed. “Perhaps you’re right.” He turned on the intercom that was hooked up to the building. “Young Midoriya, please take it down a bit and refrain from causing serious injury to Bakugou.”

The rest of the class stared at All Might.

“What?”

-

*“Young Midoriya, please take it down a bit and refrain from causing serious injury to Bakugou.”*

“Don’t you fucking DARE.”

“Wasn’t planning on it.”

-

“You- You’re joking right?”

“Huh?” All Might asked Ojiro, genuinely confused.

“I- You- he’s fighting a BOMB!”

“Oh. That.” All Might looked back at the screen. “Yes well, I’m sure that Midoriya can handle it.”

Ojiro blinked. He then decided that this was a conversation that he did not think he could handle, no matter how much his morals told him to make sure his incompetent teacher did not get a fellow classmate literally murdered.

Now, All Might was not incompetent (at least not in this retrospect) and was in fact completely aware that Midoriya’s demise was entirely possible. However, after spending several months training the boy he had come to the conclusion that this was not a problem. Not because he disliked Midoriya, quite the opposite, but rather because Midoriya was immortal so him dying was entirely okay and actually really normal.

Unfortunately, the rest of the class was not aware of this which had the undesired consequence of them all being in shock at the idea that the Number 1 hero, their childhood idol, their literal teacher, did not care about whether or not Midoriya died.

“I don’t mean to be rude, All Might,” Yaoyorozu started. “But I really don’t think that this level of violence is okay.

“It’s fine! A little violence is healthy!”

This is false. Violence, by its very definition, is not healthy but instead very very harmful. But if it was violence All Might wanted, it was violence he would get.

-

Meanwhile, Midoriya and Bakugou were easily carrying a conversation as they fought. While focusing on the two separate tasks would be difficult for most people the two boys had become quite apt at it throughout their many, many, fights.

“So why aren’t you using that support gear you were excited about?” Bakugou asked as he sidestepped a punch.

“Aizawa said that he ‘might be crazy enough to let me have a gun, but he’s sure as hell not crazy enough to let me use it only under All Might’s supervision.’” Midoriya pouted. “So I’m only allowed to use it when he’s teaching.”

“Shame.”

Midoriya weaved around his friend, attempting to find an opening. “How about those gauntlets? They work as well as you’d hoped?”

Bakugou grinned. “I don’t know. Why don’t we see?”

“Damnit Kacchan, don’t you DARE-” Midoriya let out a squeak as he narrowly dodged the blast. “WHAT THE HELL?!” He yelled as he saw the gaping hole left in the wall. “You’re allowed to have fucking grenade arms but I can’t have my gun?!”

“Oh boohoo. Now stop moving so I can murder you!”

-

“DID YOU SEE THAT?!”

“He could have KILLED Midoriya!”

“Oh-my-god-we’re-going-to-die-”

“...is this legal?”

“STOP HIM ALL MIGHT!”

“Children, please!” All Might held his hands up helplessly. “Settle down! I SAID SETTLE DOWN!” He had to yell to be heard over the

noise.

“Pardon moi Sensei, but I would prefer that Monsieur Midoriya not die.”

“He won’t DIE,” All Might said. He then paused and reconsidered. “Well he *probably* won’t.” He continued to consider the implications of his words. “Okay so he *might*, but he’ll be fine!”

The class just looked at All Might.

“oh shit, All Might is a sadistic kid killer,” Kaminari said in a hushed voice.

“That’s probably not going to be good for his image,” Asui said thoughtfully.

-

As if he was playing some twisted carnival game Bakugou continued to aim his arm at Midoriya who was quite literally bouncing around the tight hallway in an attempt to avoid getting hit.

“Stop! Moving!” Bakugou growled in frustration.

“I don’t think I will, thank you very much!”

Midoriya rebounded off one of the walls and flew right past Bakugou. As he did, Bakugou reached out with lightning speed and grabbed the front of Midoriya’s shirt.

“Oh shit.” Midoriya looked at Bakugou’s deranged grin with wide eyes as he was hoisted in front of Bakugou.

“See you later, fucker,” Bakugou said as he blew up his best friend.

Midoriya screamed and soared into the wall behind him, the impact blowing it apart into rubble.

Now it just so happened that as Midoriya and Bakugou were fighting they had moved throughout the building so that they were on the same floor as the bomb. This meant that Midoriya blew through the wall separating him and Bakugou from Iida and Uraraka. The boy’s partners both watched in amazement as Midoriya flew into the room, yelled “Uraraka-get-the-bomb-” and then proceeded to fly through the opposite wall and out the building.

Now provided with a sufficient amount of ammo (and more conditioned to Midoriya's insanity than Iida who was looking at the wall in shock) Uraraka used her quirk to fling rubble at her opponents and successfully secure the bomb.

*"Hero team wins!"* All Might yelled, voice crackling on the speaker.

-

"Hero team wins!"

The class erupted into insanity.

"Is Midoriya DEAD?!"

-

He was.

-

The class was in the middle of berating both All Might for not stopping the fight, and Bakugou for blowing up his friend ("I wouldn't have done it to any of you extra fuckers, I knew he could take it!"), when Midoriya walked in.

"Did we win?" He looked no worse for wear other than a smudge of soot on his cheek and an unreasonable amount of glitter falling off him.

"You fucking cheated!"

"Nice job Uraraka!" Midoriya said, correctly surmising from Bakugou's anger that they had won.

"Thanks! I couldn't have done it without that rubble you made!"

"Oh I'm sure you would have found a way, your quirk is versatile enough."

"You're alive?!"

Midoriya looked at a very shocked Mineta. He looked down at himself. He looked back at Mineta. "No," He said in a monotone voice.

Bakugou smacked Midoriya upside the head. "Stop being stupid, Izu."

“It’s a stupid question!”
“Perhaps,” Iida interrupted. “A better question would be, HOW are you alive? I am also curious seeing how I saw you fly through two walls down to the ground 5 stories below and then walk in with no injuries to speak of.”

“The glitter cushioned my fall.”

“What.”

The class exploded in confusion once again. Not literally mind you, that would be unfortunate considering how only one of them was able to survive explosions and Midoriya had already done that this day and didn’t want to again. Specifically, the class was confused as to where the glitter came from, how it possibly cushioned his fall, and just overall what the hell happened. They would receive no answers.

“Oh, would you look at that!” All Might bellowed. “It’s time for the next group to go!”

It took several long minutes to calm the class down enough to get to that point but eventually the rest of the students had their turn and the lesson proceeded with no more murders, which was probably a good thing.

Chapter End Notes

> And that’s a wrap!
> I am very excited for the next chapter, unfortunately, it is possible that it will be a late update as I will be unreasonably busy this week. I shall try my best to have it out in time but just warning ya in case I don’t!

# Lies, Camera, Action! pt.1 - The press is a plague

Chapter Summary

> The children encounter one of the worst creations known to men: the press

Chapter Notes

> Alrighty! This arch is like nothing but crack so I guess just don't read into it that much. It was just so fun to write so I may have taken it a little too far.
> No regrets.
>
> Anyway, I hope it's as enjoyable to read as it was to write!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I'm just saying that if I ate a bear that would make me the ALPHA consumer," Bakugou said adamantly as he and Midoriya walked to the school.

"Oh no, I totally get it, just keep in mind that eating a bear might be illegal."

"When has that ever stopped me?"

"Touche."

"Anyways. Lemme know if you find a bear."

The two boys neared the school and were about half a block away when Midoriya paused and looked at some bushes. Actually, he was looking into the bushes, not at them.

"Uraraka???"

Uraraka, who seemed to be hiding in the aforementioned bush, turned and shushed Midoriya.

"The fuck are you doing round-face?"

Iida, who was also buried in the bush, stuck his head out and also shushed them.

“Iida?!” Midoriya asked, surprised.

Both Iida and Uraraka shushed him very loudly. So loudly that it was in fact louder than the sound of Midoriya talking which was kinda stupid.

“Shut up! You’re going to blow our cover!”

“Uh, what cover?”

Uraraka rolled her eyes. “We’re hiding!”

Midoriya looked around. He saw nothing out of the ordinary. “...From what?”

“*Them*.” Uraraka said ominously before pointing to the front of the school.

Midoriya and Bakugou looked at the wild herd of reporters she had indicated.

“Uraraka, those just look like some harmless reporters.”

Iida began to laugh hysterically. “Harmless?! Those are the most dangerous invasive species known to man! Observe as they hunt the native student!”

The children watched as Mineta approached the gate, presumably in order to get to class, they all gasped as he was swarmed by dozens of reporters and their camera companions. The boy struggled against the tide but was overtaken by the sheer numbers and ferocity shown by the creatures. His shrill scream rang through the area, carrying over even the sound of nearby traffic and interrogative well-dressed journalists.

Finally, his shouts died out abruptly and the reporters slowly dispersed back to wandering around the gate.

Mineta was nowhere to be found.

“Oh shit,” Bakugou said, stunned.

“You see why we have to hide?!” Urarka asked.

“I mean yeah,” Midoriya said. “But like, we have school. I don’t think Aizawa will accept fear of cameras as a valid excuse.”

“ ‘Sides,” Bakugou said, continuing Midoriya’s argument. “We’ll have to get used to this type of thing for once we go pro.”

“While I agree that attending class is a noble goal, one cannot simply waltz through a pack of hungry reporters!” Iida said.

“Well not without a distraction you can’t,” Midoriya said.

“You don’t mean-” Uraraka said, worried.

“Don’t worry, I’ve dealt with reporters before. I’ll be fine.”

Midoriya had in fact dealt with reporters before. This is because there had been several times he had accidentally died in public and caused a bit of an uproar. Typically a reporter had come by in order to cover the event and Midoriya found that if he talked to the reporter as if he was simply a bystander then he was less likely to be recognized as the actual person who had died.

Iida wiped away a tear. “Your sacrifice will not be in vain.”

“Kacchan will make sure you two make it past the stragglers safely.”

“Like HELL I will-”

Midoriya glared at Bakugou.

“FINE. You extras better carry your weight though or I’ll leave you behind.”

Satisfied that his friends would make it to class safely Midoriya turned and with a bounce in his step, walked right up to the journalists.

“What a fool,” Iida said softly in a mixture of awe and fear.

-

“You there!” The reporter thrust his microphone into Midoriya’s face who didn’t so much as flinch. “Tell me what it’s like being a student of UA!”

Midoriya’s face split into a huge grin. “I’d love to!”

“Wha- you would?!”

“Absolutely! In fact, I’d love to tell EVERYONE here ANYTHING they want to know!”

The reporters perked up, smelling blood. They surged forward and converged around Midoriya, each one asking a different question.

“What year are you?!”

“How is All Might as a teacher?”

“Is it true that Nedzu and Midnight are in a secret relationship?!”

“Why the hell are you covered in glitter?”

“Tell us about the Symbol of Peace!”

Midoriya held up his hands. “Hold up! One question at a time please!” He looked over the shoulders of the crowd and made eye contact with Bakugou. He subtly tilted his head.

Bakugou took the hint and led Iida and Uraraka, sneaking around the perimeter of the gathering reporters. He let out a few small explosions to deter the lingering pests who hissed at the light, much like vampires.

These specific reporters were not actually vampires. I’m sure that some reporters are but these ones weren’t, they were just typical press parasites. Nothing more.

The three students made it to the gate without any real opposition and watched as the gate slammed behind them as a man got a little too close.

“Oh man, I thought we were dead,” Uraraka said in awe. “Thanks for the help Bakugou!”

“Whatever.”

“Will Midoriya be alright? I am concerned that he might cease to exist after this encounter,” Iida said.

“As if the bastard would ever give me the satisfaction of leaving this realm.”

That, it seemed, was good enough of an answer for Iida.

-

The three children walked into their classroom to find it almost completely empty.

“Hey, Blackeyes!” Bakugou yelled at the only other student. “Where the fuck is everyone else?”

“Probably stuck hiding from the reporters,” Ashido said.

“If you don’t mind me asking, how did you make it through?” Iida asked. “We only managed upon utilizing Midoriya’s brave sacrifice.” He sniffed. “My apologies, I’m still emotional about the whole situation.”

“Easy! I just answered their questions!”

“You *talked* to them?!” Uraraka asked in shock.

“Sure! All they wanted to know was about All Might. I told a couple of them about that hero training exercise we did and then excused myself to go to class.”

“What did you tell them about it? Reporters only let you go after getting juicy information,” Iida said.

“Oh, I just told them how he’s a sadistic monster that enjoys watching children get blown up and pitting them against their friends in battles to the death.”

Iida, Uraraka, and Bakugou were quiet for a solid minute.

“whAT.” Iida eventually said, chopping his arms frantically in a spastic fit.

“...was that bad?” Ashido asked hesitantly.

“Is this about the situation with Midoriya?” Uraraka asked.

“You don’t get it!” Ashido said. “It was scary! He was getting all exploded and All Might was all like ‘exploding will make you a great hero someday!’ It was terrifying!”

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “Please. The bitch was fine. I don’t see what the big deal was.”

“Can we please not sully his memory so soon after his passing?” Iida said, tearing up once again.

“The fuck, four-eyes?! He ain’t even dead this time!”

“... 'this time’?” Uraraka asked suspiciously.

“Oh shit.” Bakugou paled. “Er, I meant yet. He ain’t even dead yet. Yeah. Cuz this time implies that he’s died before. Which he hasn’t. Because he’s alive.”

“Oh alright. That makes sense,” Uraraka said, stupidly accepting the poor excuse.

Bakugou let out a sigh of relief.

Chapter End Notes

> Yup. All the crack. There is no more crack for anyone else. I took it all.

# Lies, Camera, Action! pt.2 - All Might's Texan cousin

Chapter Summary

Midoriya informs the press of forgotten All Might lore.

Chapter Notes

When will the unending flood of crack end? I do not know. Time shall tell.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Meanwhile, Midoriya was still surrounded by journalists and camera men. He knew it would be a while before he could get out of the situation so he decided to have some fun and improve his, as Aizawa would call it, logical ruse skills.

"Tell us about All Might!" A reporter yelled. His voice carried above the rest so Midoriya chose his question to answer.

"Oh well, he's a wonderful-" Midoriya stopped mid-sentence. "I'm sorry, did you say *ALL* Might??"

"Yes, we have word that All Might has taken up a teaching job in UA."

Midoriya started laughing. "All Might? TEACHING? That's hilarious!"

The reporters looked confused. "The information was leaked-"

"I hate to inform you that your informant was sorely mistaken. Did they perhaps mean *Y'ALL* Might? The newest addition to the UA staff?"

"I- who??"

"Y'all Might. He's All Might's Texan cousin."

The reporters scribbled furiously in their notebooks. "Do tell," One of them said.

"Well he's visiting Japan as there've been rumors of limiting his 2nd amendment rights in America but in Japan, hero gun usage is regulated by the hero commission. While he's here he's decided to

take up a job at UA."

"What a fascinating development!"

"I'm surprised that you don't all know about him already. I mean there was that whole controversy a few years back where Y'all Might accused All Might of stealing his ultimate move the Texas Smash."

"And you say this man is employed at UA?"

"Yup! You can't miss him. He looks exactly like All Might but with a cowboy hat and boots. Oh, and the Texas flag as a cape."

"And is he a good teacher?" A woman asked from the back of the crowd.

"He's great! Sure the mandatory cowboy hat dress code is a little difficult to get used to but he's a really great guy and he helps us with our English so that's cool." Midoriya said. He was actually quite enjoying the fictitious story he was spinning.

The reporters were buying it. Hook, line, and sinker.

"Is Y'all Might enjoying his time in Japan?"

"I think so. He's always talking about how happy he is to see All Might and his other cousins-"

"All Might has OTHER cousins?!"

"Well sure. I'm sure you're well aware of Tall Might the height hero, whose quirk is only that he is somehow taller than everyone he comes in contact with and thus superior. And maybe even his lesser-known twin Small Might is a familiar name?"

"Ah. Yes. Of course." The reporters all nodded as if they knew exactly who he was talking about. They did not in fact, considering Midoriya had made them up not 10 seconds prior.

"Actually, on that note, I better get to class. I forgot my cowboy hat today so I need to get one from the vending machine before class starts."

The reporters thanked him for his time before scattering to find more prey.

One woman however stayed.

“Can I help you?” Midoriya asked.

“Kichi Kanzaki, journalist for multiple major papers and online news sources.” She stuck out a hand. Midoriya shook it. “That was some clever maneuvering you did there. I assume you came up with that all on the spot?”

“Yup!” Midoriya admitted. “My friends needed to get to class so I distracted those reporters.”

Kanzaki laughed. “Yeah, they can get pretty intense sometimes. Most of them are harmless. Just useless newbies who don’t know a thing about the industry. Now veterans like me,” She smiled, showing her teeth. “We’re the ones you need to worry about.”

“Good thing I’m immortal!” Midoriya said cheerfully. You see he was well aware that it would simply sound like he was joking and doubted she would believe him. She, as most reasonable people would do in that situation, did not.

“I like you, kid.” She whipped out a business card and held it out to him. “Call me if you want to tell more profitable lies, if you got something interesting for the public, or if you get into some newsworthy trouble.” She squinted. “You seem like the type to get into lots of messes.”

Midoriya laughed. “You got me there!” He took the card and then, after rummaging around his bag for a bit, pulled out one of his own.

The reporter took it. “Ooo gold embossed, nice touch.”

“Thank you! I really better go to class now, see you around!”

She waved to Midoriya before turning to go home and prepare a story on the Y’all Might/All Might scandal.

-

It was five minutes to class and yet Bakugou, Iida, Uraraka, and Ashido were still the only ones there.

“Do you think the reporters ate everyone else?” Ashido asked.

“Don’t be stupid,” Bakugou sneered. “Everyone knows reporters degrade your mind until it’s a brain smoothie sloshing around in your skull.”

Uraraka winced. “Thank you so much for that pleasant imagery, Bakugou.”

“Don’t mention it.”

As if waiting for their cue (or perhaps just out of plot convenience) the rest of the class all filed into the room. They all looked completely fine and showed no signs of zombification at the hands of the reporters or any other press-related injuries. Koda was however holding a small rabbit, although I doubt that had anything to do with the reporters and was probably just because he liked animals.

“About time! Where were you extras?”

“Well, we were all hiding in the bushes from the reporters when Kaminari of all people came up with a brilliant idea!” Yaoyorozu said.

Bakugou scoffed. “Sparky? *Brilliant?*”

“While I find it very unbecoming to make fun of one's intellect I am also inclined to question this statement,” Iida said. Really that was just a fancy way of saying, “you have got to be shitting me.”

“Hey! I can have good ideas sometimes!” Kaminari said, offended.

“Like what? Putting your shoes on the right foot? Because that ain’t a ‘good idea’ that’s just fucking common sense.”

“Ignore him, he's just jealous that you came up with a way past them and he didn’t,” Uraraka said.

“And you must excuse him, he’s still mourning the loss of a dear friend.”

“FOR THE LAST TIME, HE AIN’T FUCKING DEAD!”

“ANYWAYS,” Uraraka yelled over the arguing boys. “What was the idea?”

“Oh!” Kaminari said. “It was simple really, I just yodeled!”

Bakugou paused from where he had Iida’s collar in hand and turned to Kaminari. “The fuck?!” His face was twisted into some strange mix of complete confusion and utter disgust.

“Well, the reporters only come after you if they think they can get something out of it. So I figured that if I was to do something so

inexplicably *weird* they would leave me alone for the sole reason that it was unreportable."

"And that worked??" Ashido asked in shock.

"Yup! Although my voice got pretty tired after a bit so I stopped yodeling and just aggressively did the macarena to the gate."

"And we all saw that his plan worked," Jirou cut in. "So we did what any rational person would and yodeled and macarenaed our way to school."

This is not actually what most rational people do in such situations, as effective as it was. Rather, if you ever find yourself to be surrounded by crazed reporters, I would recommend simply swearing nonstop and causing any footage they pick up to become unusable once contaminated by the 'fuck'. This is Bakugou's go-to solution when dealing with the media although I'm not sure it's completely on purpose.

"Naturally," Iida said as he nodded.

"How did you guys get in?" Sero asked.

Iida sniffed. "It was tragic! Midoriya heroically sacrificed himself for us."

"Stop acting like he's dead! He has plenty of experience with reporters, he'll be fine!"

"Is Monsieur Midoriya still out there?" Aoyama looked around seeing that Midoriya was indeed not in class yet.

For the record, Mineta was also still missing but no one mentioned him because frankly, no one cared.

"He'll be back soon," Bakugou growled matter of factly.

Unfortunately "soon" wasn't before the bell. Aizawa took one look at Midoriya's empty seat and let out a sigh of relief. (He did not so much as glance at Mineta's desk)

"Seems the problem child is skipping today. Perhaps we'll actually get something done for once." He paused and looked at Koda who was holding a bunny. "...Why? You know what, I don't care. Just don't lose it."

Koda nodded.

“Sensei!” Iida said. “If I may! I would like to say a few words in memory of Midoriya!”

“This isn’t a fucking funeral, four-eyes.” Bakugou snarled. “He’ll be here. He’s just caught up with some reporters.”

Aizawa shuddered. “The vultures.”

Iida bowed his head. “May they have mercy on his soul.”

The mercy that a soul such as Midoriya’s deserved is a largely debated topic and one that Bakugou would gladly advocate against, however, before he got a chance there was a loud bang as the class door swung open.

“Miss me?” Midoriya strolled into the class, ignoring Aizawa’s groan.

Iida jumped to his feet and with tears in his eyes said, “Thank you noble Midoriya for risking life and limb for the sake of your classmates! Now our class is whole once again!”

Everyone cheered.

(Except for Bakugou who just rolled his eyes with an “I told you so”)

They ignored the fact that Mineta was still missing.

(He would return only minutes before lunch started, uniform ripped in multiple spots, a microphone stuck in his ear, and an insistent mutter about crazed demons.

No one would care.)

Chapter End Notes

> I’ve said it before and I’ll say it again. I really cannot thank y’all enough for all your support, every bookmark, kudo, and comment makes my day!
>
> So thank you, thank you, thank you.
>
> To show my appreciation I shall continue to provide you with illogical levels of crack ;)

# Hopping over to the ballots

Chapter Summary

All elections should be run by immortal children

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Yes, well enough of that. I am going to take a nap. You have 15 minutes to decide on a class president and vice. Have fun, don’t kill each other,” said Aizawa as he pulled himself into his sleeping bag and fell to the floor.

“President??” Uraraka asked, surprised.

“You heard me,” He grumbled. “Now let me sleep.”

“I motion that we use the time tried method of DEMOCRACY to decide!” Iida said, chopping his arm.

“That’s all fine and dandy but first I wanna pet the bunny!” Midoriya said, running over to Koda (or more specifically Koda’s bunny). “It’s so cute! Can I pet him?”

Koda said nothing.

“Thanks!” Midoriya ran a hand gently across the bunny’s fur. “Oh-man-it’s-so-so-soft!”

“Er, Midoriya? I’m glad you’re enjoying yourself but don’t you think that we should work on picking a president now?” Uraraka questioned.

Midoriya ignored her. “What’s its name?”

Koda simply stared.

“Huh. Is that Spanish?”

Koda continued to not speak.

Midoriya giggled. “Well, I think it’s a cute name!”

“Wait, what’s the bunny’s name?”

Midoriya looked at Kaminari, confused. “What do you mean? Koda just said it!”

This was not true. Koda had said nothing. Somehow, (and please note that I myself am not entirely sure how) Koda was able to communicate with Midoriya without talking. This meant that while Midoriya was well aware of the bunny's name no one else was as it seemed they had just watched a one-way conversation occur.

“He did not,” Iida said.

“Oh. Well, his name is Señor Conejito and I love him.”

“Leave the damn rabbit alone so we can elect me as president, Izu.”

“Kacchan I don’t think anyone wants you as president.”

“*I* want me as president!” Bakugou retorted.

Midoriya thought about that. “Okay, fair point. BUT I have a better idea.”

“Can we just get on to voting?” Sero asked.

“We could do that,” said Midoriya. “OR we could just elect Señor Conejito right now.”

“I’m down,” Mina said.

At the same time, Bakugou yelled, “You CANNOT make the fucking bunny rabbit president!”

“Actually,” Iida stuck a finger in the air. “There is not a single rule in the student handbook that says you can’t. I’d know; I read the whole thing. So as much as I think Señor Conejito would be underqualified for the position I believe we should honor his nomination and vote accordingly.”

“All in favor of making Señor Conejito president say ‘aye’!”

There was a resounding chorus of ‘aye’s from the class. There was also the polite ‘nay’ of Iida and the much louder cursing of Bakugou but everyone ignored that.

“Oh! And I suppose we need a vice president too huh?” Midoriya asked.

“I’d be delighted, Midoriya. You have my word that I will-” Iida started.

“Of course Koda! That only makes sense! Since having Señor Conejito as president does come with the slight problem of none of us being able to understand him then, of course you should be vice!”

Iida made a sound that was much like a microwave that forgot how to work properly and was now on the verge of exploding.

“That’s a lovely idea Midoriya, but I just have one question,” Yaoyorozu said. “None of us understand Koda either. He, er, well he doesn’t talk.”

“That’s not a problem, I understand him fine!”

“Oh. Okay then.”

You see, for some reason, the class which was full of some very interesting and very energetic characters had decided to follow the advice of one Izuku Midoriya. While there were a multitude of reasons for this one was simply that his energy was somehow enough to rival theirs and as such, they felt intimidated by his clear superiority. Another was of course that he could somehow control Bakugou which was far more than the rest of them could claim.

“Why. Just why,” Bakugou said. “It’s a fucking bunny.”

“Well, I think Señor Conejito should be elected on grounds that he’s the softest, and cuddliest one here. That’s why you can’t be president, Kacchan because you’re not very petable.” Midoriya then leaned over and stage whispered to Jirou. “I would know. I’ve tried.”

He had. Fun fact: petting Bakugou can end in police being called in to deal with the damages! (It truly is a blessing that Inko is a lawyer in this universe, her skills are well utilized.)

“Screw you.”

“I’d rather you don’t, thanks!”

“Don’t ya think that we should check with Mr. Aizawa just to make sure we’re allowed to elect Señor Conejito?” Uraraka asked, tilting her head.

“I quite honestly don’t care who you elect as long as you decide soon,”

Aizawa grumbled from on the floor.

“Then it’s official!” Midoriya said. “Señor Conejito will be class president and Koda will be vice!”

“If I may, Midoriya,” Iida said. “I think some regulation is necessary for a government such as this.”

“Oh alright, you can be the president’s assistant.”

“Er, don’t suppose I could be the acting president instead?”

“Wow, Iida. I can’t believe you. That’s Señor Conejito’s position. Don’t be greedy.”

“He’s a bunny,” Iida said on the verge of tears.

“And you’re a cyborg amalgamation of a teenager that runs on orange juice. What of it?”

“...Nothing.”

“Would you rather be the president’s secretary? How about the junior president? Huh? Would you like that better?” Midoriya asked with a bit of snark in his tone.

Now I’d feel the need to let you know that this was not typical attitude of Midoriya, however, he just really liked rabbits. That is quite honestly the only excuse.

Iida lowered his head. “President's assistant is fine.”

Midoriya clapped his hands. “Well, then I guess it’s settled!”

Kaminari raised his hand. “I motion that we make Señor Conejito a president hat.”

“That’s brilliant!” Midoriya said. Kaminari nearly died from the shock of being called brilliant not once but twice in the past hour.

“What *does* a president hat look like?” Sero asked.

“Y’know, like… the pope hat?” Kaminari said, or rather questioned. He sounded very uncertain.

“A tiara?” Hagakure said.

“Wait. The pope wears a princess crown?” Kirishima asked.

“I think she means the three-tiered crown traditionally worn by popes, ribbit.”

“But that hasn’t been used since the 1960s!” Iida said, appalled that his class lacked this trivial piece of knowledge about a religion that none of them practiced.

“It’s called a zucchetto you dumbasses,” Bakugou said.

“No, that’s just a traditional cap worn by all clergymen, not just the pope,” Todoroki said quietly. Everyone turned to look at him. He shrugged.

“Then what’s the pope hat called?? The pointy one??” Kaminari asked.

“The mitre,” Tokoyami said simply. When he also received strange looks from his classmates he clarified, “One must know the fullness of the light in order to become overcome by the darkness.”

“Anyways,” Mina said. “We need to make Señor Conejito a mitre!”

“How do you all know these obscure facts about Cathlioc headgear??” Ojiro asked, genuinely concerned.

“Google,” Nearly five different students said at once.

At the same time, Tokoyami answered, “Ancient tomes.”

“I can take care of making Señor Conejito’s mitre,” Yaoyorozu said, raising her hand politely.

“I do think we should check with Monsieur Conejito and make sure he is content with being elected,” Aoyama said.

“Hmm. Probably,” Midoriya said. “Koda! Is Señor Conejito okay with being president?”

Koda looked deeply into Midoriya’s eyes. For a solid minute, they sat there, Midoriya’s face slowly shifting into a look of abject horror.

Eventually, the dark gloom that had settled over the two boys settled, and Midoriya broke eye contact. “Er, Señor Conejito is fine with being president.”

“The hell was that?!” Bakugou yelled.

“Was what?”

“That freaky aura you two had! What did the bunny say?!”

“*Oh,*” Midoriya’s face became fearful once more. "It's fine. Just don't give him any nukes."

The class looked at Señor Conejito, afraid.

Chapter End Notes

> You can't tell me that electing a Spanish bunny as president and then giving him a "pope hat" is not something Class 1-A would do

# A Security Issue pt.1 - ultra interesting

Chapter Summary

> I am in fact concerned with the thought that Midoriya himself seems to be a walking talking security issue

Chapter Notes

> Bit of a shorter chapter this week, apologies!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*Lunchtime of election day*

“You sitting with us *Kacchan*?” Uraraka smirked as she spoke.

“IF YOU KEEP CALLING ME THAT I’LL BLOW YOUR FACE OFF!” Contrary to his words Bakugou sat down on the bench opposite of Uraraka and Iida before stabbing at his food angrily.

“Ha! You’re all bark and no bite.”

Bakugou sneered. “You take that back!”

“No. Heck I doubt you’ve ever been in a *real* fight.”

In case you’re not aware I would like to point out that what Uraraka was doing is called teasing and she meant very little harm by it. The truth was that Bakugou is quite easy to tease and doing so is very enjoyable.

“I’ve been getting into fights since I was fucking six! Meanwhile, I doubt your weak-ass could even control your quirk.”

Iida intervened, chopping his hands with the ferocity of a literal axe. “Bakugou! Please watch your language!”

“Six, huh? I’m not convinced.” Uraraka smiled, enjoying how Bakugou’s face reddened.

“I single-handedly took on three kids twice my age!”

“It’s unheroic to discuss your delinquent behavior!”

“No, no,” Uraraka said. “I wanna hear this.”

“They were extras from the middle school, tried shaking me down. Just establishing dominance or some shit.”

“Oh, are we talking about those kids who picked a fight with us in elementary school?” Midoriya asked as he came up behind Bakugou.

“‘Single-handedly,’ huh?” Uraraka teased.

“Shut up. Dumbass didn’t even do anything. He got put out of commission in the first five minutes like a weakling.”

“Hey! That one kid had a powerful quirk!”

“Please,” Bakugou rolled his eyes. “His quirk is *piano*.”

“Piano?” Iida questioned.

“He can summon pianos,” Midoriya said. “I was still pretty bad with my quirk back then so I was just trying to fight him without breaking any bones-”

“His bones?” Iida asked.

“Nah, my bones. This quirk isn’t kind to my body,” Midoriya chuckled. Uraraka and Iida looked concerned. “But anyway, he used his quirk and I kinda got squished.”

Uraraka and Iida looked at each other in shock. They then turned to Midoriya, their concern having grown.

“You- you- a piano FELL on you?!” Iida stuttered.

“Actually three. He also couldn’t control his quirk very well.”

“Shut up Izuku,” Bakugou groaned. “No one cares. Besides, I was going to tell them about how I beat up those losers.”

This was a lie as both Uraraka and Iida cared very much. However, it seemed they would never get closure as Midoriya shrugged and began eating while Bakugou recounted the admittedly thrilling fight. Unfortunately, the two struggled to pay attention as they were too occupied with the confusion one faces upon realizing their friend somehow survived getting crushed by a piano, not once, but three times.

Bakugou was cut short however by the sound of an alarm running through the school. He swore as his story was interrupted.

“Heck yeah!” Midoriya jumped up. “Finally something interesting happens!”

“I thought electing Señor Conejito was pretty interesting,” Uraraka said.

“Well sure. But that was like regular interesting. This is ultra interesting. That alarm means someone broke into UA!”

“Er, don’t you think we should evacuate then?” Iida questioned while gesturing to all the panicking students around them.

“Evacuate, investigate. Same thing.”

For your information, these are not the same thing and if you find yourself in a similar situation then I would suggest you evacuate rather than investigate. If you are not convinced then I hope that you will be by the time I finish telling you what happened to Midoriya who as I’m sure you can imagine did NOT evacuate.

“Midoriya nO,” Iida said.

“Midoriya yes!” Midoriya said before running in the opposite direction.

Bakugou shrugged. “Might as well follow him. Not like there’s anything better to do.”

The three of them ran off, Iida somewhat reluctantly. At least I assume he was reluctant considering how he was screaming about how unheroic they were being the entire time.

They found Midoriya only a few minutes later, looking out the window rather disappointedly at the crowd of reporters on the lawn.

“It’s just a bunch of reporters from this morning.”

“Oh LORD,” Iida said fearfully. “It’s a bunch of reporters from this morning!”

“We have to warn the other students!” Uraraka said.

Midoriya nodded. “How about you and Iida go tell the others not to worry that it’s just reporters. Me and Kacchan are going to go check something else out.”

Iida saluted and then picked Uraraka up bridal style, using his quirk to

get to the crowd as soon as possible.

“Wait, what do you want to check out?”

“I saw someone sneaking down that hallway,” Midoriya gestured before turning to grin at Bakugou. “It’s the same hallway the security office is.”

Bakugou cracked his knuckles. “Then what are we waiting for?”

-

Iida was pinwheeling over the crowd of students thanks to both his and Uraraka’s quirk

“Everyone! Please be aware that a pack of wild reporters has broken into the school! Do not be alarmed and proceed in an orderly fashion!”

The students did not proceed in an orderly fashion but rather panicked at the word ‘reporter’ and began to stampede wildly as they struggled to get away from the threat of reporters. This resulted in no less than three people climbing the walls, nearly fifteen people began to cry, literally everyone was screaming, and poor Pony was frozen in fear having heard Iida say “exporters” instead of “reporters” (quite odd considering only the English words “reporter” and “exporter” are similar, they are actually quite different in Japanese).

“We’re all going to die!” Someone yelled.

They did not, in fact, die.

Yet.

Chapter End Notes

> Oh my. What could Midoriya and Bakugou *possibly* find? It's a mysteryyyyy

# A Security Issue pt.2 - What in tarnation?

Chapter Summary

> Snipe is as close to a cannon cowboy as one can get in this universe

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I must ask you to leave these premises.”

The reporters did not.

Aizawa was so unbelievably tired of his life. He had been asked to deal with the vultures in front and unfortunately that was not a simple job. Hizashi was not making things better.

“YO YO YO! Whatcha doin?!”

“Yamada. Not helpful.”

“I’m just curious! Like, they aren’t typically this crazy. I wanna know why!”

Aizawa sighed. “Just help me get them out of here.”

The reporters incorrectly took this conversation as an invitation to continue with their bombardment.

“Where is Y’all Might?”

“What are your thoughts on All Might’s use of explosive murder against his students?”

“Pro Hero Present Mic, why aren’t you wearing your mandatory cowboy hat?”

“Bring us Y’all Might!”

“Look, if you don’t leave then I’ll be forced to-” Aizawa’s brain backpedaled. “Excuse me, did you say *Y’all* Might?”

“Of course! We have word that All Might’s Texan cousin Y’all Might is currently teaching at UA, what are your thoughts on this

development?”

“I-”

Aizawa was cut off by Snipe, who had just been told that his presence was desperately needed at the front gate. (By Nedzu of course. He had decided from monitoring the security cameras that such a confrontation would be most entertaining.)

“Howdy all! Don’t suppose y’all would mind hightailing it outta here? Imma ‘fraid this here property is private.”

The reporters were silent as they looked at the fresh meat that had just entered the ring. There was a certain quality to the air around them, as if the very atmosphere was charged with the utter need the media felt to dissect poor Snipe.

Like a breaking dam, they all began to talk at once, attention having moved to Snipe.

“ARE YOU Y’ALL MIGHT?!”

“You *must* be Y’all Might’s assistant, tell us about him!”

“What are your thoughts on the jarring lack of the second amendment in Japan?”

“Did you get that cowboy hat at the school instated hat vending machines?”

Snipe held up his hands in surrender. “Whoa! Hold yer horses, partner! One atta time!”

“Does Y’all Might really wear a Texas flag as a cape?” One reporter asked, shoving his microphone up to Snipe’s mask.

Aizawa and Hizashi turned, about to inform their colleague of how the reporters were making absolutely no sense and to just ignore them, when he answered.

“Course he do! Y’all Might’s a right patriot ya know? Sure, he did decide to forgo the cape upon discussing it with members of the staff and becoming aware that it infringed on their religious beliefs to pretend the state of Texas does not exist. He’s a good partner that way ya know? Always gotta respect others' political and religious alignments. That kind of hootenanny don’t make a lick of sense to me

but I reckon folks can do what they want.”

Aizawa and Hizashi looked at each other.

The reporters took notes furiously.

“Now don’t get me wrong, I could wax poetic ‘bout Y’all Might till the cows come home but I’d hate to waste y’alls time. Don’t suppose you younguns would mind skedaddling outta here? Ya see I got a hankerin’ fer taters and I was fixin’ to get myself some chow. Watching them chillens sure works up an appetite ya know?” Snipe chuckled. The reporters also laughed although with far more hesitation. This was because none of them spoke Hickish and as such were thoroughly confused. Nedzu, who was watching the whole situation from his office (and coincidentally DID speak Hickish), was laughing so hard that he fell out of his chair. This bout of laughter happened to last so long that he completely missed the alarm that signaled that the security office was being broken into.

He did not, however, miss the shot of Midoriya and Bakugou skidding around the corner. Nedzu idly wondered what they were doing but he then decided that it would be far more entertaining to watch the conversation between the pro teachers and the reluctant reporters who were still refusing to leave.

Eventually, the reporters were corralled into walking off the UA property. This was mostly due to the fact that Snipe, who had an extensive history in herding cows, was also a teacher which in his own words, “is ‘bout as easy as herding cats”.

“Snipe,” Aizawa said, suddenly exponentially more tired. “What on Earth was that.”

“Heck if I know. I hear tell from Nedzu that sum downright good fur nothin’ Yankee’s were making their way yonder so I get or’ here all lickety-split and give them uppity varmint what they want, ruther than rile them. I hadn't figured on them being all confused as a fart in a fan factory. Just kept goin’ on ‘bout some Texan bloke or something. But I go long 'for they darn tootin’ make me fit to be tied.”

Aizawa and Hizashi sat in silence for a moment.

“Yeah,” Hizashi said at last. “I’m going to just pretend like I understood that.”

Aizawa nodded in agreement. “Let’s just go get the kids.”

“Yee-haw!” Snipe pumped his fist into the air.

The other teachers just wondered what they had possibly done to cause them to be in such a position.

-

Meanwhile, Midoriya and Bakugou were of course getting into trouble. As per usual.

You see, upon seeing an intruder following the same route they had on that fateful day in which they had broken into UA, they began to race each other to the security room. Midoriya won, only because he tripped Bakugou on the last stretch.

“You fucking cheated, dumbas-” Bakugou faded out (a rare occurrence) as he walked in on a particularly interesting scene. Now he had seen many interesting scenes, what with Midoriya being his friend, but he was still quite shocked to see a man crouched on the table with a paper in his fist staring directly at his friend who for his part was staring back. The man was also covered in hands for some reason.

The two stared at each other for a solid twenty seconds before, at some invisible signal, bolted, much like two dogs who had just heard a doorbell. Now since the room was so small this bolting caused the man (who was, of course, Shigaraki) to crash feet first through the window.

This, if I am correct, was purposeful. Midoriya’s fall head-first behind him might not have been.

Bakugou ran to the window just in time to watch his friend dive into a swirling mist of a pool that had been cleverly positioned on the ground and disappear. Before he had a chance to follow the portal closed, taking Midoriya and, if Bakugou was to guess by the lack of the hand man, the villain as well.

“Well shit.”

Bakugou looked out the window for a moment, contemplating what to do next. With a shudder, he realized that his rat-faced principal should probably be informed that one of his students had potentially been unintentionally kidnapped.

“Stinking adrenaline junkie, leaving me the hard work,” He grumbled.

Chapter End Notes

I apologize in advance for any errors in my Hickish as I'm afraid I'm not entirely fluent.

Language barriers can be so troublesome.

# A Security Issue pt.3 - The meeting of two foes

Chapter Summary

What else should he have done?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya fell on his head as the portal he had jumped into (almost entirely accidentally) spat him out on the floor of a bar. The bar was empty other than Midoriya, the man responsible for the portal, and the villain he had been chasing at the school.

This was fortunate considering Midoriya would have been thoroughly embarrassed had he fallen out of nowhere in front of an audience.

He jumped to his feet and brushed off his pants as the two villains stared.

“Huh. Well, that was unexpected. Er, I suppose I should probably introduce myself?”

It seemed that Shigaraki did not actually care about who Midoriya was as he instead lunged towards him with his hands outstretched and with the intention of turning him into literal dust.

“WHOA!” Midoriya exclaimed, dodging the hand. “Hey! Can’t you chill out for a second?!”

“Stop moving, brat!”

Midoriya did not compile but watched as the hand he had only just avoided closed around a glass on the counter, disintegrating it.

“Well shit.”

You see, Midoriya had absolutely no intentions to become disintegrated and as such was not very pleased with this development. Rather, he decided to hop the bar to get away from Shigaraki.

“Stop that!” Shigaraki said, hopping the bar as well.

Midoriya yelped and began to chuck the bottles of wine that lined the back wall at the villain. “Begone ya crusty old man!” He said as he

tossed a particularly expensive-looking bottle which hit Shigaraki's head with a particularly satisfying thunk.

"Oh you're going to DIE-" Shigaraki growled.

At the same time, Kurogiri looked about as distressed as a man made entirely out of shadows could. "That was a Lafite Rothschild!"

"Can't die if you can't catch me!" Midoriya taunted before arming himself with several more bottles of expensive wine.

Shigaraki took this as a challenge.

Midoriya, having realized his mistake in taunting a murderous villain miles away from anyone who cared about him, made a break for the nearby door. Unfortunately, Kurogiri was having a minor breakdown in front of the door as he lamented the lost alcohol.

Midoriya skidded to a halt and turned on a dime only to come face to face with Shigaraki.

"GAH!" He dove to the side and slid across a tabletop, only slightly botching the ending.

For a solid minute, the two played chicken as they faced each other from the opposite sides of the table neither one willing to make the first move.

*Damn it. I can't even get out of here because that one dude's blocking the doorway…*

It was at this moment that a new voice (sounding suspiciously like Bakugou) interjected into his far more logical thought process. *So? If there ain't a door then fucking make one.*

*And THERE was an idea. With a flick of his wrist and the slightest bit of One For All Midoriya slammed one of the wine bottles on the table, sending shards of glass and wine everywhere. This included on and in Midoriya but, not being able to feel pain, he really didn't care that much.*

*Shigaraki on the other hand screamed as the glass flew towards him because he, like most people, had experienced pain and decided to be opposed to it.*

*Taking his chance Midoriya charged to the other side of the room and quite literally punched through the wall, effectively creating his own exit.*

-

*Midoriya thought he might be lost. The bar seemed to share a wall with an apartment complex that he had accidentally infiltrated and was now wandering rather aimlessly around. It seemed he was unable to find a way out and as such he had taken to trying the doors as he ran past although this was not working very well as they were all locked.*

*"Stop running so I can kill you!"*

*This was a good way to make sure that Midoriya did NOT stop running. As he neared the end of the hallway he threw away all semblance of manners and ripped open the nearest doorway, dropping the handle as he pushed his way in.*

The apartment was really quite dusty and looked very abandoned. This made him feel better in that he was now fairly certain that he hadn't woken anyone up with this little chase of his, however, he was slightly concerned as to where the previous occupants had gone. He was also concerned with the lack of time he had to prepare for what was sure to be a thrilling battle with Shigaraki. This concern trumped the other and with it in mind he searched the room frantically looking for anything that could possibly be useful. His eyes landed on an urn sitting upon the mantle. *Jackpot.*

*Sure, there was that bit of him that said that stealing one's urn was rather unethical of him, but Midoriya was under the impression that he needed it more than the previous owner did and it wasn't exactly like the current occupant could complain.*

*He then used several of his precious seconds to run to the kitchen. In Midoriya's experience kitchens could be very deadly places. He was just hoping that in this specific instance it would prove to be more deadly to Shigaraki than him.*

*So it was that armed with an urn, a knife found in the drawer, and really one of the most reckless and foolhardy plans he had ever had (which was really saying something if you are to consider his proposed solution to the avocado incident, although I really shouldn't speak of that for a number of legal reasons) Midoriya waited for Shigaraki.*

*He didn't take long.*

*Midoriya could hear him searching the rest of the apartment from his position next to the doorway of the kitchen. He waited patiently for the footsteps to get closer… closer… Then he leaped at Shigaraki who*

*stumbled back in surprise. He failed to do so in time however which meant that Midoriya's knife found its mark and slashed a large gash directly above Shigaraki's eyes.*

*He screamed bloody murder and clutched at his face with one hand while flailing wildly with the other, disintegrating everything in reach.*

*This was Midoriya's intention and by some stroke of luck it happened to work.*

*Backing away from the hand Midoriya grinned and crouched down on the floor, opening the urn as he did.*

*You see the dusty residue Shigaraki's quirk left behind looked suspiciously like the ashes of an urn. I'm sure you can see where Midoriya's thought process came into play. It was a clever idea considering he had no idea how much dust a human body would produce and he had no doubt that Shigaraki did.*

*Now, you may be wondering why Midoriya did not simply let himself be disintegrated, being immortal and all. There are actually two answers, he wanted to get back to school as soon as possible and that involved not dying beforehand. And of course, he simply did not want to experience disintegration as he imagined it would be rather unpleasant.*

*So in order to avoid such a fate, he quietly dumped the urn onto the floor in a neat little pile as Shigaraki not so quietly tried to find him. Midoriya then waited until Shigaraki's hand pressed against the back of a chair near the urn's contents before screaming like he had just been killed.*

*Mind you he had no idea what that would sound like and had actually not had reason to scream like that for the entirety of his life but he tried his best. His best was actually quite good considering that he was basing it upon the multitude of screams he had heard from people who had seen him die in various ways, screams that were typically (pardon the pun) quite hysterical in nature.*

*Shigaraki, thinking he had won, grinned and stood up straighter. "That's what you get, brat!"*

*As he triumphed and struggled to stanch his bleeding in order to actually be able to see Midoriya snuck behind him and out of the apartment.*

*It was time to go back to school.*

Chapter End Notes

Gah. Writing action is hard. Why can't Midoriya just talk the villains to death?

# A Security Issue pt.4 - The all-knowing

Chapter Summary

Our beloved rat god makes another appearance.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

After faking his death and escaping from the villain base Midoriya ran a few blocks before realizing he had absolutely no idea where he was. He had left the slums to which he had found himself teleported to but he was still in a part of the city that was entirely unrecognizable to him. After considering his options for a moment he stuck out a hand and hailed a nearby taxi.

“Where to-” The driver started. “I’m sorry but is that *blood*?!”

Midoriya looked down at his uniform, the white shirt was now quite red. “Don’t worry, it’s not mine.”

“That’s not what I meant...”

He trailed off as he watched the boy buckle up both himself and an urn he had been carrying for some reason. “UA please!”

“...What?”

“You know? The hero school?” Midoriya looked confused. “I can give you the address if you need it, I just assumed-”

“No, no, it’s fine,” The taxi driver answered in a bit of a daze. You see he was at that very moment contemplating if he was giving a villain a ride to the prestigious school, after all, no normal student of UA would go to class dripping blood.

His problem in this assumption was believing Midoriya was normal in any sense of the word.

-

*Nearly 48 minutes prior.*

“Oi Ratface!” Bakugou opened the door with a well-placed kick only to find Nedzu turned in his chair facing him almost as if he had

expected Bakugou.

This is because he had in fact expected Bakugou, an expectation which is to be expected when one carries the title of being the principal that expects everything, even the unexpected. Although to be fair Bakugou's presence couldn't be classified as unexpected seeing as how Nedzu had seen him on the cameras as he approached.

"Can I help you?" Nedzu asked. This was purely for formalities sake as Nedzu was fairly certain he could, and more than that, having seen the portal that seemed to just appear on his school grounds, he thought he also knew what the issue was.

"Yeah sure. Whatever," Bakugou rolled his eyes, trying and failing to act nonchalant. "Just thought I'd tell you that Izuku got himself unintentionally kidnapped-"

"I know." Nedzu smiled widely.

"Er, he fell into this warp gate shit that this one villain had-"

"I know."

Bakugou glared. "Yeah well if you're so all-knowing then I bet you know that the villain had some top-secret document or something that he stole-"

"I'm well aware."

"Aren't you gonna DO something about it?!"

"I already have! I have determined through a method of deductive reasoning that the document that was taken was tomorrow's schedule. From this, I can deduce that there will be a villain attack at some point tomorrow!"

"So?!"

Nedzu's grin did not falter. "So what?"

"What are you going to do about THAT?!"

"Oh. Nothing."

"WHAT?!"

"Well, I figured it would be a very good hands-on practice for both the

teachers and students.”

“You’re not even going to tell the teachers??”

“Why would I? It’ll be far more entertaining if they don’t know. Or, as Aizawa would say, it is simply a logical ruse!”

Bakugou opened his mouth as if he was about to yell at Nedzu again. He closed his mouth. For a minute they were silent as Bakugou contemplated the nature of his principal's sadistic tendencies. “Ok, you know what? That’s fucking hilarious. I’m not even going to try to stop you.”

Nedzu smiled.

“But anyway, don’t feel the need to try and rescue Izu-”

“I wasn’t planning on it.”

Bakugou gave Nedzu a wary look. “Alrighty then. Glad to see we’re on the same page. I’ll, uh, be going now.” He gestured to the door. “Just make sure Izu gets to class when he gets back?”

“It would be my pleasure!” Nedzu’s smile remained as it had for the entirety of the conversation.

Bakugou shivered.

-

For the second time within an hour, Nedzu found a student wandering into his office. Midoriya, like Bakugou before, was also expected.

“Hello, Midoriya,” Nedzu said without turning around.

“Hi!” He sounded a little breathless as if he had run all the way there.

Nedzu spun in his chair to face Midoriya. It was strange, while he had been expecting the boy, having seen him enter the gate and also having heard Bakugou’s recount of that day’s earlier events, he was not expecting him to be covered in blood and, judging by the smell, wine; nor was he expecting the urn Midoriya cradled as if it was a literal baby.

(the previous occupant was not actually a baby, or at least they weren’t at the time of cremation. I suppose most everyone was a baby at one point)

“You look like you’ve been having fun.”

Midoriya shrugged. “I trashed a bar, faked my death, and traumatized a cabbie. So yeah, I guess it was pretty enjoyable.”

“By ‘faked your death’ do you mean you used your quirk? Or did you quite literally fake it?”

“Literally. I could have used my quirk but the villain had like this disintegration quirk or something. It looked pretty uncomfortable so I just used an urn and a knife to make it look like I was dead.”

Nedzu was quiet for a moment. Midoriya shifted uncomfortably.

“Midoriya?”

“Yeah?”

“Remind me to teach you about espionage.”

“Huh?”

“Nothing. Anyway, I assume the warp gate took you to the villain's base?”

“Oh, uh, yeah.”

“Excellent.” Nedzu pushed a button on his desk and a hologram of the entirety of the city popped up. “Would you mind directing me to the area?”

Midoriya smiled. “No problem!” He looked at the map. His grin faltered. He started to point. He stopped. “Gosh darn it.”

“You don’t remember, do you?”

“Not even a little.”

“No matter!”

“I mean there was like a bar and there was an abandoned apartment building next door and it was kinda in a scary area…”

“Don’t worry about it, Midoriya; just do try to increase your awareness won’t you?”

Midoriya nodded.

“Now I promised Bakugou that I’d send you to class when you got back, why don’t you get back and we can talk about this more later? I believe that Aizawa is teaching currently.”

“Oh good.” Midoriya smiled. “Aizawa doesn’t scream when I do things like some of my old teachers did. He just sighs.”

“He is quite wonderfully resigned, isn’t he?” Nedzu agreed. “And on that note, I don’t suppose you brought any alcohol from that bar did you?”

Midoriya looked down. “Um, only what’s on my shirt. I didn’t take any of the bottles. Why?”

“No reason.”

Nedzu made a mental note to ask Hizashi what Aizawa’s favorite brand of whisky was.

Chapter End Notes

Bit of a transition chapter here but I swear it will be worth it
I am quite thrilled for these next few chapters

# A Security Issue pt.5 - Villains Beware

Chapter Summary

Midoriya makes a friend. It’s probably a problem.

Chapter Notes

Thank you all so much for 100000 hits! This fic has become far more popular than I ever expected, I'm very thankful to all of you for reading and supporting me. I'll try my best to make the rest of this fic absolutely hysterical!

TW: Some rather colorful language describing Midoriya’s injuries. Bit gory.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m back!” Midoriya kicked the classroom door open.

Aizawa took one look at the state of his resident problem child and dropped his head onto the table and groaned.

“Stop being so fucking obnoxious!”

“Nice to see you too, Kacchan.”

“Midoriya! The designated lunchtime has long since passed! Where were you that you deemed it necessary to grace us with your presence so late in the day?” Iida stood up and chopped his arms as he spoke.

I’m not sure if I’ve mentioned that Iida regularly chopped his arms when he spoke. No one knew why this was, it was just something that happened and people had collectively and without discussion decided to accept it.

“I’m not actually sure! A warp gate took me there so I don’t have the actual location.”

“Midoriya…” Aizawa sounded very tired. “Is that blood on your shirt?”

Midoriya looked down. “Hmm? Oh. Yeah, some of it.”

“And the rest?” Aizawa asked, sounding as if he’d rather not know the answer.

“Wine.”

“You’re underage child.”

“Well, I didn’t actually drink any of it. Hence,” He gestured at his shirt. “Why it’s on me and not in me.”

“One last question,” Aizawa pinched the bridge of his nose. “Why do you have an urn?”

Midoriya looked at the stolen urn he had been carrying with him. “Oh yeah. I kinda forgot about that. Don’t worry, it’s empty.” He took off the lid and turned it over. Nearly one and a half handfuls of ash trickled down and heaped on the classroom floor. “Er, *now* it’s empty.”

“Okay, yes. But WHY do you have an urn.”

Midoriya shrugged. “Why not?”

“Because no one here has need for an urn.”

“I seriously doubt that.” Midoriya held the urn up in the air. “Anyone here want an urn?”

Slowly Koda raised his hand.

“See?”

Aizawa turned his attention to the resident shy child. “Koda, why do YOU want an urn?”

Midoriya scoffed. “Well obviously he doesn’t want it for himself, he wants it for Señor Conejito.”

“What on Earth does Señor Conejito want it for?!”

“What do you *think* a bunny would want an urn for?”

Aizawa had no answers.

The obvious explanation was that Señor Conejito wanted it for the exact same reason anyone else would want an urn; he wanted it to store the ashes of a human corpse.

“Just go sit down,” Aizawa said.

“Alright!” Midoriya complied.

Aizawa continued with the lesson. After a moment he realized that Midoriya, unlike the rest of the class, was not taking notes.

“Midoriya.”

“Yes?”

“Why aren’t you taking notes.”

“Ah.” Midoriya shifted awkwardly. “Well you see I just realized that I accidentally broke three of my fingers earlier.”

“You just now realized that?”

He shrugged. “No pain remember? Sometimes I don’t notice until I try to use whichever limb I’ve broken at the moment.” Midoriya put a finger to his lips and began to mutter. “I assume it was when I cut the hand dude, or maybe when I hopped the bar? Oh, wait, probably actually when I punched through the wall…”

“Get out.”

“What?!” Midoriya looked back up as Aizawa regained his attention. He looked both confused and slightly afraid at the harshness of his tone.

You see, Aizawa simply did not have enough energy to deal with Midoriya that afternoon. This was quite understandable when you are to consider that there were very few people that could deal with Midoriya’s unending chaos even on a good day. (These people amounted to Bakugou, whose chaos, while not equivalent to that of Midoriya’s, still could be considered to rival his, and his mother. Inko was just special like that)

“You heard me. You clearly can’t do anything in this condition. Go fix yourself or whatever.”

“Oh. Okay then.” Midoriya said with obvious relief.

“And maybe you can change shirts while you’re at it?” Uraraka asked.

“Yeah, that’s probably smart.”

-

After grabbing a spare shirt from his gym bag (he always had one on hand for situations like the one that had just occurred), Midoriya

began to wander down the halls in search of a janitor's closet or something similar in which he could kill himself. This was because the last time he had used a bathroom he had been caught mid-death by Aizawa, an incident he would rather not repeat.

Unfortunately, this ended up being a rather difficult task as any door he came upon seemed to be locked. He was almost ready to give up and just use the bathroom again when he walked into the D wing which was, for plot purposes, almost entirely empty.

You see it was actually entirely empty except for one particularly interesting character, the one and only, Mei Hatsume.

Hatsume was, by all means, a support prodigy. This was because of a combination of talent, refusal to listen to reason, and an overall disregard for common sense. It was because of the latter that she was testing a new version of a blast shield she had made, on herself and against a high-powered bomb of her own invention. There was a very large explosion as the bomb detonated, destroying a large portion of the hall. Luckily Hatsume and the shield survived.

Midoriya however, did not.

To elaborate, the force of the blast threw him against the wall with so much raw firepower that the impact quite literally caused his spine to shatter upon impact. As if that wasn't enough the heat caused near-instantaneous burns to bloom across his front, incinerating not only the already ruined shirt he had been wearing but also the spare he had been holding.

Now typically in such a situation, Midoriya would have screamed (not from pain obviously, but simply the surprise of feeling his eyes melting out of their sockets would be enough to warrant a few yelps out of anyone, even Midoriya), however, for better or for worse, Midoriya was dead before he could even register the heat of the explosion.

-

Hatsume lowered the shield and turned around, surveying the damage she had caused. It was, to put it lightly, quite extensive. It was during this inspection that she noticed the body slumped against the wall. She also noted that it carried the irrefutable markings of a corpse. Specifically, the blood and blistering skin were quite telling.

“Oh shucks,” she said.

Now I must interrupt to tell you that you should never ever follow the example of Hatsume (or the majority of these characters for that matter), rather, if you happen upon a corpse you should most likely stay away and call your local authorities. If you, like Hatsume, were the cause of the corpse then you should proceed in an entirely different manner, one I am not equipped to teach.

You see, upon realizing that she had just committed manslaughter Hatsume decided that the best course of action would be to dispose of the body and thus any evidence of this egregious error.

She began to drag Midoriya back to her workstation with the intention of using her newly created flamethrower to incinerate him. This was easier said than done considering the consistency of Midoriya at this point made him quite difficult to handle. For a second she wished she had an urn that she could use to store his ashes after blasting him with the previously mentioned flamethrower.

This was quite funny considering how up until half an hour ago Midoriya had been carrying an urn rather religiously, however, I do not think he would appreciate becoming the one to occupy it.

Hatsume dropped him once she reached her now demolished desk and shifted through the rubble to find her flamethrower. She dropped it almost as soon as she found it.

This was not because she was clumsy, whatever Hasume might be she was not clumsy. Actually, it was the shock of seeing the body she had been dragging glowing with some sort of gold *thing* coating it. She flattened down to the ground and watched as the corpse pulled itself back into a not-corpse.

“Woah.”

All of a sudden it exploded in a cloud of gold glitter, much of which went directly into Hatsume’s face. She didn’t actually mind too much considering she thought all explosions were very neat. She did look at the now fully restored boy in amazement and wondered if some combination of the chemicals she had used in the bomb had acted as a sort of reviving potion by healing Midoriya. Briefly, the thought passed her mind that the key to immortality was in gunpowder.

This is NOT true. Gunpowder is explosive and does not restore anything. Do not attempt to concoct any healing potion using gunpowder; if you do then at least don’t hold me responsible and tell the rest of your friends and loved ones not to either. I’m afraid I

simply don't have the time to fight more lawsuits about causing dead bodies right now so this is your warning.

"I'm back!" Midoriya yelled as he woke up. This was sort of his default phrase to say when he woke up after dying. "Oh, nice. My fingers are better."

"Fascinating! How'd ya do that?"

Midoriya looked up at the strange girl that he was pretty sure had not only just killed him but was also trying to get rid of the evidence going by how he woke up in a different location than the one he had died in. He looked at the manic expression she had and how she was completely ignoring the glitter that was falling off her face. He looked at all this and very irrationally decided to trust her. "My quirk," he said.

"You have an immortality quirk?!"

"Yup. It's kinda on the down-low though. Although it doesn't seem to bother you much so-"

"You can't die?"

"Well I can, that's what I just did, but I don't stay dead."

"Do you like support gear?!"

"Um, I suppose?"

"How do you feel about explosions?"

"They're pretty neat I suppose."

Hatsume clapped her hands. "You're hired!"

"I- what??"

She stuck out her hand. "Welcome onboard Hatsume Industries. I now appoint you head lab rat. Your paycheck will consist of any support gear you could ask for. Work hours are sporadic, your safety is not guaranteed in any way."

Midoriya studied the girl who had just killed him and very clearly wanted to do it again. He only had one answer. "I'm in." He grinned maniacally as he shook her hand.

Every villain within a 50-mile radius shuddered.

Chapter End Notes

Let the chaos reign supreme

(Y'all I've been waiting for this chapter for MONTHS. So glad the children are finally meeting)

# Confession

Chapter Summary

Secrets are said. Believability is questioned.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Although the issue of resetting was solved by Hatsume's accidental murder of Midoriya, it also caused the issue of destroying both the shirt he had been wearing (which was admittedly already unusable due to the unreasonable amount of wine and blood staining it) and the spare he had been carrying.

So it was that Midoriya walked back into class, late for the third time that day, in a light pink blouse Hatsume had lent him. He also walked in the moment the bell rang to leave. This is because he and Hatsume had gotten to talking and their conversation had lasted well over an hour and had ranged from immortality, explosions, overthrowing the government, shirts, and a contractual agreement between the two parties that ensured secrecy about the events that had transpired that day.

Rather than leaving, the rest of the class stared at Midoriya.

"I admire your confidence, monsieur!" Aoyama said, breaking the silence.

"What?"

"Gold glitter *and* pastel pink. Truly your style is daunting."

"Oh. Thanks."

Aizawa sighed. In case you haven't realized yet, he sighs quite a bit. This is probably Midoriya's fault, as most things are. "Class dismissed."

Midoriya spun 360° on his foot and made for the door, taking care to avoid Aizawa's eyes. It was not effective.

"Not. You." Aizawa growled as he strode across the classroom in two steps and grabbed the back of Midoriya's borrowed blouse by the collar. Midoriya yelped and slowly turned his head until he was

looking into Aizawa's eyes. They were glowing red.

The rest of the class parted around the two, trying to get as far away from Aizawa's wrath as possible. Soon the class was empty aside from them.

"H-how can I h-help you, sir?"

Aizawa smiled in what was perhaps the most unnerving way possible. "You and I need to have a little *talk*."

Midoriya gulped.

-

No more than five minutes later the two of them were seated with only a table separating them.

Aizawa stared.

Midoriya squirmed.

After Aizawa decided that Midoriya had been sufficiently prepared for the verbal beratement he had prepared, he spoke. "So. Nedzu tells me you had quite the day."

Midoriya narrowed his eyes. "What do you know?"

Aizawa gave away nothing but did begin to wonder if he knew the full story. "How about you tell me about how rather than obeying the alarm you decided to convince Bakugou to go chase after a mysterious villain with you?"

"Believe me, he needed no convincing."

"Regardless, you completely disregarded the rules." Aizawa watched as Midoriya's eyes began to glaze over at the mention of rules, his natural instinct being to tune out the familiar speech. "You not only put yourself in harm's way but your friend as well."

"Kacchan was fine. 'Sides, he can take care of himself."

"But what about you?" Aizawa's voice took on a far more serious quality. "Midoriya, I've had students like you before; I'm familiar with the self-sacrificial quality you children have."

This is true. It seemed that one of the qualifying factors for UA

students was to have a bit of a death wish. However, Aizawa, although not aware of the fact, had never had a student quite like Midoriya. This is because Midoriya was not only semi suicidal from an outsider's perspective but he was also immortal and as such allowed such liberties such as death.

“Sir, I’m fine.”

“You got lucky,” Aizawa argued. “You easily could have been hurt-”

“Can’t feel pain,” Midoriya reminded him.

“-Seriously injured yourself-” Aizawa tried again.

“Can heal myself.”

He started once more, growing desperate as a reaction to Midoriya’s nonchalant answers. “-You could have been KILLED-”

“Can’t die.”

There was a second of silence as both parties struggled to internalize Midoriya’s latest rebuttal.

“What.”

“Er, I meant I can’t FLY. Y’know. Cuz that’s not my quirk. My quirk is being super strong and actually has nothing to do with flying or being immortal.”

Aizawa looked at Midoriya. “Child, do you think I’m stupid??”

“...no?”

Aizawa sighed. “Just. Tell me what you mean that you ‘can’t die.’”

“Yeah okay, I probably should tell you anyway before you find out yourself.” He took a deep breath. “So my quirk is actually really super overpowered for some reason and part of that is that I can’t die.”

“whAT.”

“Surprise?”

“No.” Aizawa put his palms on the table. “I don’t care how lucky you’ve been so far, you can still DIE.”

“Actually I can’t. Believe me, I’ve tried.”

Aizawa’s head slid onto the table's counter. “Shit,” he muttered. “The stupid kid thinks he’s immortal.”

“I am! Look I’ll-” Midoriya made to stand up but then stopped. “Whoops. I forgot. All Might made me promise to not show people anymore.”

“Did he now?”

“Yeah. He said it was too traumatic. Guess you’ll just have to take my word for it!”

Aizawa looked at Midoriya’s wide smile with far more fear than he had shown to any villain. His heart sank as he realized it was quite literally his job to make sure this kid didn’t get himself killed.

*I’m screwed.*

-

Hizashi was grading papers at his desk when Aizawa barged in rather loudly. He didn’t mind too much, in fact, it would be entirely hypocritical for him to complain about people making too much noise, however, this volume was not typical of his friend and as such he found himself worried.

“...Shouta?” He asked hesitantly.

“I’m going to die.” Aizawa slid pathetically to the floor.

Hizashi leaned back in his chair and looked down, twirling his pen. “Not without paying me back for that coffee you aren’t.”

“No seriously.” Aizawa shifted so he was looking at Hizashi. “This kid. He’s going to kill me.”

“Ah, another problem child?”

“He’s not just a problem child Yamada, he’s a full on natural disaster.”

“What did he do?” Hizashi asked, intrigued.

“He ignored an alarm to go chase a villain through a suspicious portal in which he ended up fighting said villain in a bar and then faking his death. And THEN he came back and gave the already terrifying class

president an urn as if Señor Conejito needed more ways to dispose of bodies, and left for an hour only to come back having replaced his bloody shirt with a pink blouse covered in glitter!"

"Oh geez."

"And I thought the swearing bomb child was going to be the issue this year."

"Well that's not too bad," Hizashi said, trying to console him. "At least he's not hurt, right?"

Aizawa laughed maniacally causing Hizashi to slowly lean further back in his seat.

"Oh, I didn't even get to the best part."

"...what?" Hizashi doubted he actually wanted an answer.

"This damn kid thinks he's immortal."

"Well, you always get that type when you teach hero wannabes. There's a reason Recovery Girl's paid so well-" Hizashi yelped as Aizawa stood up and leaned over him, eyes wide and crazed.

"You don't *understand*," He put his hands on the armrests of Hizashi's seat, causing him to sink lower in an attempt to get away from Aizawa who was acting far more insane than typical. "This kid, LITERALLY does not think he can die."

"Oh." He thought for a moment, letting the thought sink in. "Oh shit," he said in a hush.

"YEAH."

"What are you going to do?"

Aizawa backed off and looked into the distance. "I have no clue."

Chapter End Notes

> My favorite part about this fic is that I can quite reasonably traumatize everyone I want to

# Please let this be a normal field trip pt. 1 - Midoriya basically rules the world

Chapter Summary

With Class 1-A? No way!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya scrolled through the headlines on his phone as he waited for Bakugou at the bus stop. “Hey Kacchan,” he said once his friend showed up.

Bakugou stopped. “What the hell did you do?!”

“What??” Midoriya looked up from his phone, genuinely confused.

“You’re doing it again!”

“The face?”

Bakugou scoffed. “What else? Of course the face! Now, what did you do?”

Midoriya simply held up his phone in answer.

Rather reluctantly Bakugou grabbed the phone and read the screen.

***Y’all Might, Hero or Plot by US Government?***

***The Truth About Y’all Might; All Might’s Texan Cousin***

***Y’all Might: Discovered!***

***Hillbilly to Hero; Y’all Might’s Rise to Fame***

***Snipe Tells All: Y’all Might’s Stardom***

***Y’all Might: The Man Beneath the Hat***

The list continued.

“Hold up. This was *you*?!”

“Well, I had to tell those reporters SOMETHING to get them to leave me alone.”

Bakugou smacked his face. This was actually quite dangerous considering his quirk, however, nothing quite compares to the annoyance conveyed through a good ‘ol facepalm. “So you came up with a cowboy hero from Texas.”

“Hey! That took some true comedic genius.”

“You just added a letter to the already existing number one hero and gave him a cowboy hat.”

“Your point?”

“Why would anyone believe that?!”

Midoriya shrugged. “Not sure why but clearly they are.”

Bakugou looked back at one of the articles. “I’m pretty sure this picture is just All Might with a cowboy hat photoshopped on.”

“You got to give the people what they want, Kacchan.”

He squinted. “I think it’s clipart.”

“Besides!” Midoriya said, standing as the bus arrived, “Texas has already claimed responsibility and has even put out several first-hand reports from people who supposedly knew him as a child. They’ve got his entire life story figured out, including a trip to see his cousins in Japan at age 13. Supposedly that’s when his love of the country developed.”

Bakugou looked at Midoriya with an expression that could only be described as uncomfortable admiration mixed with disgust and a healthy dose of confusion. “So he has lore now?!”

Midoriya shrugged. “Suppose so. Although I’m nearly positive that they’re just messing with us.” He tilted his head. “I think?”

“I still can’t believe you,” Bakugou grumbled as he sat heavily on the bus seat, “I swear, you’re completely mental.”

“Hey, just be glad I went with Y’all Might, All Might’s Texan cousin; and not All Smite, All Might’s disgruntled brother turned villain after their parents praised All Might more than him.”

Bakugou glared at him. “You’re only confirming my suspicions that you were dropped on your head as a kid.”

“Kacchan,” Midoriya started with a teasing voice, “you blew up my head as a kid. Any relevant mental trauma I might have sustained in adolescence is entirely your fault.”

“That is slander.”

“Tell it to the judge.”

“We both know your mother would take my side if it went to court.”

“Like she’d ever represent a murderer like you.”

Bakugou grinned fearaly. “Please, I could tell her stories about you that would make me look tame in comparison.”

“Touche.”

The two sat in silence for a bit, seemingly unaware of how the rest of the bus's occupants had drifted as far as physically possible from them. Bakugou kept scrolling, growling at the more ludicrous accusations. These amounted to conspiracies about the falsified Y’all Might’s even falser love life, theories about his relationship with other heroes and villains, and claims that he was actually a genetic experiment by Texas, based on All Might.

Midoriya, having nothing to distract him from the constant high of his quirk as Bakugou still had his phone, was humming a song he had heard earlier and tapping his foot. This had the added effect of concerning the passengers even more.

“So,” he said once they neared the school, “what do ya suppose we’ll be doing today?”

“Fighting villains,” Bakugou said matter of factly.

“Well, we ARE training to become heroes. I suppose villain fights are just par for the course. I hope we get to fight the hand dude. I want a rematch.”

“Probably.” Bakugou continued to look at the phone. “After all, he is the one that stole today’s schedule.”

“THAT’S what he took?? Why didn’t you tell me?! How do you even know?”

“Ratface told me.”

“You do realize that this is kinda a big deal, right? Does Aizawa know?”

“Nedzu said that it would be a good hands-on exercise.”

“So, no.”

“Nope.”

Midoriya thought for a bit. “I mean, he has a point.”

Bakugou looked at his friend curiously. “Really? I thought you’d be against it.”

“Well it’s not perfect, but I think it could be fun.”

“Fun? You do realize that people could die.”

“Ehh. Been there, done that. Nothing to write home about.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “Whatever. You can tell the extras what’s going to happen if you want. Not like I give a fuck.”

Actually, he did. Against his best efforts, Bakugou was finding that he actually didn’t totally hate the presence of some of the extras. However, he also realized that Midoriya was able to fake his death with nothing but a knife and an urn. From this, he gathered that these villains couldn’t be all that bright and he surmised he could take them out single-handedly if it came down to it. And if he couldn’t then he was pretty sure Midoriya could, (not that he would ever say that) mostly due to the fact that Midoriya could not die, and as such he had everyone beat in stamina.

“Wait, did you say the attack is going to be today?”

“Yeah?”

“Gimme back my phone, I gotta make a call.”

-

“Suit up children. Today we’re going to do some rescue training.”

The class started to talk amongst themselves immediately. This talking meant that they were not getting into costume as it is quite hard to

change clothes when talking.

“What part of ‘suit up’ do you not understand?” Aizawa asked tiredly.

Midoriya stood up and raised his hand.

Aizawa tried to ignore him but he found this to be very difficult considering how Midoriya’s eyes seemed to bore into the side of his head.

“What.”

“Can we bring Señor Conejito?”

“No. Now let's get moving.”

“Please?” Midoriya asked, pulling out his puppy eyes.

Aizawa rolled his eyes. “Midoriya, I would think you of all people would be opposed to taking Señor Conejito to a rescue operation, being well aware of his violent tendencies.”

The violent prone rabbit was sitting on Koda's desk. He scratched his ear with his back leg, disrupting the hat Yaoyorozu had made him.

“Exactly why a rescue training would be helpful for him!”

“The answer is no.”

“But he’s our class president!” Mina protested, going along with Midoriya.

“Then you should have picked a class president that was actually a part of your class.”

The class collectively gasped in offense. Several of them began to shout in protest.

“How dare you insinuate that Señor Conejito is not part of our class, monsieur!” Aoyama said.

“Fine! Fine!” Aizawa shouted over the uproar. “You can take the stupid bunny! Just please, be quiet.”

The class drifted into a much more content uproar, but one that was no less loud.

Aizawa groaned and silently lamented how long the day was looking to be.

He didn't know the half of it.

Chapter End Notes

> This chapter ended up being a lot more dialogue than I had intended
> Hopefully the humor makes up for the delay of the USJ attack (I'll get there next time I swear!)

# Please let this be a normal field trip pt. 2 - Thirteen and the USJ

Chapter Summary

Midoriya is (probably) going to die

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I typically say what’s on my mind,” Tsuyu said once they were all loaded up onto the bus.

“Oy!” Bakugou said as he slapped the back of Midoriya’s head. “Put away your phone asshole. Fucking frogface is trying to talk to you!”

“Huh?” Midoriya looked up from his phone. “What’d you say Asui?”

“Call me Tsu. I was going to say that you’re terrifying.”

“Oh. Uh, thanks?”

“It’s not a compliment, ribbit. Just an observation. Your quirk prevents you from feeling pain and you kinda run with that Midoriya.”

He scratched the back of his head nervously. “Yeah well, it also heals me so I can push myself more than most I suppose. Plus Ultra!”

“You’re going to die.”

As wonderful as Tsuyu was, she had the tendency to put a damper on light-hearted discussions by mentioning the cold, harsh, reality.

“...Eventually, I suppose?”

“No, soon.”

“She’s got a point,” Mina said cheerfully.

“Just cuz I’m not the safest-”

“Don’t kid yourself, nerd. You don’t have an ounce of self-preservation,” Bakugou said.

“-Doesn't mean I’m going to die!”

Please note that at this point Midoriya was simply humoring his classmates; he knew full well that he would die, having done so more times than he could count.

It seemed his classmates knew Midoriya well enough as his statement was met with much disagreement.

“A thousand yen says he’ll die before we graduate!” Kaminari piped up.

“Make it two thousand,” Kirishima said.

Bakugou scoffed. “You’re overestimating him. I’ll give you twenty thousand if he lasts today.”

“Hey!” Midoriya said, annoyed.

“It is not appropriate to bet on your friend's demise and highly unlikely lifespan!” Iida said.

“Well?” Bakugou raised an eyebrow at Kaminari.

“Nope. No way am I taking that.”

“Gosh. doesn’t anyone have faith in me?” Midoriya lamented.

No one spoke. It was as good of an answer as any, and if you are to ask me, a very intelligent one.

“No offense Midoriya, but you hang out with Bakugou. That should already put you on suicide watch,” Uraraka said.

“Watch your fucking mouth round face.”

Midoriya rolled his eyes. “Kacchan wouldn’t kill me.” He paused, realizing that Bakugou had in fact done that multiple times. “Deliberately.” He reconsidered. “Okay, he wouldn’t kill me without reason…. Oh. That does sound bad, doesn’t it?”

The rest of the class stared.

-

“Welcome to the Unforeseen Simulation Joint, or USJ for short! I’m-”

“Space hero Thirteen! I’m-your-biggest-fan-can-you-sign-my face?!” Midoriya said in a single breath.

“Wow,” Thirteen’s eyes widened, taken aback by Midoriya’s enthusiasm. Not that you could see their eyes widen, what with the helmet and all, but they did regardless. “Uh, maybe later? We really should cover today's exercise first though…”

“Oh yeah, sorry.”

Thirteen turned to the rest of the class. “So! The purpose of this practice is to show you all how to use your quirks to save people. Some of you may be aware of my quirk, Black Hole. It allows me to save many people but if I’m not careful I could seriously hurt or even kill someone. Many quirks can be very dangerous if used incorrectly. It’s important to learn how to control your quirk for the safety of those around you.”

Aizawa nodded in agreement.

Bakugou turned and whispered in Midoriya’s ear, “And some quirks kill their own fucking users.”

“Shut up,” Midoriya hissed.

“Now if you could turn your attention to each sector,” Thirteen waved over at the simulations. “We have a flood zone, a fire zone, a landslide zone, and many more! Each one was designed personally by yours truly.”

“Wow,” Bakugou said sarcastically. “What could go wrong? Not like you’re letting a bunch of quirked teens lose on a bunch of literal disasters.”

Several of the students chucked.

“I assure you, the USJ is completely safe. Nothing will go wrong.”

This was slightly presumptuous of Thirteen considering there were a great many things that could go wrong. For example, the roof could collapse, crushing them all, a plane could crash into the building, or the earth could even open up and swallow them all. Funnily enough, none of these things happened. Rather a dark portal opened up in the center of the USJ and dozens of villains poured out. This was by most definitions, wrong. And also very bad.

“Hey! It’s the hand man!” Midoriya yelled, pointing at Shigaraki. He then turned towards Aizawa who was trying to calm the other students. “Imma go beat him up, bye!” And with that, he jumped the railing.

“MIDORIYA YOU LITTLE SHIT!” Aizawa screamed as he ran after him.

Chapter End Notes

Apologies for the lackluster chapter. Writer's block hit me hard this week. Hopefully these next chapters will be better.

# Please let this be a normal field trip pt. 3 - You call your face hand Dad?

Chapter Summary

Kurogiri becomes afraid and regrets a great many things.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Shigaraki squinted at the child who had just hopped the railing and was barreling towards him. The feral boy was soon slowed by a few dozen goons, not stopped mind you, Midoriya took out each villain with ease and seemingly ignorant about the many injuries he was sustaining.

“Kurogiri, correct me if I’m wrong, but isn’t that the NPC I killed yesterday?”

Now one would not be able to tell, but Kurogiri had a look of stricken terror across his face. You would have no idea though, considering that shadows typically do a very poor job of portraying stricken terror. “Er, I’m going to go make sure none of the other children run away.” And with that, Kurogiri himself ran away. Not literally of course, he had the unfair advantage of being able to teleport.

“Hey, wait-” Shigaraki started, but he was too late. “Whatever. Don’t need your help anyway…” he grumbled.

Later he would realize that while he did not *need* Kurogiri’s help, it would have made the situation that followed a whole lot easier.

-

*Meanwhile*

Both Thirteen and the remainder of Class 1-A watched as Midoriya jumped down into the central plaza and began to fight the villains, soon followed by a highly annoyed Eraserhead.

Bakugou let out a sharp laugh. “HA! Fucker really did that.”

“Is he going to be okay?” Yaoyorozu asked.

Bakugou waved a hand. “He could take those idiots with two broken arms.”

“Uh oh,” Kaminari said, still watching Midoriya fight as Aizawa tried to push his way through the villains to reach him. “Looks like that one dude broke Midoriya’s arm.”

“One more to go.” Bakugou shrugged.

“We need to evacuate before these nefarious goons reach us to commit some unspeakable deeds!” Iida said.

Uraraka gasped. “And abandon Midoriya? For shame Iida!”

She was being quite dramatic and truly just messing with Iida, a very easy task. Thirteen however, did not know that the class had become quite aware of the fact that Midoriya was quite insane, and if some of his more outlandish stories were to be believed, could handle himself.

“Don’t worry, Eraserhead will make sure he’s safe. Iida’s right; we need to get out of here and get help.”

“Not so fast-”

“HEY!” Bakugou interrupted Kurogiri’s carefully prepared monologue. “You’re the bastard that unintentionally kidnaped Midoriya yesterday!”

“You’re friends with that lunatic?” Kurogiri asked, suddenly afraid that he put himself in more danger by running away.

“Eh, friends is a strong word. We’re more like the only people who can stand the company of the other so we hang out together out of necessity more than anything.”

“Oh.”

“I’m still gonna beat you up though.” Bakugou cracked his knuckles.

“Wait, hold on a minute,” Kurogiri held up his shadowy hands in surrender. “As you said, the whole kidnapping situation was unintentional. Besides, your friend-”

“Not friends.”

“-*acquaintance*, destroyed my bar. So I think we’re even. And it’s not like I’ve done anything to YOU, so there’s really no need to fight me.”

“Did you forget the whole part about how you’re currently blocking our escape from the murderous villains who want to kill us?”

“Oh.” He had, in fact, forgotten. “Sorry?”

“Can it. I’m going to beat this bastard up, you extras are welcome to join me.”

Kirishima pounded his fist into his hand. “Let's do it, man! For Midoriya!”

Kurogiri gulped as the two charged towards him. “I’d rather you don’t,” he said as his body swirled into shadows, twisting to form a portal.

“Bakugou?” Kirishima said nervously as darkness engulfed them. “I’m beginning to think that your plan of punching a man that lacks a solid body wasn’t exactly the smartest.”

“Shut up, shity hair!”

-

“There! Now the majority of your class is scattered throughout the USJ, including that explosive demon of yours.”

“Where. Is. Señor Conejito.” Ashido gritted her teeth together as she spoke.

“...who?”

“Señor Conejito, our president! You’re going to pay for messing with him!” Sero said.

Sato and Shoji approached Kurogiri menacingly.

“Do not engage!” Thirteen said, trying desperately to reign in the murderous children. It was not effective. This is because the rage the remainder of Class 1-A felt towards the man who had potentially put their beloved president in harm's way was incomprehensible, and caused them to drop the fear they had previously had.

“Now!” Uraraka said, raising her arm as they charged into battle.

“Please, be reasonable children-”

“That metal brace must be his weak spot,” said Iida. “Hold it in

place!”

As Sato and Sero worked together to restrain Kurogiri, Thirteen tried once more to regain order. “Iida!” they said. “This is your chance; run past them and go get help!”

“But-” Iida’s face twisted, conflicted. “I must avenge my fellow office holder!”

“Go, Iida!” Uraraka said as she floated Kurogiri by the brace, Sero’s tape keeping him under control. “We’ll make sure Señor Conejito’s honor is upheld.”

Iida wiped a tear from his eye. “I will! I'll inform the teachers; for Señor Conejito’s sake!”

-

Now, let us turn our attention back to Midoriya, who, at the same moment that his classmates were separated, was punching villains as passionately as a toddler at a whack-a-mole machine.

“Midoriya! Stop that right now!”

“I’m fine, Mr. Aizawa!”

“You’re going to get yourself killed!”

“Don’t you remember our conversation? Iyay ancay ieday-” Midoriya ducked under a punch. “Woah! You almost got me!”

Aizawa growled and sent his capture weapon after Midoriya as soon as he got close enough. It wrapped around the boy’s waist and pulled him back out of the fray.

“Hey! What was that for?”

“You were about to die!”

“You don’t remember? Was that too subtle?”

“I know pig latin, Midoriya,” Aizawa groaned. “But you are not immortal.”

“Keep it quiet won’t ya? That’s kinda like my surprise attack.”

Aizawa was spared from having to come up with evidence to support Midoriya's mortality by Shigaraki deciding he had quite enough of watching the two destroy the entirety of his army.

"I thought I already killed you!" He said, finally vocalizing the fact that had been bugging him since he had first watched Midoriya jump down to fight.

"You sure tried."

"But I saw your ashes-"

Midoriya shrugged as he untangled himself from the scarf as Aizawa was distracted by a man with a fist for a tongue. "Not mine."

"Then whose-"

"Dunno. Whoever was in the urn I guess."

"What?!"

"Midoriya!" Aizawa yelled. "Stop confusing the villain! You'll only make him madder!"

"Yeah, about that, why are you here in the first place?" He sidestepped another goon, slowly making his way over to Shigaraki.

"I'm going to kill the symbol of peace!"

Midoriya tilted his head. "Wait, All Might?"

"Do you know another symbol of peace?"

"Well, no. But in case you haven't noticed, he's not here."

"I'm aware," Shigaraki growled.

"Then what-"

"The schedule said he'd be here!"

"I find that incredibly unlikely. He doesn't even work here!"

Shigaraki recoiled in confusion. "Huh?"

"Yeah," Midoriya continued. "You must have misunderstood. UA hired Y'all Might, not All Might."

“Who the hell is Y’all Might?!”

“All Might’s Texan cousin.” Midoriya dusted off his hands as he punched the last villain unconscious. It wasn’t actually the last, Shigaraki was still there with the looming figure of the nomu to his side. Also a good dozen or so of the villains had decided to run away from the two maniacs that were wreaking havoc on their forces. This was largely due to the fact that Shigaraki hadn’t put too much thought into who he was hiring and as such, many of those that were a part of his forces were wimps. Wimps that valued their lives, but wimps nevertheless.

Now I would implore you to learn a lesson from Shigaraki’s failure and if you find yourself in a similar position to his, in which you need to hire multiple goons to assist you in committing a crime, I would suggest requiring a resume and references in order to make sure that they are not quite as cowardly as the ones mentioned in this story. A resume would also have the added benefit of determining if any of them have previous experience as a politician, which, depending on the task at hand, could be a detail that acts as a huge benefit to you or a huge hindrance.

As important as the information I have just relayed might prove to be, it is slightly off-topic. So if you’ll forgive my ramblings I’d like to continue now.

You see, as Midoriya was talking to Shigaraki and drawing the vast majority of his attention, Eraserhead had taken the opportunity to sneak behind the villain, giving up on his attempt to make Midoriya stop fighting and trying a different approach of taking out the villains with Midoriya’s help.

“His what?!” Shigaraki asked, very confused.

“Texan cousin. Although to be fair, he’s not here either. So there’s not a whole lot you can do right now.”

Aizawa took that as his cue and ran towards Shigaraki.

“Not so fast,” Shigaraki growled as he turned, grabbing ahold of Aizawa’s elbow. It seemed he was not quite as distracted by the news that his arch-nemesis had a Texan cousin who had seemingly stolen his identity as he first appeared to be.

For your information, Aizawa was very good at not blinking. This did not however mean that he never blinked, and it just so happened that

as Shigaraki grabbed him, he did, in fact, blink. This meant that a layer of his skin crumbled away, revealing the muscle underneath.

Before the decaying could spread, Midoriya punched Shigaraki in the face.

“HEY!” Shigaraki recoiled as the hand which had been covering his face flew to the side. “Father!”

Midoriya tilted his head. “You call your face hand Dad?”

“SHUT UP!”

“That’s kinda weird man.”

“NOMU!” Shigaraki called to the giant monster that had stood still throughout the battle. “You get Eraserhead, I want to take care of this brat *personally.*”

“Bring it, Crusty the Clown.”

Chapter End Notes

> This chapter was a lot easier than the last
>
> Thank you for all your encouragement last chapter! I don't reply to every comment but I want you all to know how greatful I am towards each and every one of you (both those who comment and those who don't) I hope you can continue to enjoy reading this fic
> <3

# Please let this be a normal field trip pt. 4 - Just let me kill you!

Chapter Summary

Everyone is confused. Constantly. For the entirety of this arch.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Midoriya watched in shock as the nomu, which had previously been completely still, charged with blinding speed to Aizawa. He began to regret wasting precious moments in taunting Shigaraki (although he was admittedly quite proud of his little 'crusty the clown' insult) as the nomu drove its fist straight into Aizawa.

"Hey! That's my teacher you're beating!" he yelled, angrily.

"And you're next!"

Before Shigaraki could actually get around to killing Midoriya he was very rudely interrupted by the reappearance of Kurogiri.

"Get out of my way! I was going to kill that kid!"

"My apologies, Shigaraki." Kurogiri sounded slightly out of breath as he spoke. This was strange considering how he did not actually possess a physical body and as such he had no lungs in which to breath heavily out of. For that matter, he had no brain to need oxygen as far as I'm aware. Kurogiri, on top of being a villain, was a medical mystery.

"One more step and I'll have the nomu kill your teacher there." This statement was directed to Midoriya who had begun to slowly back away as soon as Kurogiri appeared. He was attempting to get to Aizawa who seemed to be unconscious as a result of the nomu driving his head into cement repeatedly. In fact, it is quite difficult to maintain consciousness after receiving head trauma so Aizawa's situation was not really all that unexpected.

"Don't worry," Shigaraki continued. "I'll finish killing you after I talk to this idiot."

Midoriya had actually not been even slightly worried that Shigaraki

had forgotten to kill him. In a rare moment of common sense, he decided not to point this fact out.

“Did you kill Thirteen?”

“...define kill.”

Shigaraki growled. “Are they DEAD?!”

“Well not exactly-”

“Yes or no!”

“...no,” Kurogiri said hesitantly.

“Why the hell not?!”

“Because I didn’t kill them.”

Shigaraki made a sound that was in between a scream and sputter. “If you weren’t my ride outta here I would kill you faster than you could apologize!” He took a deep breath. “Now. You’re going to explain EXACTLY what happened and why you did not complete your very simple task or so help me-”

“You should be glad that *I* made it out of there alive!”

“It was a bunch of kids and a rescue hero. How could you screw that up?!”

“The kids were insane! One threatened to blow me up and then they tied me up because I lost their president or something.”

Midoriya gasped. “You lost Señor Conejito?!” He winced as the two villains glared at him. “Sorry. I’ll shut up now.”

“Please tell me that you at least didn't let them escape.”

“...only one.”

“ARGH!” Shigaraki scratched angrily at his neck. For the record, that’s not a normal symptom of anger, well it was for Shigaraki but no one else that I’m aware of. Ignoring how confusing his physical cues were, he was very, very, mad. “YOU HAD ONE JOB!”

“Actually I was supposed to not let them escape, kill Thirteen, and scatter them throughout the USJ. That’s three jobs.”

“Don’t question me!”

“Then don’t be wrong,” Midoriya muttered.

Shigaraki turned. “Looks like you’re in luck, Kurogiri. Now, I’m going to take my anger out on this shrimp and you are going to watch and imagine that it is you that I am killing.”

Both Kurogiri and Midoriya gulped in unison as Shigaraki ran towards him, hands outstretched.

“Hold on a second! Can’t we talk about this?”

“NO!” Shigaraki yelled as his hand closed on Midoriya’s face.

Nothing happened.

They stood in silence.

Kurogiri, who had taken Shigaraki’s advice, more because the suggestion had been particularly forceful than out of any real intention to do so, felt quite confused as he was not sure what the proper reaction to having Shigaraki’s hand on his face would be.

Midoriya decided that it would be to pull away and spit onto the ground. “Eww! You smell nasty, man. Ever hear of a thing called soap?”

Shigaraki looked at his hand and then looked down at Aizawa who was in fact NOT unconscious. Aizawa, it seemed, was also a medical mystery. He glared at Shigaraki from his position on the ground, being held in place by the nomu.

“Wow. You’re pretty cool Eraserhead. I think I wouldn’t actually be happy to kill you.”

“Mr. Aizawa!” Midoriya said. “You didn’t have to do that.”

“A ‘thank you’ will do,” Aizawa said, his breath labored.

“No, I mean you REALLY didn’t have to do that. I would have been fine.”

“You would have been DEAD.”

“Yes.”

All of a sudden the front doors were slammed open with a bang that echoed throughout the USJ. Every person within earshot turned to watch as the muscular figure clad in red white and blue stepped through the doorway. Those who had been mourning the loss of Señor Conejito began to cheer. His cape flowed behind him as he struck a pose of such heroic magnitude that it was all the villains could do to not wither in despair.

"**HOWDY, Y'ALL.**" Y'all Might tipped his cowboy hat. "**I AM HERE.**"

"What the hell?!" Shigaraki said

-

*Fifteen minutes earlier*

All Might was late. Now, one of the benefits of being popular was that people were typically quite understanding when All Might was inevitably occasionally late. This did not mean that he took advantage of this fact, he actually quite hated being late. Unfortunately, sometimes his punctuality deficiency was unavoidable; such was this specific instance.

"All Might?" Nedzu stuck his head out of his office as All Might speed-walked down the hallway. (He was still in the school after all; it would do no good to set a bad example for the students by running while inside.) "Could I have a minute of your time?"

"Ah! I'm afraid I'm in a bit of a hurry-"

"I know," Nedzu said cheerfully. "Don't worry, I'll let you get to the USJ after I talk to you. This is more important."

"Well If you say so…"

"I do. Now how do you like your tea?"

The two had settled down in Nedzu's office with cups of tea before the principal finally revealed why he had wanted to speak to All Might.

"I'm sure that by now you've heard of the whole Y'all Might situation?"

All Might chuckled. "I had a few reporters ask me about it, yes. People have such wild imaginations!"

"Well you see, I've done some calculations and come to the conclusion

that the existence of a fictitious Texan cousin would be highly beneficial to both your identity and the secrecy of One for All."

"What."

Nedzu waved a hand. "I won't bore you with the details, just trust me."

"So what exactly am I supposed to do about this?"

"Oh you know, just foster the rumor of Y'all Might, maybe dress up as him occasionally so that the media can interview him and get a couple of pictures."

"I seriously doubt that people are dumb enough to fall for that."

"If there is one thing I have learned from my years in civilization it is to NEVER underestimate human stupidity."

"Well then," All Might stood up. "Good talk I suppose. Now I have to get back to my class-"

"Actually All Might, I was hoping you could use this class activity today to start solidifying the legend of Y'all Might."

"...like try to convince the children that I'm Y'all Might? I don't think that will work, they already know I'm All Might."

"No, not the children, I would like you to convince the villains that are attacking them right now."

All Might sat back down and stared at Nedzu. "Excuse me."

"The villains are very weak. Most of them at least, a few are actually lethal but that's fine!"

"No, it is not."

"None of the children are dead yet."

"...yet?"

"Well one of them is currently trying to kill Midoriya, but you and both know that his death wouldn't be a huge issue what with that little immortality quirk of his," said Nedzu, "Although I'd rather he didn't as it would set an unwanted precedent and encourage the villain to kill other less immortal children. You can see how that

would be a problem of course."

"I- I think I'm going to go help them now…" All Might said, in shock.

"Of course, please just take the little gift under your chair with you."

All Might reached under the chair to pull out an extra-large cowboy hat wrapped in a Texas flag that had been altered to be a cape.

"Look in the hat."

All Might did. There was a small book on southern slang.

"Snipe has also agreed to tutor you on your Hickish."

"I don't know what to say." By this, he meant that he quite literally did not have the capability to respond to such a strange situation.

"You're welcome! Now put it on and convince all those villains that you're a Texan! I'll send some of the other teachers as backup later."

"Why not now?"

"Now where's the fun in that?"

Chapter End Notes

> I am in a constant state of confusion and therefore I am projecting onto half of the characters in this fic
>
> Also! A few people have asked about a discord for this fic. I will be the first to admit that I don't know a whole lot about how to run a server but if enough people are interested then I'd be willing to try

# Please let this be a normal field trip pt. 5 - Aizawa's sanity has left the chat

Chapter Summary

> Life Hack: If you're dead then the mean villains will stop bothering you.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"It's Y'all Might!" Midoriya yelled, happily.

"That's just All Might with a cowboy hat!" Shigaraki argued.

"All Might doesn't wear a cape."

"The child is correct," All Y'all Might said as he jumped down into the plaza. "You see, All Might is my cousin. I am Y'all Might. His cousin. The Texan."

"You don't sound like you're from Texas." Kurogiri said.

"I'm working on it."

"It doesn't matter!" Shigaraki snapped. "You're All Might and we all know it."

"False," Y'all Might said.

"Maybe you'll change your mind once I kill one of your students!" Shigaraki grinned wickedly and lunged for Midoriya.

This was some terrible reasoning on Shigaraki's behalf, both All Might and the nonexistent Y'all Might would prefer that their students stay alive. And it wasn't exactly like Shigaraki would stop trying to kill Midoriya if Y'all Might admitted to being All Might.

Now Aizawa had been watching this entire situation with much confusion. It was unfortunate that he was completely incapacitated by the nomu so there wasn't a whole lot he could do to intervene. His last hope of erasing Shigaraki's quirk once again before Midoriya was murdered, was no longer an option as Y'all Might was blocking his line of sight.

“Move your fat ass All Might so I can erase his quirk!” Aizawa yelled, somewhat panicky.

Y’all Might complied, ignoring that Aizawa had called him by the wrong name. It was too late. All that remained of Midoriya was a pile on the floor.

Everyone stared.

“What the fuck,” Shigaraki said quietly.

The remainder of the gold glitter slowly drifted down to join the rest on the ground.

“He turned into glitter?!” Shigaraki said, confused. He then proceeded to grab the nearest object which just so happened to be his left shoe. He disintegrated it. It turned into the dust that was a typical byproduct of his quirk, confirming that his quirk was still functional. He looked at the glitter that was Midoriya’s corpse. He looked at the dust that used to be a shoe. “What the fuck?” he repeated.

Now, I’m sure some of you are utterly appalled at Shigaraki’s foul language. Please note that he is both a villain, murderer, and a poor example of those who indulge in the sophisticated medium and undisputed art of ‘video games’. This means that he’s not actually the best person and so his cursing habit is quite understandable. This does not mean that those who participate in the occasional ‘fuck’ are all horrible people, quite the contrary. One only has to look as far as Bakugou for an example. While Bakugou is not often regarded as kind, he is actually a decent fellow if you are to ignore his more violent tendencies and bad habit of exploding things.

“Oh my god,” Aizawa said. He was in a state of complete shock. Not because of Shigaraki’s language, although I can see why you might think so, but rather he was troubled by the fact that Midoriya was, by all medical definitions, dead. “He’s dead. Midoriya’s dead,” he said, pointing out the obvious.

Y’all Might looked at Aizawa. “I thought he talked to you about his… condition?”

He had, but if you’ll recall, Aizawa did not actually believe Midoriya. This was a shame considering that his denial was now costing him his sanity.

“Midoriya’s what?” Asui asked.

Y'all Might turned around to see that somehow his student had managed to sneak up behind him without him realizing it. "AH! Freaky frog!" He cleared his throat. "Er, I mean hello Asui. How are you today?"

"I almost died."

"Ah," Y'all Might wrung his hands. "Well, it looks like you didn't. That's good."

"I came close. Mineta and I were sent to the flood zone. I just barely managed to escape."

Y'all Might looked around. "And young Mineta?"

"I stuck the villains to him. How did you think I trapped them?"

"Oh. Is he still stuck to the villains then?"

"Yeah."

"...do you think he's alive?"

Asui just shrugged. Truthfully she did not know, nor did she really care all that much. "So," she said, "where's Midoriya?"

"He, ah... went to the store."

Asui stared at Y'all Might. Y'all Might looked back nervously. "...He went to the store."

"Yes?" It sounded more like a question than an actual answer to the question. This was because Y'all Might was realizing how outlandish his lie had been.

"What for?"

"...To find his dog."

"I didn't know Midoriya had a dog."

"Well that's because it's been lost now, hasn't it? Of course you wouldn't know he has a dog because he hasn't had it lately. Because it was lost. At the store. Where he is now."

Asui raised her eyebrow. "Ok-ay. Why is Mr. Aizawa saying he's dead then?"

Aizawa was in fact having what appeared to be a mental breakdown at that very moment. “-kid fucking died told him he wasn’t immortal what the actual hell I don’t believe it this totally ridiculous what kind of stupid fic is this you can’t just kill him why is he glitter does no one care that he’s dead oh my god he’s dead why is All Might wearing a cowboy hat why isn’t he freaking out idiot problem children I’m going to need more therapy after this hecK hE’S DeAD-”

“Yes, about that. I’m afraid Eraserhead sorta hit his head a little; hence all the blood.”

“Oh.” Asui did not know how to respond to this.

Shigaraki, who in his confusion had continued to disintegrate nearby objects (resulting in him losing both shoes, one sock, and, much to Kurogiri’s dismay, the warp gate’s tie), glared at the ashes as if they had personally offended him.

“I believe your quirk is still working,” Kurogiri said.

“Obviously, dipshit. Why did that NPC turn to glitter then?”

“Maybe he had eaten glitter before this and you disintegrated his stomach which allowed the glitter to come out again.”

Shigaraki stared.

“The glitter would have remained untouched because it’s quite difficult to disintegrate something that small.”

“You,” Shigaraki hissed, “are the stupidest person I’ve ever met.”

“Sorry?”

Shigaraki growled. “Whatever. Enough of this, Nomu! Kill All Might!”

“Y’all Might!” Y’all Might corrected. At the same time, he ran to intercept the nomu as it came at him. The two met in the middle and clasped hands as they both struggled against each other like some sort of violent version of a lingering double high five. “Asui! Please get Aizawa to safety while I fight this… giant bird man.”

Asui was quite torn. This is because she had come to the realization that both of her teachers were insane in one way or another. One of them seemed to think he was a Texan hero and the other was very clearly traumatized. Although, she realized that his reaction was

probably quite reasonable considering the circumstances. The circumstances being of course that he had just witnessed the murder of his student. That led Asui to another train of thought; she was fairly certain Midoriya was dead. Judging by All Might, excuse me, Y'ALL Might's reaction, this was not an isolated event, nor was it an uncommon occurrence. Which of course led her to come to the obvious conclusion; Midoriya was immortal.

As important as all of those issues were, Asui was confronted with the possibility that she could be next, and, as much as she wished she was (and while she did not in fact have evidence to the contrary) she did not think that she was actually immune to dying. Neither did Aizawa, who was most definitely not in a condition to fight. So it was that she did what seemed only reasonable; entered into the first stage of grief for Midoriya and continued to deny his demise as she dragged a rambling Aizawa away from the chaos that was occurring.

Chapter End Notes

Our resident freaky frog gets her very own dose of trauma.

# Please let this be a normal field trip pt. 6 - Fight the buff bird

Chapter Summary

What a mad banquet of darkness this is

Chapter Notes

TW: Bit graphic

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Prepare to meet your demise, strange creature!” yelled Y’all Might as he struggled against the nomu. The nomu, lacking the necessary conversational skills to respond, said nothing.

Shigaraki on the other hand was yelling quite vehemently. “Stop toying with him you stupid bird and kill him!”

It was at some point during this halfhearted struggle between Y’all Might and the nomu that Midoriya revived. He then proceeded to do the sensible thing and sneak up behind Shigaraki, and, giving up the element of surprise, whispered, “How do you expect to kill Y’all Might when you couldn’t even kill me properly?”

Shigaraki screeched.

“Ah!” Y’all Might tried his best to turn his attention to Midoriya as the nomu attempted to murder him. “Glad to see you’re back, young Midoriya!”

“Yup! You need any help with this-” He gestured to the nomu. “-situation?”

“I appreciate the offer although I-”

Y’all Might was cut off as Shigaraki finally stopped gapping and began to talk. “You’re alive?! But I killed you!”

Midoriya stuck his tongue out. “I guess you just didn’t do a good job of it.”

“-think I have it under control,” Y’all Might continued. “Although I do suppose this could be a good teaching moment. I am trying to be on

the lookout for those as I am a teacher right now."

"Nice! Does that mean I can beat up the thing myself?"

"It's called a nomu you twat," said Shigaraki. He seemed to have decided to ignore Midoriya's immortality for the time being.

"You would like to try fighting the incredibly overpowered, seemingly genetically modified, multi-quirked, near-immortal, amalgamation of a bird man by yourself?"

"Yup!"

Y'all Might threw the nomu off of him and shrugged. "Sure, why not? I can't see an issue with that."

The issue it seemed was that Midoriya (as stupidly overpowered as he was) was just a child and was also not very good at fighting the nomu.

It was not for lack of trying though. Midoriya pulled back his fist as he ran at the nomu and prepared to deliver the strongest punch his body was physically capable of.

"ULTIMATE BONE SHATTERING PUUUUNCH!"

The hit did its best to live up to its name and completely demolished Midoriya's arm. It also left a gaping hole in the nomu's stomach, or where the stomach would be if it had one (I for one am not totally convinced it did.)

The nomu, who much like Midoriya, did not feel pain or at the very least did not register pain in any real sense, simply looked down at its unfortunate lack of a stomach area before activating regeneration.

Strands of muscle threaded and weaved through the hole as the gap grew smaller and smaller until the pink flesh was finally covered with a new layer of dark skin.

"That… is simultaneously the coolest and grossest thing I've seen all day," Midoriya said in awe.

"Nomu!" Shigaraki said. "Kill him and then kill All Might!"

"Y'all Might," Midoriya, Y'all Might, and Kurogiri all corrected in unison.

"SHUT UP!"

The nomu then lumbered towards Midoriya who was becoming increasingly aware that he only had one more working arm and that his last attack had been entirely useless.

“Er, can’t we talk about this?”

Unfortunately for Midoriya the nomu was incapable of human speech patterns and was not inclined to ‘talk’. Rather, it took a hold of Midoriya by the good arm (immediately snapping it in multiple areas) and hoisted him into the air.

“Hey!” he squeaked.

The nomu then proceeded to swing Midoriya around in a mockery of all carnival rides everywhere.

“THIS. IS. VERY. UNCOMFORTABLE,” Midoriya screamed.

The nomu then slammed Midoriya’s face down into the pavement, much like how it had with Aizawa, except this time there was even more force behind the action.

Midoriya did not much enjoy participating in the nomu’s testing of gravity but there was very little he could do in his current condition. As it was he had exactly zero working arms and he was fairly certain he had swallowed one of his teeth while the nomu introduced his head to the very hard and very unyielding ground.

It was times like these that Midoriya just wanted to die. And not in the exasperated, done with life, let-me-sink-slowly-into-nonexistence sort of way. He wanted it in the very literal pretty-sure-there’s-a-rib-puncturing-my-lung sort of way.

It seemed Shigaraki was of the same mind when it came to Midoriya’s demise. “HA! Try to survive THAT, you respawning, cheating, fairy-in-a-bottle, motherfucker! Finish him off Nomu!”

The nomu granted both Midoriya and Shigaraki’s wishes by stepping rather anticlimactically on Midoriya’s skull.

His head, not meant to sustain the weight of a very very large bird thing (I will not speculate about the nomu’s weight for fear of appearing rude), simply collapsed under the pressure and cracked open like some sort of meaty egg, spilling out some bits of very essential organs.

I apologize for such a gory description but I'm afraid it was necessary to convey my point that Midoriya was very, very, dead.

-

"Damn these villains are weak," Bakugou said as he exploded yet another person of questionable moral integrity.

"I'm still worried about Midoriya," said Kirishima. "Even if most of them are weak, there's still a lot of them for him to take on."

Bakugou rolled his eyes. "He'll be fine. The worst that could happen is he could-" Bakugou cut off as he realized that the worst-case scenario would be for Midoriya to die, thus exposing his immortality to those he had hoped most to keep it hidden from. This was also the most likely scenario if Bakugou was properly gauging Midoriya's ability to stay alive. "Okay so maybe we should go check on him."

At that moment a villain with a minor camouflage quirk attempted to catch Bakugou off guard. This strategy did not work in the slightest as Bakugou was quite good at anticipating surprise attacks (a skill courtesy of Midoriya's tendency to try to catch him off guard 'just for fun'). Bakugou launched an explosion at the villain without even looking at him. "That fucking adrenaline junkie better not have gotten himself killed…"

Kirishima watched in obvious awe. "So manly…"

Bakugou wasn't entirely sure how to respond to that. "Whatever. Let's go make sure Midoriya's not making trouble."

-

"Oy!" Bakugou yelled. "Where the fuck is Midoriya?"

Y'all Might was at that moment trying to overpower the nomu. He did manage to use his head to gesture to Midoriya's body.

Bakugou and Kirishima looked at the bloody stain on the ground that used to be Midoriya in annoyance and fear respectively.

"I leave him alone for fifteen minutes…" Bakugou muttered.

"Is he dead?!"

Bakugou looked at Kirishima. "Dammit! That idiot's gonna pay for making me explain his stupid quirk for him *again*." He took a deep

breath. “I don’t got time to give you the whole story so just shut up and listen. Izuku’s quirk is Hysterical Strength. He basically has super strength and he’s constantly high cuz his body keeps pumping him full of adrenaline, hence why he doesn’t feel pain. But since he’s always breaking his fucking body he can also heal himself but only after he dies.”

“What?!”

“So he’s basically immortal because this bitch of an author decided to make him op as fuck for some fucking reason.”

“What?!” Kirishima repeated.

“Keep up. In a few minutes he’ll pop back to life in an explosion of glitter and say something stupid like ‘I’m back!’” Bakugou waved his hands, mockingly. “Anyway, I’m going to go blow up that stupid bird.” He ran off towards Y’all Might.

“WHat.”

Chapter End Notes

> Bakugou to the now pile of mush that is his best friend: Stop dying already! It's getting annoying

# Please let this be a normal field trip pt. 7 - I swear this arc is almost over

Chapter Summary

It's time to end this.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

*Meanwhile*

Todoroki had taken out the goons with ease. This was because all of the goons were stupid enough to go along with Shigaraki's crackpot plan which meant that they were all dumber than a middle schooler. Todoroki was actually as smart as a high schooler, being as it was that he was in fact a high schooler and so he did not find it all that difficult to defeat the thugs.

It helped that he had a finely tuned quirk which he had practiced with for the past decade but really he probably could have won without it.

Regardless, Todoroki was free to go and help the rest of his class. He was going to try to help Y'all Might but as he approached he saw the nomu beating a child's skull into the pavement and thought better of it. He was fairly certain the child was Midoriya but with the distance he couldn't be sure. He weighed the pros and cons of intervening before deciding he quite liked his brains in his head and turned around to find something else to help with.

"Todoroki!"

It seemed that it would be easier and more beneficial to his skull to help out Asui who seemed to be dragging their teacher across the ground.

"Help me drag him back to Thirteen, won't you? I'm pretty sure he's suffering a mental breakdown."

Todoroki shrugged and grabbed Aizawa's legs.

-

"Thank you for your assistance young Bakugou!" Y'all Might said as

Bakugou landed an explosive punch into the back of the nomu.

“Shut up!” He snapped. “How the hell did you let Izuku die?!”

Y’all Might coughed awkwardly. Or perhaps he was coughing because the nomu had just slugged him in the gut. It was probably one of those two. “Er, well I didn’t exactly *let*him, he just wanted to fight this thing and I figured it would be a good learning-”

“You let him fight this monster ALONE?!”

“Yes?”

Bakugou facepalmed. “Izuku has no sense of self-preservation. You should know by now that he relies on the common sense of those around him to prevent him from dying an unreasonable amount each day.”

Now I would personally argue that not even a single death a day could be considered a reasonable amount but in Midoriya’s case the unreasonable amount was nearer to six times, a number he still managed to surpass quite often.

“Oh,” said Y’all Might.

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “Whatever. It’s not like he’s going to prove his immortality in front of the very people who should never be allowed to know about it,” he said sarcastically.

“Wait, he didn’t want the villains not knowing that he couldn’t not live?”

As he spoke Y’all Might tried to punch the nomu’s exposed brain which was an obvious red herring when you consider that the nomu clearly did not use it.

“NO, you idiot! He didn’t want the villains to not know that they couldn’t kill him and not have him die for an extended period of time!”

“...I’m confused.”

This was a problem as Y’all Might was currently in the middle of a battle. It was an understandable problem as I’m sure that all of you, like myself, are also confused, but unlike Y’all Might you are not engaging in life-threatening activities as you read this. If you are then

I commend your dedication to this story and also suggest you put it down until after you are either safely out of the deadly situation or dead. If you are dead then I really have no arguments towards you reading this, I only hope that whatever afterlife awaits us all is not boring enough that you must resort to reading such earthly trash such as this for entertainment.

While I am on the subject of confusion and death I should mention Shigaraki and Kurogiri who were looking at Midoriya's corpse.

"He's shimmery, Kurogiri. Why the fuck is he shimmery."

Kurogiri shrugged, although it was hard to tell what with him being incorporeal and all.

"What is wrong with this place?! All Might's wearing a cowboy hat, that kid keeps exploding, and this kid is covered in fucking glitter!"

"It seems to be getting faster."

Midoriya's blood, which was at this point in the middle stage of his resetting, was flowing back towards Midoriya's body at an ever-increasing speed, shimmering gold the whole way.

"I can't do this," Shigaraki muttered. "Nomu! Stand down. We're outta here." The nomu complied. "Open a portal, Kurogiri."

He was too late. In the time it had taken for the Nomu to return to its master (made far more difficult by Bakugou's refusal to just let it go without winning the fight) Midoriya had reached the last little bit of his regeneration.

"I'm back~"

Shigaraki, for the second time, shrieked.

"About time!" Bakugou yelled.

"Well I'm *sorry*, just had to rebuild half my skeletal structure and a brain in five minutes."

"WHY. ARE. YOU. ALIVE?!"

"Well that's awfully rude," said Midoriya.

"FINE. If you won't die then maybe he will!"

And with that Shigaraki bolted to Bakugou, hand outstretched.

Midoriya panicked.

BANG!

Shigaraki fell to the ground, clutching his hand.
“ARUGHFLIBKENICERYOULITTLESHITIMMAKILLYOU-”

“Opps.” Midoriya slowly lowered his gun. “I kinda forgot that I wasn’t supposed to shoot other people. I technically only have a license to shoot myself.”

Shigaraki stumbled to his feet and looked at Midoriya with fear. “You-you shot me! You’re fucking insane!”

“You’re one to talk Mr. Murder Maniac,” Bakugou growled. “And I definitely didn’t need your help Izu.”

“Obviously.” Midoriya nodded.

“I’ll get you next time” Shigaraki hissed as he backed up through the portal with the nomu, still clutching his hand. “We still have our nomu, you’re dead meat kid. This isn’t over.”

And then he was gone.

“Actually,” Kanzaki said as she and a cameraman stepped out from behind the fountain they had been watching from, “I’d say that it is. That’s a wrap everyone! Beautiful work.”

Bakugou groaned. “Can this day get any weirder?”

Chapter End Notes

> Kichi Kanzaki is a reporter oc I mentioned for about five paragraphs in chapter 28. I don’t expect any of you to remember her, I just needed a named reporter character for a few ideas I had. Anyways, I swear it’ll make more sense with the next chapter.
>
> On that note it is quite possible that I will miss this week’s update so don’t freak out, I’m not giving up this fic or anything, I just have a life.

# Headlines pt. 1 - the big scoop

Chapter Summary

Aftermath of the USJ attack

Chapter Notes

I'm back! Took a stab at "life" this week. Two stars, would not recommend.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kichi Kanzaki was eating breakfast the morning of the USJ attack as she received a call from an unknown caller.

Now while most people don't answer unknown callers, Kanzaki was not most people. She was a reporter and a notoriously neutral one at that. This meant that quite often she'd receive calls from less savory characters, many of which felt the need to conceal their identity. But business was business so she answered the call.

"Kichi Kanzaki speaking, freelance journalist and self-proclaimed investigator, how can I help you?"

*"Hi, Kanzaki! This is Midoriya. From UA?"*

She recognized the voice. It was hard to forget the boy who had single-handedly given her enough information (fake as it was) to write over a dozen articles for as many different websites and papers in a single night. (Had it only been one day ago? It felt far longer, at least 15 chapters, she thought)

"Hey there Midoriya! How can I help you?"

*"Well you see I just got word from a reasonably reliable source that UA is going to be attacked by villains today. Seemed like something you'd be interested in."*

Kanzaki was VERY interested.

"Sounds like quite the scoop. Any details so far?"

*"Afraid not. All I know is that they're attacking today and there will probably be a weirdo with hands on his face and his warp gate friend.*

*Anyway, I gotta go but I'll keep you updated."*

"Alright then! I'll see you there."

Kanzaki quickly wrote down the details before dialing another number.

"Yamanaka? Grab your camera. We got a story of a lifetime."

-

The taxi pulled up outside the gates of UA and dropped Kanzaki and Yamanaka off. Classes had already begun so most of the reporters who had been standing around hoping to get an update about the whole Y'all Might situation had already started to disperse.

*Amatures*, Kanzaki thought, as she and her partner walked up to the gate. She rang the doorbell and looked up into the nearby camera with a cheerful smile.

"Hello, Nedzu! I'm Kichi Kanzaki, freelance reporter and self-proclaimed investigator." She flashed her card. "My associate and I are here to report on the yet-to-occur villain attack."

*"Are you now? May I ask who hired you?"*

"Midoriya Izuku, sir."

*"...sounds about right. Well, I can't see an issue with that as long as you sign a contract for me,"* There was the sound of a printer as a sheet of paper slowly slid out of a slit in the door. *"Nothing too big, it just gives me jurisdiction over any footage that you take as it's possible you might catch some things on tape that I cannot allow to be made public at this time."*

Kanzaki read over the contract before deciding it was acceptable and signing it. She stuck it back in the slot which sucked the paper back up.

"That works for me. I'll let you look over the footage before I send it off."

*"No worries, I'll just hack into Yamanaka's camera."*

"...I don't think that's how hacking works?"

*"It is when you're a super genius."*

“Ok-ay then,” said Kanzaki, ignoring the fact that Nedzu had somehow known Yamanaka’s name, despite her not introducing him as such. She pulled out her phone as it buzzed. It was a text from Midoriya.

**Midoriya:** Just loaded onto the bus to go to the USJ. I assume that’s where they’ll attack.

She typed out a quick reply and spoke again. “Oh, and I don’t suppose you could send over a shuttle to take us to the USJ?”

*“You are surprisingly well informed, Miss. Kanzaki. I’ll send one out right now.”*

And with that, the gates opened.

-

“We still have our nomu, you’re dead meat kid. This isn’t over.”

Kanzaki watched as Shigaraki backed through the portal and it closed behind him.

“Actually,” she said as she and Yamanaka stepped out from behind the fountain they had been watching from, “I’d say that it is. That’s a wrap everyone! Beautiful work.”

“You made it!” Midoriya said as his friend muttered something.

“Like I’d miss a story this big. Oh,” She gestured to Yamanaka. “This is my cameraman, Yamanaka. I don’t believe you two have met.”

“Nope! I’m Midoriya, nice to meet you.”

Yamanaka nodded but said nothing. Now, most people would assume that his silence was just just a character trait of his. This would be a reasonable assumption as he had not said a single word since arriving at UA, it would, however, be incorrect. Actually, he had simply eaten a Jolly Rancher prior to getting there, and in a momentary lapse of judgment he had bitten down on the candy, effectively rendering him unable to speak. Out of embarrassment, he had decided to simply play mute till it dissolved.

“Izuku,” Bakugou said as he stared at Kanzaki in disgust. “Please don’t tell me you hired a reporter.”

“It was the smart decision!”

“HOW.”

“Well it's like my mom always says, 'each reporter you employ is one not employed by your enemy.'"

This, in my opinion, is very wise advice. Especially if you take into account the continuous tension between heroes and the press. Midoriya’s decision to involve a reputable (albeit morally ambiguous) journalist was perhaps the sanest one he’d had in a while.

“You’d never think it looking at her, but your mother is a TERRIBLE influence.”

Midoriya rolled his eyes before looking back at Kanzaki and Yamanaka. “Did that camera capture *everything*?”

“It sure did!”

“Oh.”

“On that note, you are immortal, correct? That is what I saw, yes?” Kanzaki asked, with far less surprise and confusion than such a question would typically warrant.

Midoriya shrugged. “I haven’t been proven to be mortal yet.”

“Good, good, just making sure. Don’t worry about the public finding out though, Nedzu technically owns all footage.”

“Like that isn’t even MORE concerning,” Bakugou scoffed.

“It is what it is. Now Midoriya, could you grab me some teachers and your classmates to interview while I call some of my contacts?”

“Sure! You’ll want to talk to Y’all Might first I assume.”

“Absolutely. Oh! Yamanaka, call Fred won’t you? I heard that he’s doing a piece over in America on Y’all Might.”

Yamanaka nodded.

“And of course I’ll need a full interview with you, Midoriya,” she said.

Midoriya smiled in a way that promised this could either be a very good idea or a very very bad idea depending on her intentions. “I’d be delighted.”

Chapter End Notes

So a bit of a tag update, after much consideration I have taken off the Bakugou Katsuki/Kirishima Eijirou tag for this fic. My reasoning being that while I originally planned for a kiribaku relationship in this fic (because quite honestly the ship has so much crack potential) I had *too* many ideas and I was worried that if I incorporated all I wanted it would detract from the original plot. So while I might write these ideas in a separate fic, and they will still be friends in this fic, it will not be romantic. Hope you all aren't too upset about this!

# Headlines pt. 2 - A story of a lifetime

Chapter Summary

> Midoriya experiences multiple “lifetimes” each day so it only makes sense that he’d experience once in a lifetime events just as often

Chapter Notes

> I'm not dead, just lazy.
>
> On that note, fair warning, this chapter is entirely crack with very minimal relevance to the plot. Fourth walls are broken with an utter disregard to typical literature laws and typical logic is tossed to the side with reckless abandonment.
>
> Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Now this next hour is crucial,” Kanzaki said as she pulled a mechanical pencil out of her pocket and set it up on her open notepad. The pencil balanced upright on the paper. “Gotta milk it for all it’s worth, being the only reporter here and all.”

Midoriya stared at the physics-defying pencil. “Is that-”

“My quirk? Yup!” She interrupted before turning to Yamanaka who had pulled out a second camera and was furiously snapping pictures of the devastation and students. “Yamanaka! Call our regular contacts and try to get some deals going, won’t you?”

He nodded and pulled out a phone, dialing with one hand and managing the camera with the other.

“Now about my quirk,” Kanzaki looked back at Midoriya. “It’s called ‘Jot’ and it lets me record any experience as a written article. It also works with memories, thoughts, and even daydreams!” She held up a finger as she listed each item. “Oh, and it also catches all spelling, grammar, and punctuation errors. Pretty neat, huh?”

“Sounds to me like you’re just a Rita Skeeter knockoff,” said Bakugou, crossing his arms.

“No, that would be plagiarism. My quirk is very creative, thank you very much.”

Kanzaki seemed to have forgotten that her literal existence was in fact only to serve as a background character in a nonsensical fanfiction in which creativity is a very low priority.

Bakugou scoffed.

“That’s such a cool quirk!” Midoriya said, his eyes seeming to glitter with excitement (or perhaps it was simply the large amount of glitter in the air). “It sounds pretty perfect to me, no drawbacks at all?”

“The benefits of being an OC,” she said. “Now where on Earth is Y’all Might? Time is money and money is the only reason I haven’t committed arson yet.”

“That doesn’t even make sense,” said Bakugou.

“You’re just too dull to understand it. I’m a well-known writer, everything I say is eloquent and deep.”

He threw his arms in the air. “THIS is why no one likes writers.”

“No, people don’t like us because we’re all pompous narcissists with inferiority complexes that demand constant validation and attention from our audience, much like the gods that dictate your pitiful life. Now where THE FUCK is Y’all Might?!”

Bakugou glared confusedly as he took a step back. “The hell? Izuku, I think your reporter is unhinged.”

Midoriya shrugged. “Yeah well, she’s much more mentally stable than most.”

“Oh, there you are!” Kanzaki’s smile returned as she grabbed Y’all Might by the arm and pulled him over to a pile of concrete. “Yamanaka! Get a few shots of Y’all Might with the rubble in the background!”

Yamanaka, who was at that moment on a conference call with more than a dozen individuals, held the phone in between his shoulder and ear as he struggled to pull his camera back out while still taking notes about the call. Eventually, he resorted to sticking the pen in his mouth and writing on the paper in one hand as he took pictures with the other. This would have been far more impressive if such an endeavor

was successful. Unfortunately, all of his notes were frankly, illegible. The effort was still admirable though.

“I’m Kichi Kanzaki here with Y’all Might just moments following the attack on the USJ,” she began, her pencil bobbing furiously as it wrote out the interview in real-time. “What do you have to say about this entirely unexpected attack?”

As you might realize, this attack was not unexpected as Kanzaki said, in fact, it was entirely expected as her very presence in the USJ proved.

“Uhhhhh,” Y’all Might fumbled with his cowboy hat as he struggled to pull out the book of southern slang that Nedzu had given him earlier. “Well you see, I reckon it um, it doesn’t amount to a hill of beans?” Y’all Might squinted at the book.

“I see. Could you recount the attack for those who are unaware of what occurred?”

“I wasn’t here- sorry, I mean I weren’t ‘round, fur the first bit but I-” He consulted the book once more, flipping a few pages. “I hear tell that these uppity varmints come ‘round over yonder all gussied up for sum how-do honky-tonk high-cotton gosh-darn-tootin’ lick o’ rubber-neakin’ rough talk?”

Now please note that Y’all Might is actually All Might. This is perhaps a little confusing but it is important to understand that he is not actually a native Hickish speaker and as such most of his speech is entirely incomprehensible.

“...I see.”

“So I hear tell bout this and come get up with this cattywampus doohickey that look if it been done hit with the ugly stick. And sho nuff it-” he hesitated. “It was a really difficult opponent? I’m sorry, I’m still a beginner to this language and I’m afraid I’m not entirely fluent yet.”

Kanzaki shrugged. “No worries. No one else speaks it either so it’s no big deal if you just spout some nonsense for a while. For that matter, I’ll just be filling in the rest of the interview for you so that I have enough time to get to some of the other victims.”

“Isn’t that illegal?”

“It’s only illegal if you get caught!”

“I do not believe that’s how laws work.”

Kanzaki ignored him. “C’mon Yamanaka and Midoriya! It’s time to take advantage of children’s trauma in the name of capitalism!”

-

The remainder of class 1-A that had not been scattered and Thirteen were gathered around Aizawa.

“Is he going to be okay?” Uraraka asked.

“His wounds do not look life-threatening although we should get him to Recovery Girl as soon as possible,” said Thirteen.

“No, I meant mentally.”

This was a sound worry considering Aizawa hadn’t stopped muttering about suicidal children since Asui and Todoroki had brought him back up near the entrance.

“...Probably?” Thirteen said, sounding quite uncertain.

It was at that moment that the rest of the staff finally reached the USJ and stormed through the doors.

“You’re a little late,” Asui informed them.

Upon seeing Present Mic (probably because that garish hairdo of his was the only recognizable thing after having his skull bashed in) Aizawa staggered to his feet and grabbed him by the shoulders.

This could have been because he was attempting to ensure that he had Yamada’s full attention, or it could have just been his way of steadying himself.

“Hizashi,” he said, fearfully. “He’s dead, he’s dead, Hizashi.”

“Who’s dead?!”

“Midoriya. He’s dead.”

Yamada squinted. “Are you sure? Cuz that kid over there looks an awful lot like Midoriya.”

Aizawa turned, trying to see where Yamada was pointing but due to the unfortunate abundance of blood in his eyes, he was unable to confirm. “But I saw him die…”

“Well he looks pretty alive to me.”

During their conversation, several more members of the class had made their way back to the entrance. This included a very wet Mineta, Ojiro, who was looking terribly traumatized with Señor Conejito riding atop his shoulder, and Kirishima, who had a look of horror that rivaled even that of Ojiro’s.

“He’s alive,” Kirishima said, haunted. “I don’t know how but he’s very much alive.”

“And it looks like he has a reporter with him, ribbit.”

“Wait,” said Sero. “Did Midoriya hire a reporter?”

“He did,” Kirishima confirmed. “I think she’s interviewing Y’all Might?”

“Y’all Might?” The staff repeated, confused.

“Hmm. They seem to be coming this way,” Iida said, adjusting his glasses.

“I think,” Aizawa said, his words slurring. “I think I’m going to sleep. Until the world makes sense again.

And with that, he promptly passed out.

Chapter End Notes

> Kanzaki: Let me teach you children about how to take advantage of this unstable society and humans need to consume media for the ultimate reward: MONEY
>
> Midoriya: *furiously takes notes*
>
> Bakugou: *horrified*
>
> Welp, writers block hitting me hard. These next few chapters might not be up to par, but I'll try!

# All For One Evil Incorporated pt. 1 - He shot me!

Chapter Summary

Shigaraki is bitter about the bullet in his hand for some reason.

Chapter Notes

Finally out of my slump! Thank y'all for being so patient with me and enjoy the update!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Shigaraki slid pathetically through the warp gate onto the floor of the bar, clutching his hand in pain.

Specifically, his hand was in pain because of the bullet that was embedded in it.

“That BASTARD!” He cursed.

Kurogiri re-materialized. “Which one?”

“The fucking sparkly one, obviously!”

“The one that shot you?”

“Who the fuck else?!”

Kurogiri shrugged. “One of the other students was also quite glitterful. I thought perhaps you could have been referring to him.”

Shigaraki just glared at Kurogiri. This was because he had been talking about Midoriya, not Aoyama, and thought that should have been obvious.

“Er, would you like me to take the bullet out of your hand?” Kurogiri asked, attempting to change the subject.

Shigaraki simply thrust out his hand in way of response.

The two of them were quiet as Kurogiri worked on his injuries, the silence only broken by the sound of the news playing on the screen in the corner of the bar.

*"-yet again by the up and coming Mt. Lady."*

"Listen to them," Shigaraki grumbled after the report had played for a few minutes. "Stupid NPC's go wild for these idiot heroes."

"To be fair, she did save the lives of nearly two hundred orphans," Kurogiri said, repeating the statistic the news anchor had said not 30 seconds prior.

Somehow Shigaraki's glare intensified. "So?! Who the hell cares about orphans?!"

"...are you not an orphan, sir?"

"I'm a fucking orphan by choice."

"You- you murdered your parents."

"By choice," he said again, harshly.

"If you say so." Kurogiri lowered his head and continued to pull the bullet out of Shigaraki's palm. It was a very difficult process considering Kurogiri really had no actual first aid training. Not that typical first aid training would be much help in this particular situation, most basic classes wouldn't go over bullet wounds. Regardless, he was trying his best.

His best was made more difficult by Shigaraki's constant squirming as he tried to watch the news by looking over his own shoulder. Unfortunately, his attempts were mostly in vain as he, unlike certain owls, did not possess the anatomy required to turn his head 180 degrees.

"Hey, fog face."

"Yes?"

"Turn me so I can see the T.V."

"Sir, I feel the need to remind you that I am currently performing rudimentary surgery on your hand."

"So?"

Kurogiri sighed and stood up, gently turning the barstool so that Shigaraki was facing the screen. He then crouched back down in an attempt to continue fixing his hand. This was hard considering the

wound was on Shigaraki's left, and now, so was the bar. Kurogiri had to fit himself between the counter and barstools just to be able to reach Shigaraki's hand.

"You're blocking the T.V, asshole."

Kurogiri grumbled and shifted once more, packing himself more tightly into the corner.

*"-word that the USJ, a branch of the famous UA was attacked not ten minutes ago by an army of villains. We go there now."*

"Hey!" Shigaraki said. "They're talking about us!"

The picture shifted as it turned to a live recording of Kichi Kanzaki and a student by her side. A very familiar student in fact.

"HEY!" Shigaraki shouted quite angrily as he stood up causing Kurogiri to curse as he lost his grip on his hand. "IT'S THAT *BITCH*!"

"I have *eyes*, sir."

"Wait, you do?"

Kurogiri blinked, momentarily obscuring his allegedly real eyes.

"Cuz I always kinda thought they were just like, I dunno, pretty lights."

Kurogiri still said nothing.

Shigaraki sat down.

*"-Kichi Kanzaki, freelance journalist and self-proclaimed investigator, here with Izuku Midoriya, UA student and survivor of the USJ attack-"*

"*Midoriya*," Shigaraki spat the name like a curse. "He ain't a survivor, he fucking DIED."

"Twice," Kurogiri added.

*"-when the heroic new teacher, Y'all Mights valiantly swept in, saving the students,"* Kanzaki continued. *"Midoriya, can you tell us how you felt when you saw Y'all Might?"*

Midoriya sniffed and wiped away a few stray tears.

“Faker!” Shigiraki yelled at the television.

*“So relieved, Kanzaki. Seriously, I cannot even describe how relieved I was to see a buff man wearing a cowboy hat and a Texas flag as a cape appear with intentions to beat up people. I can say quite honestly that I truly thought I was going to die today. But that was all before Y’all Might shot the raisin hand man.”*

“HE shot me! Not Y’all Might! The fucking liar, I bet he doesn’t even have a permit for that gun of his,” said Shigaraki. He did not even correct Midoriya’s description of him as a raisin hand man.

He was, however, actually half correct in this statement. The truth was that Midoriya DID have a license for his gun, but it only allowed him to legally shoot himself. This meant that Midoriya had done the reasonable thing, and arguably the heroic thing, by lying to the entirety of the country on national television.

*“I can only imagine,”* Kanzaki continued. *“Is there anything else you’d like to tell Japan, Midoriya?”*

*“Only that I've never been so proud to belong to a country that kinda sorta associates with America over a few specific issues.”*

Kanzaki turned towards the camera. *“You heard it here; All Might is out, his American cousin Y’all Might is in.”*

*“Yes, about that,”* The news anchor interjected. *“Is Y’all Might still around? Is it possible we can get an interview?”*

*“Unfortunately, Y’all Might exploded into a cloud of smoke soon after the battle and is currently hiding behind a bush. But I promise to publish my interview with him in every magazine and news source who can afford my fee, so read all about it there!”*

*“Oh my, is he okay?”*

Kanzaki shrugged. *“Possibly!”*

*“How DID you get there so quickly?*” The news anchor asked suspiciously.

*“I plead the fifth!”*

*“That’s not even a little bit how it works. Also, you’re Japanese-”*

*“Now I believe an interview with the class president is in order,”* Kanzaki

continued, ignoring the very valid accusations. *“The beloved Señor Conejito is said to have single-handedly taken out three dozen villains in the fire zone-”*

The screen went black just as Shigaraki started to scream incoherently, much like a toddler who had dropped their lolly would.

I would remind you, however, that he was shot only 15 minutes ago, and that was actually a very valid reason to scream. It was not the reason he was screaming; he was just very annoyed at Midoriya’s general existence.

*“Tomura,”* said the voice from the screen. *“I see your mission did not go as well as you had hoped."*

“I was shot!”

*“...yes. I can see that. However, the nomu was not lost. This is largely a success.”*

“And All Might wasn’t even there! It was just his Walmart version, Y’all Might.”

“Sir,” Kurogiri said. “Are you forgetting that they are the same person?”

*“I will admit that All Might’s brilliant tactic to create an entire alter ego was unexpected but I remain confident that we can overcome this setback.”*

“But Sensei! There was also this one brat that was completely immune to my quirk.”

*“Oh?”*

“It’s true, Master,” said Kurogiri. “I saw the boy myself. He goes by Izuku Midoriya and appeared to have a quirk that healed him from Tomura’s disintegration.”

*“Fascinating,”* All For One muttered.

Shigaraki and Kurogiri shared a look. They knew what that voice meant.

Midoriya would not survive the week.

Chapter End Notes

For the record, the fifth amendment states that "No person shall be held to answer for a capital, or otherwise infamous crime."

Essentially Kanzaki pleading the fifth was saying that she wouldn't self incriminate, however, the fifth amendment is simply not applicable to her, being both a fictional character and also not a citizen of America.

Tl;dr: It was a really crummy joke that only a select few of you will get but I simply couldn't bring myself to take it out.

# All For One Evil Incorporated pt. 2 - The asshole assassin

Chapter Summary

> “What doesn’t kill you only makes you late for school!” -Milo’s dad

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sakurai Jun was not a proud man. He did not enjoy his work. He took no pleasure from it, rather he felt immense guilt from it.

But he did it anyway.

His “work” was of course that of an assassin. Not a very pretty job, although arguably a necessary one, and in Sakurai’s own opinion one of the worst things he could have ever become. But he told himself he had no choice. From the moment he gained his quirk his fate had been decided. His quirk was one made for destruction, the part of him he hated most. But it *was* a part of him, as much as he tried to deny it.

He took the name of his quirk when working, Bullseye. Sure, it wasn’t the most interesting of a name but it was, in Sakurai’s eyes, a fitting one.

After all, it was better his successes (and what terrible, terrible, successes they were) be known by the name of the quirk that caused them than by the name of the pitiful man the quirk controlled. It was a coward's move. Cowardly because it wasn’t the recognition that he feared, not really, it was the recognition being attached to the name of Sakurai Jun. That small separation between the man Sakurai and the assassin Bullseye was a necessary one for that which was Sakurai’s fragile psyche.

He was, in my opinion, of the worst varieties of villain. The half-hearted kind. You see, I believe that the best villains are those who throw themselves into evil headfirst and without a second thought, much like a drunk college student might fling themselves into a kiddie pool of beer from the second story floor. The product of which, in both cases, is very messy and extremely entertaining to those watching.

But I digress. The point was that Sakurai was the type to blame his circumstances on his quirk and his quirk exclusively.

Sometimes he wondered how different his life would have been if he had been born with a different quirk. He lamented this fact quite often actually, far too much to be considered reasonable. But regardless, the simple fact was that he was too tied up in the business to quit even if he wanted to.

And it was because of this that when he received a target from All For One, he accepted. Not because he wanted to, but because for his own safety he had to. He reasoned that if he didn't take the job someone else would, so it didn't matter what he did in the end.

This, while true, was still a bitch move.

Sakurai Jun was not a proud man, nor was he a selfless one.

So he watched the boy, for Midoriya was just a boy, not even fully grown, and he mourned for him. Because he was certain that Midoriya would die at his hands, and he was the only one who knew it.

In truth, Midoriya would, but what Sakurai was not aware of was the trauma he would face as a result.

-

So it was that Sakurai was hiding in an empty apartment the day the UA students were to return to school after the USJ attack. He watched, gun ready (no scope was needed, of course, his quirk was plenty proficient), as Midoriya made his way to the bus stop. There was another boy there, and Sakurai's stomach twisted at the thought that Bakugou would be forced to witness the murder of his friend, but he put his finger to the trigger regardless.

He closed his eyes as he aimed, his quirk allowing him the luxury of avoiding being a witness to his own murder, and without a second thought, he shot.

There was a silence that settled over him, rather than the screams he had expected.

He opened his eyes to see Midoriya still standing, with the bullet firmly embedded in his skull. Bakugou looked at him with exasperation as Midoriya blinked a few times and then exploded.

Sakurai watched in disbelief as what used to be Midoriya flew apart in a cloud of gold glitter, slowly settling on the pavement below.

“What the hell...” he said quietly.

Bakugou sighed and rolled his eyes. He then continued to walk to the bus stop.

This was not because he did not care about what had happened to Midoriya, rather he just did not want to miss the bus, and since no one else was around to see what had happened Bakugou figured it would be in his best interest to leave Midoiriya to figure things out for himself once he woke up.

-

“Hey, uh boss?” Sakurai said nervously.

*“Ah! I was wondering when you would call, Bullseye. I take it the job is done?”*

“...Sorta?”

“*Sorta?”* All For One repeated.

“Well I mean, I shot him. Which was my job. But I assume your intention was to have him be shot and then die. Which did happen. But-”

*“Why don’t you just tell me what happened.”*

“Yeah. Okay. Well, um, like I said, I shot him. But he kinda exploded.?”

“*...Please elaborate.*”

“He just exploded into glitter like a fucking pinata.”

There was the sound of a very drawn-out tired sigh over the phone.

“And I kept watching and he, uh, he sorta stopped being unalive.”

*“I was afraid of this.”*

“You- you were?”

“*It was a possibility. No matter. You did your job to the best of your ability*

*and I will see that you are paid accordingly.*"

"Oh. Thank you, sir. That's- very kind of you."

-

All For One hung up the phone. It seemed his suspicions had been confirmed, Midoriya was not, as Shigaraki seemed to think, simply immune to Decay, he was, in fact, immortal.

This meant that to All For One there was only one solution; he had a quirk to steal.

-

"Tell me, Bakugou," Aizawa said after class had officially begun. "Will our headache of a child be joining us this morning?"

He was referring to, of course, Midoriya, who had quickly become Aizawa's biggest headache and favorite topic during his therapy.

Bakugou shrugged. "Dunno. He missed the bus after someone murdered him."

Aizawa's eye twitched. Not that you could see it as his head had been completely covered by a layer of bandages that were yet to be removed. "Ah. I see."

Even though he had taken the entirety of his break to come to terms with Midoriya's confirmed immortality, he was still in a state of denial, or rather just avoidance of the topic.

"Well, I hope he's able to catch the next bus."

Chapter End Notes

Midoriya: *gets shot*

Also Midoriya: oh no i'm allergic

# Late for class and full of sass

Chapter Summary

Buckle up folks. The sports festival is fast approaching.

Chapter Notes

Plot? In my crackfic? More likely than you'd think

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I'm here!" Midoriya said as he kicked open the door to the classroom.

Aizawa groaned and smacked his forehead with his hand. It seemed that he was not as thrilled about Midoriya's presence as Midoriya himself was. "You're 15 minutes late, Midoriya. I hope that this will not become a pattern."

Midoriya shrugged as he walked to his seat. "Sorry Sensei, I was assassinated and I missed the bus."

Bakugou turned in his chair to glare at Midoriya. "Murdered, not assassinated, idiot."

"How do you figure?"

"Assassination is for political reasons. Not for being a colossal dumbass."

"Excuse me but I am the official interpreter for both the president and vice president, a highly sought-after political position thank you very much."

The rest of the class said nothing, still trying to wrap their heads around the idea of Midoriya being murdered/assassinated.

"The president of a high school class, idiot! Who, might I remind you, is a fucking rabbit."

"For SHAME Ka-"

Aizawa cleared his throat loudly, cutting Midoriya off. "If you two are done discussing Midoriya's tardiness, I'd like to finish teaching so I can sleep."

“Sorry Sensei,” said Midoriya.

Bakugou just rolled his eyes.

“As I was saying before Midoriya interrupted, the sports festival is right around the corner-”

Midoriya jumped up. “The SPORTS FESTIVAL?! OhmanthesportsfestivalisonlythecoolestthingeverholycrapIcan’tbelievethatI’mgonnabeontvthisissoneat-”

“Sit DOWN, Midoriya.”

Midoriya looked around sheepishly, noticing that no one else had even reacted to the news. This was because they already knew, Aizawa had told them a few minutes before Midoriya had entered the classroom.

“Sorry Sensei,” he repeated, slowly sinking back into his chair.

“Anyways, the sports festival is fast approaching. Nedzu has decided that to continue on schedule will send some sort of message to the villains that we are no worse for wear after their attack. I however think that it’s illogical to televise every student’s weaknesses when we are well aware that a group of murderers is actively hunting us, but I was unfortunately outvoted by the counsel of muscles-for-brains you call teachers.”

Fun fact: some of you may be under the impression that the brain is actually a muscle itself, thus rendering Aizawa’s insult rather ineffective. This is, however, merely a myth and therefore “muscles-for-brains” is a perfectly logical offense.

“Your lessons will start to prepare you for the inevitability of child stardom that will face the stronger of you, as well as training you to handle the stress of pushing yourself to the point of exhaustion and quite literally going past your body’s limits.

“And before you say anything, Midoriya, yes I know that breaking your bones does not necessarily bother you but it *does* bother those watching, myself included. This means that you will not be exempt from these classes. Do I make myself clear?”

The class nodded.

Iida raised his hand.

“And I assume you’re wondering, of course, what the point of the sports festival is?”

“Actually I was-”

“Well you should be. Nedzu says that it’s to interest mentors for your internships, but that’s just a cover.”

Todoroki leaned closer, intrigued at the prospect of a conspiracy.

“Really it’s just a massive fundraiser for the school. We sell those seats at outrageous prices and Nedzu coaches all the business students on setting up betting rings based on his analysis of each student.”

Midoriya tapped Bakugou’s shoulder and whispered once he turned. “Aizawa only got into the hero course because of the sports festival. He’s still bitter.”

Now Midoriya’s definition of a whisper was much louder than most would consider, as such the entire class heard the comment that was intended for Bakugou’s ears only.

“I am NOT bitter,” said Aizawa.

He was.

“Other schools have bake sales,” he continued. “Ours makes children fight each other. Plus ultra I guess.”

This was unfortunately a very acute observation. Not that it was necessarily a bad thing, there was a reason the school could afford all those robots and it started an N and ended with an edzu-selling-the-rights-to-brodcast-and-advertise.

“Anyways,” Aizawa sighed. “The whole situation makes me tired. You have the rest of the morning off. I don’t care what you do as long as you don’t wake me up.” And with that, he zipped up the rest of the sleeping bag that he was seemingly halfway into already and fell asleep.

-

Iida and Uraraka walked up to where Midoriya and Bakugou were arguing at their desks.

“-See?! ‘An assassination is the murder of an important person which is conducted for political or religious reasons,’ they didn’t fucking kill

you for ‘religious reasons’!”

Midoriya rolled his eyes. “It was political, I swear.”

“You don’t even know who did it, how the hell would you know that it was fucking political-”

“Excuse me!” Iida said, chopping an arm directly between the two. “I hate to interrupt but I am very concerned about the implications that Midoriya possibly came close to finding himself in death’s icy grip.”

Bakugou scoffed. “No need to worry, the dumb fuck has already made death his bitch.”

Midoriya glared at him before turning his attention to Iida. “Sorry for worrying you, Iida. But, clearly, I am fine. I just got a little shot this morning.”

Iida did not know how to respond to this.

“His quirk heals him,” Bakugou said, noting Uraraka and Iida’s stunned expressions. “Remember?”

“Oh yeah!” said Midoriya. “Right. It, uh, heals me. That’s why I’m alive now actually. My quirk. Not cuz I’m immortal because that would be stupid and not even a little bit possible.”

Now it would do you good to realize that at this point Midoriya was only barely trying to hide his immortality. This was because he figured that now that Shigaraki knew the only thing holding him back from shouting his quirk from the rooftops (and then subsequently jumping off said rooftops) was that it would cause an unimaginable amount of trauma and Midoriya didn’t actually think that was wise.

“How have you not died yet?” Uraraka asked in awe.

“Believe me, I have.”

“Wha-”

“Anyways!” Midoriya stood up suddenly. “Lovely talk, but I’m afraid there’s only about a month till the sports festival and I really should talk to Mei about speeding up production on my grenade noose. Bye!” he said as he skipped out the door.

The three were quiet for a moment.

“What’s a grenade noose?” Iida asked.

“How the hell should I know?” Bakugou said.

Uraraka shrugged. “You and Midoriya seem to function on the same wavelength.”

Bakugou looked at her in disgust. “Take that back!

-

Midoriya quite literally ran into All Might as he exited the room.

“Oh! Young Midoriya! I was just about to see if I could grab you from class. Er, what exactly are you doing out of your class?”

Midoriya shrugged. “Aizawa let us out early. I was going to go talk to Mei about finishing up my grenade noose.”

“Your what?” All Might asked, confused and concerned. “Nevermind. Can you spare a moment? I have a few things I wish to discuss with you.”

“I dunno. It’s pretty important that I talk to Mei before she decides to scrap the original design and add spikes.”

“Would that be an issue?”

“Of course it would! What if the spikes stabbed the grenades? They might explode!”

This left All Might in quite the predicament. You see he had assumed, logically so I might add, that the purpose of the grenades was in fact, to explode. He avoided this conundrum by deciding to drop the topic altogether.

“Yes well, I promise to not take too much of your time.”

Midoriya sighed. “Okay then.”

-

The two of them found a quiet office to talk in and All Might returned to his skinny form.

“I’m afraid,” All might started. “That the USJ attack has once more limited my time limit. I can now only hold my All Might form-”

“Y’all Might,” Midoriya interjected.

All Might glared at him. “This is rather serious, you know.”

“Sorry.”

“For about an hour.” All Might sighed. “As it is, I’m nearly out of commission which makes your mastery of One for All even more important. How is the quirk treating you, my boy?”

Midoriya shrugged. “Fine, I guess. I’ve got it up to the point where I can use a few hits at twenty percent without dying so that’s an improvement I guess.”

“And how is it working with your original quirk? Is it bonding alright?”

“Oh yeah! I was gonna talk to you about that!”

All Might looked worried. “Is everything alright?”

“Just dandy. I think. Actually, my quirk has been acting a little strange lately, I was wondering if it’s in any way related to One for All.”

“Strange how, exactly?”

“Well, you know how when that funky face hand man killed me?”

“It’d be difficult to forget.”

“Yeah well I turned into a pile of glitter.” Midoriya paused, letting his sentence sink in. “That doesn’t actually happen.”

“I was under the impression that your quirk produced glitter as a by-product?”

“Well yeah, but that’s always *after* I come back to life, not while I’m still dead.”

“I see.”

“And it happened again this morning. Someone decided to assassinate me-”

“Isn’t assassination only for those in political positions?” All Might interrupted, ignoring the far more important issue.

Midoriya glared. “It was assassination. Believe me.”

All Might said nothing.

“But when whoever it was shot me I sorta just exploded into glitter? Usually when I’m shot I just sorta bleed out till my quirk resets me but not this time. And it’s only happened these two times, everything is normal when I kill myself which makes me wonder if the addition of One for All is causing me to react to deaths by certain other quirks. That’s my running theory so far at least.”

All Might nodded. “Seems reasonable.”

“Oh, and I haven’t really gotten around to proving it but I think that the time it takes for me to come back to life might be shortening a little which would be really nice.”

“Well, I’m glad that you seem to be enjoying yourself.”

Personally, I wouldn’t have necessarily said that Midoriya was enjoying himself, he was actually dying. Constantly.

“That’s about all I had hoped to speak with you about. I’ll let you get back to your… preparations.”

Midoriya stood and gave a curt bow to All Might. “Alright then!”

“Oh, and Midoriya?”

He stopped and turned back.

All Might smiled. “Give ‘em hell.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for 200000 hits!

I never thought that this fic would get this much attention but I'm thrilled it has. Your constant support has kept me motivated so thank you all so much

# Let the games begin!

Chapter Summary

Oh no.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hello everyone and welcome to this year's UA sports festival! I’m Present Mic and I’ll be commentating on the first-year competition today with my colleague and friend, Eraserhead!”

Aizawa’s much more tired voice came on over the speakers. “I was kidnapped. This is a literal abduction, someone call the authorities.”

Hizashi laughed nervously. “No- don’t do that- his presence here was actually very consensual. He’s just joking!”

“I am not.”

“He is. Now, the events aren’t scheduled for another half hour so feel free to enjoy our lovely concession stands set up by the business course. You may also look at the program that came with each of your tickets, which explains the order of each event.

“I’ve also been told by our principal Nedzu, to remind you that while buying concessions from the business students is entirely legal and very encouraged, taking betting odds from them is not, strictly speaking, condoned by the law. As such, if you do participate in such activities, which UA does NOT endorse, you will be held fully responsible for any legal action that will probably not happen. To learn more about how to avoid this not entirely lawful practice please consult the pamphlet titled *Double your money by betting on children: the pamphlet* for more information on how this process works, where bets are placed in order to avoid those areas, and how to avoid free money by not participating.

“Now get comfortable, today you get the exclusive privilege of buying overpriced seats in order to watch children beat up other children, our country’s favorite pastime! You are of Japan’s elite; can I get a YEAH?!”

The crowd erupted in a cheer of YEAH, clearly thrilled about the

opportunity to witness such a large part of their culture: child abuse.

-

Meanwhile, Class 1-A was changing into their school-approved gym uniforms, specially made for the sports festival.

Midoriya was just finishing zipping up his jacket when he was approached by Todoroki.

Now I'd like to remind you that while this wasn't the first time the two had interacted in this particular universe, considering I skipped over the approximately twenty-eight days in between the announcement of the sports festival and the actual start of it, this was still the first time the two of them had had a legitimate conversation with the other.

"Midoriya," Todoroki started, "Objectively speaking I'm quite stronger than you."

"I wouldn't say that!" Midoriya said, cheerfully.

"-But you do have the ability to not feel pain, which I'll admit gives you a serious advantage." By this time nearly the entirety of the class was watching the confrontation. "I'm also not entirely sure you're not immortal."

Midoriya nodded. "It has been theorized," he said, wisely.

"As such, I see you as being my main competition for this event."

"Hey!" Bakugou yelled, mad at not being seen as a bigger threat than Midoriya.

Todoroki ignored him. "This is a declaration of war, Midoriya. May the best man win."

There were gasps all around the room and the loud swearing of Bakugou.

"I accept!"

"What?!" Bakugou said, "You can't do that! I- I declare war against you too! Both of you!"

Midoriya also ignored him. "I will warn you, though, I don't plan on going easy."

“I’d expect as much,” said Todoroki before turning his back to Midoriya.

“HEY!” Bakugou yelled, “I’m talking to you two dipshits! You gotta beat me first, ya hear? THIS IS WAR!”

Everyone continued to ignore Bakugou as the bell sounded for them to take their places.

Except for, of course, Midoriya, who simply smirked at Bakugou. “In your dreams, Kacchan.”

-

"And here comes the long-awaited Class 1-A! The survivors of the USJ attack and pupils of Y’all Might! Give them a hand folks!”

The crowd obliged, cheering and hooting as the students made their way across the field.

“Oh,” Hizashi said, almost like an afterthought, “And here’s the rest of the students I guess.”

The cheers dimmed significantly.

“What the hell,” a girl from the general education course said, angrily, “We’re just here to make them look good!”

Aoyama flipped his hair. “Oh, we don’t need your help, darling!”

A boy from Class 1-B looked around too. “There are two heroic course classes, y’know. They’re all just ignoring us.”

As sad as this was, it was, in fact, the truth. You see Class 1-B wasn’t really important to the actual plot at this point and as such was largely ignored. It was an unfortunate circumstance but frankly, an unavoidable one.

“Now please welcome the heroine Midnight, who will be directing the first years today! Why they let her handle children is anyone’s guess.”

The crowd clapped politely, albeit a little confusedly as Midnight entered the arena.

“We will now hear from the grade representative, the first place contestant in the entrance exam-”

“Actually,” Aizawa said, cutting off Hizashi, “There was a tie this year. We’ll be hearing from both winners.”

“Ah heck, you don’t mean-”

Midoriya and Bakugou made their way up to the platform, Bakugou rather reluctantly. He was still quite bitter about the whole “tieing with Midoriya” situation.

Midoriya motioned for Bakugou to go first.

“Listen up all you fuckfaces.”

“Kacchan, you can’t curse on national television.”

Bakugou didn’t even look over at Midoriya as he flipped him off and continued. “I’m gonna win this thing, no doubt about it. Get ready to see me on the top of that podium, you hear? Imma wipe the floor with all these half-brained extras.”

The crowd watched in stunned silence as he handed off the microphone.

Midoriya rolled his eyes. “Sorry about him- typical Kacchan. But what’s a little competition between students, am I right?”

The crowd cheered, matching Midoriya’s excited tone.

“Today we’re going to show you all what UA is really about! The struggle to rise up against adversity, the ongoing fight between good and evil! Today you’ll watch the new generation show you what we’re made of; today you see the future of heroes!”

The crowd went wild.

Midoriya wasn’t done. “-and it wouldn’t be possible without our good friends at Hercules™!” he said as he unzipped his jacket revealing the shirt underneath to be covered with a familiar logo and the word Hercules™ written across the front and back. “Hercules™ is the brand of heroes, the number one producers of the materials used to create the costumes of even the most famous heroes, as well as being the best manufacturers of hero merch as rated by Japan Weekly!”

The audience went from excited to very very confused.

“This kid,” Aizawa said in disbelief. “Is doing a fucking brand deal.”

Unfortunately, his microphone was not on which meant that the spectators were not privy to his wise insight. Wise because Midoriya was, in fact, doing a brand deal.

“That’s why I’m proud to be sponsored by Hercules™ for this sports festival. A win for me is a win for them! Go further, be a hero: Hercules™!” Midoriya said.

The crowd clapped politely, sensing that the ad was over.

“Um,” Hizashi said, a little taken aback. “Thank you, Bakugou and Midoriya for that… wonderful speech!”

“You got sponsored?!” Bakugou asked in both amazement and anger as they walked down the podium.

Midoriya shrugged. “It was only reasonable. I make a pretty penny depending on how far I get AND all the hero merch I could ever want.”

“You never cease to amaze me.”

“Thank you!”

“It wasn’t a compliment.”

“Now!” Hizashi called over the speakers, “It’s time for the first event. Let the games BEGIN!”

Chapter End Notes

> Time for some fun! The sports festival is upon us and ready to beat you up for lunch money.
>
> Just a bit of an interlude for this chapter, sorry bout that, but next chapter we'll finally *actually* start

# Go For Gold pt. 1 - Run like the wind

Chapter Summary

Midoriya flies to victory

Chapter Notes

For the record: I absolutely hate to recount canon scenes so if I do not mention a particular event or only briefly skim over it then just assume it happened exactly as it did in canon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Alright! Settle down everyone, the first event is about to begin. Welcome again to the sports festival, for those of you who are just tuning in via broadcast, know we have all our legalities in order and insurance will cover any casualties, or so Nedzu tells me. We will be starting today’s events soon with an obstacle course to weed out the weaklings!” Hizashi said excitedly.

“The Gen Ed students are not weaklings, Yamada."

"Never said they were, just heavily implied it!"

“Yama-” Aizawa started.

“Who do you think will win this round, Shouta?” Hizashi said, changing the subject.

Aizawa groaned. “I couldn’t care less.”

“I think Midoriya- that’s the broccoli-haired kid for you, listeners -has a shot.”

“Please don’t mention him. For the sake of my mental wellbeing, I am only allowing myself to acknowledge his existence twice a day.”

“Speaking of which,” Hizashi said, ignoring Aizawa. “Now’s the time to cast your bets if you haven’t yet! It seems that Midnight is motioning that they’re about to start. I hope you all are ready for a show!”

-

Midoriya started to shove his way out of the gate as soon as the race

started but soon found that this was rather difficult as he had almost immediately tripped and was at that very moment being quite literally trampled by the students.

“Hey! Watch it-” he grumbled as he struggled to regain his footing. “Gosh. You people can’t even show some common decency,” Midoriya said, ignoring that he had, only thirty seconds prior, been pushing everyone out of his way with a cry of, “Outta my way! Main character coming through!”

His late start meant that he missed Todoroki’s shenanigans and was able to easily climb over the dead robots.

A very familiar maniacal laugh could be heard from the next obstacle. “Time to show off my babies!” Hatsume said loudly, aiming a modified (and technically not up to code) grappling gun at the cliff opposite her.

“Hey!” Midoriya jogged up to her. “Mind if I get a ride?”

-

“Would you look at that!” Hizashi said excitedly. “It seems Bakugou has caught up to Todoroki at the very last obstacle. He looks about ready to kill the son of the number two hero, but from what I hear that’s pretty par for the course.”

“It’ll all come down to how they handle the glitter mines,” Aizawa said in a monotone, much like he was reading from a script.

He was, in fact, reading from a hastily scribbled note Hizashi had written upon deciding that Aizawa needed to participate more.

Bakugou, from down on the course, scoffed at the commentary. His teachers were idiots for thinking he couldn’t deal with a little glitter. After all, he had been friends with Midoriya ever since their quirks had come in. As such he was actually quite familiar with glitter, I’d go so far as to say immune.

Bakugou displayed this immunity by rushing headfirst into the minefield, not sparing a second to think about the consequences.

“And it seems Bakugou has taken that as a challenge!” Hizashi commentated. “Look at that boy fly! And I mean that quite literally, it seems he has disregarded all the mines and is simply using his quirk to direct himself in the correct direction as he explodes.”

Todoroki, not one to back down from a challenge, used his ice to propel him across the minefield.

At the same time, Midoriya thanked Hatsume for allowing him to use her grappling hook to hop the chasm and began to survey the situation. He noted Bakugou's tactic of simply using the mines to propel himself and began to devise a plan.

"Hold on, Mei!"

The girl turned around.

"Do you still have that collapsible shovel on you?"

Hatsume grinned widely.

-

"Bakugou and Todoroki are neck and neck, folks! It looks like it'll come down to which of them has enough energy for one final push as they near the finish- hold up, is that a child?!" Hizashi looked out the window of the booth before squinting at the video feed being broadcasted. "Ladies and gentlemen I think that there is an actual child flying at very unsafe speeds overtop the contestants. Goodness, that's a lot of glitter."

Aizawa groaned and slammed his head into the counter. "Stupid-goshdarn-problem-child-"

Midoriya was, in fact, soaring towards the top two contestants and nearly 60 miles per hour, showing no signs of stopping before the finish line.

This was because he had actually dug up nearly two dozen glitter mines and then jumped onto the pile of highly dangerous explosives in order to propel himself through the last stretch of the course. This was, of course, a terrible idea that shouldn't have had any chance of success. However, Midoriya is the main character and as such is privy to luxuries like immortality.

"NO YOU FUCKING *DON'T*." Bakugou launched himself into the air with his quirk and intercepted Midoriya mid-flight. Unfortunately, he forgot to account for the fact that Midoriya still very much had momentum. This meant that the two of them continued to fly over and across the finish line before tumbling head over heels together into the dirt as Todoroki watched in shock.

The crowd was silent for a moment, watching as the two boys slowly stood up, seemingly unsure of what happened themselves.

“I- I believe we have our winners, folks!” Hizashi said.

“There is no way that was legal,” Aizawa argued.

Midnight looked up at the booth and shrugged.

“In an unprecedented finale both Midoriya and Bakugou tie for first place, give them a hand!”

The spectators obliged.

“No.” Bakugou turned to Midoriya in fury. “NO.”

Midoriya smiled. “Gosh. Looks like we tied again, huh Kacchan?”

“NO!” Bakugou launched himself at Midoriya and the two tumbled back into the dirt.

They continued their brawl as the media vultures approached, cameras raised.

“Get the hell away from me!” Bakugou yelled at them, pulling himself away from Midoriya with a newly split lip. “I ain’t gonna give you a fucking interview about my win or shit so don’t even think about it!”

“*Our* win, Kacchan.”

“You fucking communist-” He threw himself at Midoriya once again.

The reporters coughed as the new assault created a cloud of glitter from the mines to fly at them.

“What about you, Midoriya?” A particularly brave reporter asked, shoving his microphone near the tumbling children. “Mind giving the public a statement?”

“Sorry-” Midoriya grunted as he pushed Bakugou back to the ground. “I’m afraid I’m contractually obligated to only speak to one particular reporter. Oh!” He looked past the dozen or so reporters. “Speak of the devil, there she is.”

Kichi Kanzaki walked confidently through the wall of reporters. “Midoriya! Glad to see you won, you ready for this?”

“Yup! Hey- Kacchan, get off me- I’m trying to grow my fanbase, you nitwit.”

Midoriya brushed his clothes off and smiled into the camera. “Hey everyone! I’m Midoriya Izuku, winner of the first round of UA’s first-year sports festival, live from the stadium. And I couldn’t do it without the help of my sponsor, Hercules™.”

“OY! I won it too!” Bakugou yelled, trying to shove his way into frame.

“Ignore him.”

“Wow! Kanzaki said. “This sponsor of yours sounds quite interesting. Mind telling me more?”

“Of course, Mysterious-reporter-I’ve-never-met! Hercules™ isn’t just for heroes, they’re very appreciative of their civilian buyers and work hard to ensure that each customer receives the absolute best service.”

“Really? You mean that even ordinary people like myself can take full advantage of the wide array of Hercules™ hero merch and their high-quality brand name clothing line?”

“That’s right! For some of the cheapest rates of any company, you can buy clothes made out of the very same materials as used in many hero costumes, including yours truly!”

Bakugou looked at the two in confusion. “What the hell?! You two coordinated this?!”

Midoriya turned and glared at Bakugou. “Kacchan, if you will shut the fuck up I’ll give you 12% of my cut. Deal?” he hissed.

Bakugou stumbled backward, surprised. “Yeah okay. Sure. Whatever.”

“Wonderful!” He turned back. “Now, where was I?”

“You were just telling our viewers about the wonders of Hercules™ and their huge selection of products.”

“Ah yes! And for a limited time, you can use the code ‘Gold Glitter’ for 20% off your first purchase in any Hercules™ store or their online website. Go further, be a hero: Hercules™!”

“And cut!” Kanzaki lowered the camera. “Beautifully done, I’ll see you after the next event.”

“Izu, what the actual fuck?! Just how big was this brand deal?” Bakugou asked.

Midoriya shrugged. “Pretty big I guess. Don’t worry, I had Mom look over all the legal paperwork before I signed anything.”

“Still-”

“Y’know I think I actually pull off pink glitter,” Midoriya said, changing the subject. He looked down at his shirt which was still covered in the hot pink glitter from the mines. “It’s a nice change of pace.”

“Izu-”

“We should probably start getting ready for the next event, don’t you think?”

Bakugou sighed, realizing that he would never get all the answers he wanted. “Yeah, I suppose we should.”

Chapter End Notes

> Midoriya over here giving in to the temptation of capitalism while still maintaining first place AND pissing off Bakugou. He's just a high quality multitasker

# Go For Gold pt.2 - Plan F

Chapter Summary

> The F stands for “what the frickity-frack-fuckness is this funky facinorous (and possibly fatal) shitshow”

Chapter Notes

> Chapter 50! That’s half a century if we’re speaking in terms of years. We’re not, but I still think it sounds rather impressive.

“...points are determined by each individual's place in the first task. The better the score the more the points,” Midnight explained. “Of course, typically this would result in first place having a bounty of ten million points, however, due to the tie, both Midoriya and Bakugou will have five million each.”

“Thank you for that beautiful explanation of the second task, Midnight!” Hizashi said. “For those of you just now tuning in please consult the anime or manga for a more detailed explanation of this round.”

“The children are grouping up, Yamada,” Aizawa said.

“That they are! Oh my, some of these combinations are looking to be quite interesting. I must say, I’m excited to see what this round offers.”

Aizawa, who was watching Midoriya and Bakugou exchange a knowing look, did not share his friends excitement.

“I think the word you’re looking for is afraid,” Aizawa said quietly.

“What?”

“I said you should be afraid.” Aizawa turned to look at his friend and his eyes, just barely peeking out of his bandages, were those of a man who had lost all faith in the concept of peace. “Scared Yamada, be scared.”

-

“Kacchan!” Midoriya jutted his hand out at his friend as the two of them walked towards each other. “Join me in the fight against evil!”

“You mean our classmates?”

“Evil!” he repeated.

“Fair enough.” Bakugou clasped hands with Midoriya. “Obviously you’ll want me on your team to ensure that you move on to the next round. After all, we both know I’d beat your ass if I was on a different team. Who else were you thinking-”

Midoriya, who had tuned out Bakugou as soon as he began to ramble, turned. “Mei! Have you got all our gear?”

Hatsume, who was struggling to stuff a comically large pile of weapons and various support items into a souped-up backpack, turned to look at him. “Almost!”

“Hold on a sec, you asked her before me?!”

“Priorities, Kacchan.”

Before Bakugou got the chance to explode Midoriya and tell him exactly where he could stick his priorities, Uraraka approached.

“Mind if I join you?”

“Please do!” Midoriya smiled at her. “My plan relies quite heavily on you.”

Uraraka tilted her head. “You have a plan? Already?”

“Of course! It pays to be prepared, you know,” Midoriya said.

This was an understatement on Midoriya’s part. He in fact had several plans, all dependent on different possibilities for the second challenge. At this point in time he had almost settled on plan F under the cavalry battle section. Plan F was specifically created with the quirks of both him, Bakugou, Hatsume, and Uraraka in mind. Since that appeared to be his team he figured they had a good chance if they were to use it. Mind you, this extensive planning does mean that his plan did not, in fact, actually rely quite heavily on Uraraka, considering such a statement implied that he had one plan (singular) rather than the 57 he truly did, only 23 of which required Uraraka’s quirk. However, his saying so did have the effect of boosting Uraraka’s confidence, intentionally of course.

Bakugou rolled his eyes, aware that Midoriya was simply taking

advantage of opportunities as he saw them. “Well then, care to enlighten us o’ great genius?”

“I’d love to!” said Midoriya, blatantly ignoring Bakugou’s sarcasm. “It’s a pretty simple three-step plan. Confuse, defuse, and abuse!” He stuck up a finger as he said each point.

His team was quiet for a moment, at least Bakugou and Uraraka were. Hatsume was humming as she loaded her guns but that was beside the point, after all, she had already been briefed on all 57 plans beforehand.

“What,” Bakugou started, “and I mean this in the most judgmental way possible, the actual fuck.”

“I think I’m going to need a little elaboration…” Uraraka said.

“It’s simple really. Mei and I spent the last month designing support gear for this challenge. Just follow my lead and we’ll be sure to win.”

Uraraka raised her eyebrow. “Is that allowed? Using someone else's support gear that is?”

“Don’t worry! I’ve read all the rules and it doesn’t explicitly say we can’t, as long as the gear has been registered ahead of time it shouldn’t matter who uses it.”

“His mom’s a lawyer,” Bakugou said to Uraraka. “He always reads the fine print on stuff.”

“Besides,” Midoriya continued. “Mei and I tested my theory last round. I used her grappling gun to clear the chasm and the judges didn’t say anything. They can’t say anything now without risking consistency!”

Bakugou and Uraraka looked at each other before realizing they simply could not argue with this logic.

“Now the thing about me and Bakugou having the ten million points is that we can easily win this whole thing by just playing keep away,” Midoriya continued. “But I don’t want to just win.” His face split into a wide shit-eating grin. “I want to *conquer*.”

You see, as laissez-faire as Midoriya often acted, what with his immortality and all, there was a reason he and Bakugou were such good friends and that reason was Midoriya’s overwhelming

competitive nature.

“We’re going to show everyone watching that Team Glitter Bomb is a force to be reckoned with by not only keeping our ten million but taking everyone else’s points too and becoming the ultimate champions.”

“I’m in,” Bakugou said, excited at the prospect of the challenge. “But why glitter bomb?”

“I’m the glitter, you’re the bomb, Mei makes them, Uraraka detonates them.”

“I what-” Uraraka started.

“You’ll see!”

“Okay but-” Uraraka was cut off as a paper-like bag hit her face. She picked it up and then squinted at Hatsume who had just chucked it at her. “Is this a barf bag?!”

“Believe me, you’ll need it,” said Midoriya.

Uraraka looked at him warily.

“Uraraka,” he said. “Do you wanna win? I mean REALLY win.”

Uraraka smiled and rolled her eyes. “I see what you’re doing. You aren’t going to get me on board that easily.”

Midoriya, of course, was trying to spur on Uraraka by reawakening her inherent determined nature. Such a tactic was highly effective if one was to go by the fire burning in her eyes already.

“Come on! I know you have a competitive side too. Now tell me what you want!”

“To win!” Uraraka, despite her earlier statement that she couldn’t be persuaded, pumped a fist in the air.

“LETS WIN THIS THING!”

“YEAH!!!!”

The two of them, now essentially an echo chamber of pumped-upness, then proceeded to scream at each other, each progressively getting louder. At that point, Bakugou joined, incorrectly interpreting this

bonding experience as yet another challenge, one that he was unable to not join in order to prove his superiority.

-

“Yamada, the children are screaming.”

“Seems they are. You all know what that means, it’s time to begin!”

“That’s not what screaming means.”

“I disagree. Now, get ready everyone, it’s time for the second challenge!”

# Go for Gold pt. 3 - Team Glitter Bomb

Chapter Summary

Midoriya and his team start step one: confuse

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Now before I tell you about the second challenge I feel the need to provide a quick caveat about the nature of unwritten rules. You see, often those who provide a verbal explanation tend to skim over the do's and don'ts of certain activities, as opposed to dwelling on the specifics like a rulebook might.

For example, while the man taking your ticket at the corn maze may not tell you *not* to sneak in a pair of hedge clippers hidden under your trench coat for the sole purpose of creating your own path, thus thwarting the task in the most efficient manner, he WILL kick you out and refute all your arguments by telling you that the rule was simply implied and asking if you truly do lack common sense.

I am telling you this, of course, because the second task did not, in fact, have a written rulebook. Rather, Midnight had explained the bare basics of the cavalry battle and it would be up to the other teachers, specifically Aizawa and Hizashi as the commentators, to determine the rest of the rules on a situation by situation basis. This meant that the participants were allowed the option of creativity and out-of-the-box thinking if they so wished and were brave enough.

Out of the box, they thought indeed, or, more accurately, out of the ring as Team Glitter Bomb flew nearly two and a half stories into the air as soon as the whistle sounded, leaving both the ground and the competition behind them.

"Woah!" Hizashi exclaimed, "Is that even legal?!"

"I don't know," Aizawa replied. "Aren't you the judge?"

"Oh yeah. I guess I am. Well then, folks. Team Bakugou seems to be airborne, however, as a very qualified judge, I will allow this, as long as their feet don't touch outside of the ring."

Back in the ring, the teams were looking up at the four in confusion. It

seemed Midoriya was holding his teammates, a jetpack helping to keep them in the sky, as well as Uraraka's quirk if the slightly green tint to her face was any indication.

"Mei?" Midoriya asked, concentrating on balancing the three teenagers he was at that moment holding while suspended in the sky. "Now would be a good time for that new invention of yours."

"Just a second!" Hatsume rummaged in her backpack, finally pulling out what looked like a gun in triumph. "Ah-ha! Got it!" She shot the item, which was in fact, not just any old gun, but a grappling gun. Nor was it just any old grappling gun, for as the rope flew directly up into the sky, the strands split into nine different cords which then fell back down, each attaching to a different part of the stadium edge.

After the rope settled Uraraka relaxed her quirk and let out a breath of relief. The team hung there, suspended in what looked like an amateur spider's web. However amateur it might have been, it was effective. Team Glitter Bomb was completely out of reach.

"Well, would you look at that!" Hizashi said. "I'm not totally sure what just happened there but it sure looked neat. What was that thing? A net launcher?"

"I call it the Hydra Hook!" Hatsume yelled in response. Hizashi, being as it was three-fifths of a stadium away, did not hear her.

"Contestants," Aizawa said, "Need I remind you that you are still in the middle of a competition? The status of the ten million point team isn't important as the rest of you also have points."

Aizawa did need to remind them of this. As he did, the students looked at each other, remembering that they could technically attack all of the other competitors and did not necessarily need to only go after the team with the most points. This realization was very abrupt and occurred at about the same time in each person.

As they began to attack each other, creating a full-blown riot that the UA sports festival was well known for, Team Glitter Bomb remained safely suspended above the competition.

"That worked well," said Midoriya. "Now everyone will just assume we'll try to stay out of reach and qualify for the next round through avoidance alone."

"But we won't, right?" Bakugou asked, insistently. You see he very

much wanted to blow something up and that was a very difficult task when one was dangling in midair.

“Of course not. It’s time for stage one: confuse. Mei? If you’d be so kind as to set the confusion grenades?”

Bakugou, rolled his eyes, annoyed that they were confusion grenades instead of concussion grenades, his favorite flavor of grenades.

As Hatsume reached into her pack and began preparing the weapons, Dark Shadow flew up to Bakugou in an attempt to steal his headband.

“Ha!” The shadow laughed. “You forgot that you’re not the only one who can fly!”

“Hmm.” Midoriya looked at Dark Shadow in concentration, watching as Bakugou screamed at him and tried to explode the bird. “I guess Tokoyami’s range has increased in the past few weeks.”

“Shut up, Izuku!” Bakugou screamed. “And get this damn disembodied bird off me!”

“Mei?”

“On it!” Hatsume tossed the bombs to Uraraka with a yell of “Catch!” before reaching once more into her pack and pulling out an apple.

Bakugou looked at her in disbelief. “What are you, Dora the fucking Explorer and her magic ass backpack?”

“Actually my pack is specially enhanced to give it the appearance of looking smaller than it actually is-”

“Did I fucking ask.”

“Well you-”

“Hey, Dark Shadow,” Midoriya said, interrupting the squabble. “I’ll give you an apple if you promise to stop attacking us.”

Dark Shadow scoffed at this. “Do you seriously think I’d betray Fumikage for an apple?”

Midoriya just smiled.

You see, while Dark Shadow was a product of a quirk and typically regarded as having no loyalty other than towards Tokoyami this

simply wasn't true. He in fact had one other jarring weakness and it was this that Midoriya was attempting to exploit.

“Because I totally will,” Dark Shadow continued. “Gimme.” He grabbed the apple and flew down.

“Not to rush you,” Uraraka said, trying her best to hold onto all the bombs that had been unceremoniously shoved into her arms. “But can we hurry this up?”

“Oh yeah!” Midoriya said, suddenly remembering what his original plan had been. “Don’t worry about those, just activate your quirk on them and send them drifting down. Mei’s work will do the rest.”

Uraraka looked at him skeptically but did as he asked.

The rest of the competition hardly noticed the bombs floating around them, weaving in and out of the area of combat. But then Midoriya motioned for Uraraka to drop her quirk and as she did the bombs detonated.

And then EVERYONE noticed.

Chapter End Notes

> Midoriya is uncomfortably familiar with bombs, what with knowing Bakugou and all

# Go for Gold pt. 4 - Chaos sometimes appears as the blood of an immortal god of toddler crafts, not specifically Midoriya, mind you, although I can see why you thought that considering his whole immortality with a side effect of glitter blood quirk thing

Chapter Summary

This situation was actually Midoriya's fault though. Don't worry, no one's dead yet.

Chapter Notes

Good morning! Here's an update to make the fact that it's a Monday just a little more bearable.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I've never seen anything like it!" Hizashi yelled. "It's complete and total chaos! I'll be honest folks, I'm not entirely sure myself what's happening."

"Isn't it obvious?" Aizawa said. "Team Bakugou is taking advantage of Nedzu's 'no limits on support gear' rule."

Team Glitter Bomb, had in fact, released nearly a dozen miscellaneous bombs, each one a terrifying concoction birthed from the darkest recesses of their minds. In short, there was a lot of glitter.

The four of them watched the mayhem safely from their perch in the sky.

Uraraka watched her unlucky peers with the utmost concern. "What was *in* those bombs?!"

Midoriya shrugged. "A bit of this, a bit of that."

"Some paint, a bit of liquidized hair spray, quite a bit of glitter and glue-" Hatsume listed.

"I knew that a twelve-gallon jug of glue would come in handy someday," said Midoriya.

“Why did you have a twelve-gallon jug of glue?”

“Reasons.”

“-Borax, shaving cream, alcohol ink, lemon extract, nitroglycerine-” Hatsume continued.

“That one was Kacchan’s contribution,” Midoriya interjected.

Bakugou looked confused. “I don’t remember giving you any of my nitroglycerine.”

“Well, technically you didn’t give it to me. I just sorta took it.”

“How the hell did you steal my own sweat-”

“-Aluminum, barium, a box of those tiny foam balls,” Hatsume said, not even slightly deterred by the separate conversation. “Quick drying resin, super absorbent polymers, and way too much gunpowder.”

“Oh,” Uraraka said.

The gunpowder did explain why Kaibara’s hair was on fire. And Awase’s. And Sato’s.

Nearly five minutes later and the disorder did not appear to be dispersing. If anything the ring was becoming more chaotic as several of the students seemed to be attempting to use their quirks to overcome the absolute mass of what appeared to be the remains of an entire craft supply store that had fallen from the sky and was also on fire and exploding at random intervals for some reason. This was not effective. Instead, their efforts actually had the result of adding mushrooms, vines, ice, and electricity to the already overwhelming situation. As it was, nearly half of the students became incapacitated by the confusion bombs, with another quarter falling victim to their classmates, and in some cases, their own teammates' quirks.

This was all covered, of course, by a running commentary from Hizashi with the occasional comment from Aizawa. His thoughts seemed to be more that of just a general annoyance but resigned acceptance to the entire situation.

Bakugou began to grow restless at the very obvious lack of the violence he had been promised. This is not to say there was no violence, mind you, just that the violence that had been committed at that point had not necessarily involved Bakugou. Unless you were to

count the many bombs which they had thrown at those below. Bakugou did not.

The clock had run down to only four minutes when Midoriya decided that their opponents had been sufficiently confused.

“Alright, team! It’s time for phase three, abuse!”

“What about phase two, defuse?” Uraraka asked.

“The three stages were more of a suggestion, really. I just liked that they rhymed, to be honest,” Midoriya said. “Besides, they seem pretty defused to me. Well, most of them.”

“Whatever, let’s just get this thing fucking started,” said Bakugou.

“Fair enough. Mei? You have my noose, right?” At her nod and Uraraka’s concerned stare, he continued. “Let’s prepare Kacchan then and get back down there.”

-

“I’m so confused,” Aizawa admitted.

“About what? The fact that three-quarters of the competitors are covered head to toe in a glittery sludge that can be none other than the blood of some immortal god of toddler crafts?” Hizashi asked, unaware that Midoriya himself happened to fit that description a little too much.

“Aoyama does seem to be enjoying himself.”

“-or are you confused that Hatsume seems to be roping Bakugou?”

“Specifically the latter, although the former is equally concerning.”

“Well, I think it’s rather obvious.”

“You do?”

“Of course! Clearly, Team Bakugou is paying their respects to their teacher, and savior, as of the USJ attack, Y’all Might.”

Aizawa blinked. “Excuse me?”

“It’s pretty evident that they’re lassoing Bakugou, which is a clear allusion to Y’all Might’s signature brand. I feel very confident in

assuming that they are attempting to win this round in honor of Y'all Might. I, for one, commend their efforts."

The crowd cheered in agreement.

-

This was not, in fact, what Midoriya had in mind.

Now upon hearing Hizashi's commentary he was slightly regretting not leaning into the Y'all Might theme but it was far too late at that point. He sighed. "Don't suppose you happen to have any spare cowboy hats in that backpack of yours?" he asked Hatsume.

She shook her head. "Nope! Only a single sombrero."

Midoriya looked confused for a second before remembering the multiple backup plans the two of them had discussed. "A som… Oh! For plan 7-B. I nearly forgot." Before his other two teammates had a chance to question him he clapped his hands. "Anyway! Let's get down there and get us some points!"

-

Getting some points was actually just as easy said as done. This was largely due to the fact that both Hatsume and Uraraka had been equipped with two very threatening guns that in actuality did nothing but spit bubbles that had the odd quality of looking like floating orbs of fire, although they were really quite harmless. This sight was threatening enough to cause most people to think twice before attacking the rampaging team. There was also the added benefit that Midoriya, an immortal that could not actually feel pain, was heading their group with no regard to his personal wellbeing.

And of course, there was also Bakugou, with the noose tied securely around his waist, using Uraraka's quirk to float above the crowd and his own to direct himself as he flew around, screaming, much like a terrifying, exploding, death balloon.

It was this plus the additional combination of the catastrophe left by the confusion bombs that allowed Team Glitter to easily secure the majority of the headbands in mere minutes.

Until this dream team was confronted with another team, one that had managed to avoid the majority of the mess from their early onslaught, one with a secured headband themselves.

Team Monoma stood only a few feet away, and he looked ready to have some fun.

Chapter End Notes

HA! Cliffhanger! Kinda.

Anyways, as the one-on-one battles near, I'm beginning to figure out who I should pair with who. I was curious though as to if y'all have any suggestions for some new and interesting (or just downright hilarious) combinations.

Mind you I will definitely consider pairs with characters that didn't make it to the third round in canon.

I'm still not sure how much I'll focus on each fight and some will probably only be briefly mentioned but if you have a fun idea just leave a comment!

Thank you all again for sticking with this fic, it's been nearly a year since I started this and I love y'all for coming along for the ride and offering your support the whole way.

# Go for Gold pt. 5 - To become a God

Chapter Summary

> Go big or go home: Team Glitter Bomb has decided to be a bunch of homeless street rats rather than give their opponents the satisfaction of tasting anything but complete and utter defeat.

Chapter Notes

> Man, it's been a long week. Or three weeks. Oh well, time is dead and meaning has no meaning, am I right?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why if it wasn’t class 1-A’s dream team!” Monoma said smugly. “Bet you didn’t expect us to pass that little test of yours, huh?”

Midoriya tilted his head. “You predicted that we’d use confusion bombs to take out the majority of the competition?”

“Er, well not exactly. But we still managed to put out the fire on Kaibara’s head.”

Kaibara’s hair did, in fact, look slightly singed.

Less talking, more destroying!” Bakugou shouted as he flew himself towards Monoma. He came to an abrupt halt as Monoma used his own quirk on Bakugou, causing an explosion to push the boy away from Team Monoma and their headband.

Bakugou sputtered, entirely appalled at Monoma's thievery. "That- You- that's MY quirk!"

Monoma looked at his fingernails. "Oh is it? I suppose you wouldn't mind if I borrowed it for a bit?"

"I most certainly DO mind!" Bakugou cut off his explosions and settled back on as the rider of his team. "Extras! Forward! Imma fucking neuter this wannabe!"

Motivated by Bakugou's less-than-stellar battle cry, Team Glitter Bomb surged forward.

Monoma let out a few warning explosions. "I wouldn't do that if I were

you, do you really think you can weather your friends' quirk?"

Midoriya laughed. “Jokes on you! I’ve been taking Kacchan’s explosions for years!”

Monoma’s lips curled into a sly smile. “So you can fight against his quirk, hmm?” He lunged forward, still talking as he reached out towards Midoriya. “How about your *own*?”

Midoriya’s eyes widened as Monoma made contact.

Now Midoriya himself felt nothing as Monoma’s quirk activated, nothing of course but the feeling of Monoma’s full palm slapping his face, a necessary step to the copying of Midoriya’s quirk. However, Midoriya was privy to watching as Monoma went through a plethora of expressions as Midoriya’s original quirk, Adrenaline Rush, began to take effect. Eventually, he settled on dilated pupils and rapid breathing as Monoma’s entire body trembled from the excess of adrenaline now flooding his veins.

“What. The. *Hell*,” Monoma said in a hush as he pulled back.

Bakugou began to cackle. “That’s PRICELESS! He- Oh man- He copied Izuku’s quirk! What an idiot!”

“WHAT-THE-HELL,” Monoma repeated, his words running together.

“Hey!” Midoriya blushed. “My quirk isn’t that bad!”

Bakugou, quite literally tearing up from laughter, responded between gulps of air and bouts of hysterics, “You broke him! Holy hell- you fucking broke him!”

Monoma looked at Midoriya with an expression akin to terror. “You *live* like this?!”

“You get used to it?” Midoriya responded, unconvincingly.

Monoma looked at his hands. “I can’t feel anything,” he muttered.

“Hey man,” Tsuburaba looked up, concerned. “You good?”

“I can’t feel pain,” Monoma said, continuing his mutters while ignoring his teammates. “I- I think I might be God.”

Now while some of Monoma’s actions at this particular moment should be blamed on nothing but his acquisition of Midoriya’s quirk,

his god complex is, in fact, not a result of Midoriya, but rather an inherent trait he has always possessed, and frankly, just part of his charm. Of course Midoriya's quirk did not help matters as Monoma's body was intensely aware that while holding Midoriya's quirk it was effectively immortal (although such a revelation was not explicitly told to Monoma himself) and as such his narcissistic condition was quite amplified by Midoriya's quirk.

"I'M INVINCIBLE!" Monoma screamed, much to the distress of his teammates.

"Okay~" Hatsume sing-songed, apparently having had enough. "It's time to go night-night now." She then proceeded to pull out a comically large sledge hammer out of her backpack and swung it straight at Monoma's skull.

Invincible as he might have been, Monoma was unconscious in seconds.

His teammates, not fans of Hatsume's decision to coldcock Monoma, began to protest although they were quickly rendered silent by a look from her and more importantly the continued existence of her hammer.

"Mei!" Midoriya protested. "You can't do that!"

She shrugged. "He had your quirk. He didn't feel a thing."

Midoriya didn't have an answer to that.

"Oy! Extras!" Bakugou yelled, addressing the remainder of Monoma's confused team. "Hand over that headband, why don't ya?"

Kaibara, intelligently, peeled the headband from Monoma's limp body and handed it over.

"Hate to interrupt," Uraraka said, speaking for the first time since they'd been attacked by Team Monoma. "But It looks like we're about to have some company."

The rest of the team turned to see Team Todoroki limping towards them.

I say limping because, like the majority of the other teams, they had been sorely affected by Team Glitter Bomb's initial attack. Specifically, it seemed that Iida's engines had been entirely gummed up by some

sick combination of a fast-drying slime and high fructose corn syrup. Additionally, Yaoyorozu had nearly exhausted her supply of lipids creating the shovels necessary to dig her and her teammates out of the epicenter of the mess. This is not to say they were entirely crippled, Todoroki seemed to be at top physical form (if one was to ignore the disheveled nature of his appearance, the bombs obviously having done a number on him), and Kaminari hadn't used his quirk at all, opting to save himself for one giant blast when it mattered most.

It seemed that a confrontation with Team Glitter Bomb was the appropriate time.

"Now!" Todoroki instructed Kaminari as they neared.

Midoriya's eyes widened in realization. "Hold on!" he yelled before proceeding to launch himself and his team into the air, shattering his legs as he did.

The timing was impeccable and Kaminari's blast missed them entirely, rendering Kaminari useless and causing Todoroki to curse as he watched them fall back to the ground.

At this point Midoriya's legs had decided that continued usage was unadvisable and in fact, impossible in their current condition.

"Oops."

"You-" Bakugou said angrily. "-fucking USELESS sack of glitter and bone dust! Can't even manage to survive a single event, damnit!"

"Hey, that's not fair! I'm still alive, I'm just crippled!"

Bakugou growled, unable to argue against this technically accurate point. "Round-face! Lighten the dumbass and toss him up here, won't ya?"

"Aww, you're gonna give me a piggyback ride, Kacchan?"

"Don't call it that! The only reason I'm doing this is cuz stupid half and half has the last headband and we can't just drag you around, now can we?" As soon as he said this there was a dawning realization as Bakugou came to the conclusion that he actually could do just that. In seconds he had untied the noose around him and had it securely fastened to Midoriya instead.

"Wait a minute! You can't do this!"

“Just did, Glitter-for-Brains.” And with that, Bakugou unceremoniously shoved Midoriya to the ground and gave the end of the rope to Hatsume. “Get ready Candy Cane!” he yelled to Todoroki. “That headband is MINE!”

-

Midoriya did not see the exchange that followed (being as it was that he was at that moment being dragged across the arena, his limbs flailing as he picked up dust and bomb residue) but he could hear it. There was a loud sound that, if Midoriya had to guess, was the sound of a boy who can create ice on command and an overzealous boy who can, and will, explode constantly without reason, clashing. Now mind you that was not what it *sounded* like, rather, the noise was akin to the dropping of a thousand glass plates onto a pile of TNT, but Midoriya’s observational skills, while lacking in the majority of situations, were particularly attuned to sounds that involved explosions, what with being friends with Bakugou for so long.

“Who’s winning?!” Midoriya yelled.

“Can’t tell!” Uraraka responded unhelpfully.

Midoriya decided to tell her this. “That’s very unhelpful!”

There were more explosion sounds and Midoriya could hear Bakugou cursing. This was also unhelpful as he would be making those sounds regardless of if he was winning or losing.

Midoriya eyed the timer on the scoreboard nervously. It read ten seconds left. “Hurry Kacchan!” he yelled. There was no response.

“Did he get it yet?!”

“Can’t tell!” Uraraka repeated.

“Can’t- You have *eyes* don’t you?!”

“There’s a lot of smoke and steam-” The timer hit zero and a loud buzz resounded through the stadium, silencing Uraraka mid-sentence.

“And… time!” Hizashi announced. “Now let's all turn our eyes to the scoreboard which-” he cut off in surprise.

Midoriya looked up at the scores and let out a loud whoop of excitement. “We did it! We did it!”

“Well this is… highly unconventional,” Hizashi said finally. “With a grand total of 10,004,305 points, Team Bakugou seems to be the only team with any points at all!”

Aizawa groaned.

“Well folks, take a little break I suppose. Us judges will figure out how to choose the other students. Congratulations Team Bakugou! You’re moving on to the final event!”

Team Glitter Bomb cheered.

Chapter End Notes

> Monoma after copying Midoriya’s quirk: im currently running on two hours of sleep, delusions of grandeur, and an oreo, and im ready to fight god- oR bECoME HIM

# Go for Gold pt. 6 - Todoroki's patented tragic backstory

Chapter Summary

As a giver of trauma Midoriya is basically a reverse psychologist.

Chapter Notes

ahhhhhhh holidays be busy. I know this update is like a month late, apologies. Eventually I'll get back on a normal schedule. Probably.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Annnd we're back!" Hizashi said. "After a *very* interesting talk, us judges have decided to break out the old swords from last year's round two. They're plastic, mind you." He chuckled. "We might be sadists but we aren't stupid."

"That's debatable," Aizawa grumbled.

"The remainder of the children, at least those not incapacitated from Team Bakugou's assault, will make their way down to the newly constructed arena where the swords are being distributed. The rules are simple: if you are touched by a sword you're out. Other than that it's a complete free for all, no restrictions whatsoever. The last twelve will move on to the one-on-one battles along with Team Bakugou so if that's actually something you're interested in then try your best to do that. Personally, I can see the appeal of both winning or losing. If you win you get fame and prestige, if you lose you don't have to fight Team Bakugou. Difficult choice for these children to make."

Aizawa, believing that the answer was rather obvious, grunted.

"That's just the life of a hero though," Hizashi continued. "Tough decisions on the regular."

-

The impromptu battle was quite fascinating to watch. Although there were those wise souls that opted to forfeit rather than risk being paired up with any member of Team Glitter Bomb, the majority chose to fight.

It was a shame that Midoriya was unable to witness the spectacle. He was instead collecting on several bets he'd placed with the business students.

"Those were some great odds you gave us, Midoriya," one said. "Everyone was willing to bet against a single team winning the whole thing."

Midoriya thumbed through some of the bills. "When Kacchan's involved it's a safe bet that anything other than complete obliteration is not an option."

Another student nodded. "Noted."

"Any predictions for the one-on-one battles?" the first one asked.

Midoriya laughed. "I wanna say I'll win, of course, but I can't be sure if Kacchan's involved. I will say this though," he said, smiling. "There's a good chance that I'll die at some point during it all."

The business students laughed with him, not knowing that he was in fact entirely serious.

-

"Midoriya?"

Midoriya looked over to see Todoroki standing in the shadows as he walked towards the cafeteria area. "Oh! Hey! I guess round 2.5 is over, huh?"

Todoroki nodded. "It was much less dramatic than the first half."

"I blame the lack of Uraraka."

Todoroki, not one for jokes, looked confused. "I'm pretty sure it was because you, Bakugou, and the support student weren't competing."

"Uh, probably," Midoriya said awkwardly. "Anyway, what can I help you with?"

"I wanted to talk."

"...I think I gathered that." Midoriya paused before motioning between the two. "Y'know, what with the whole you talking to me situation."

"Privately."

The two shuffled into an empty area, the awkwardness nearly palpable.

“So,” Midoriya said finally. “What-”

“Do you know about quirk marriages?”

“Huh? I- Yeah?”

“Yeah. So.” Todoroki avoided his eye. “Um. My dad kinda sucks.”

Midoriya didn’t know what to say.

“Anyway- he really wanted to beat All Might and instead of doing it himself he decided to raise the perfect kid to do it instead.”

“You?” Midoriya asked, not sure if he was exactly following the conversation.

“Yeah.” Todoroki then proceeded to unload his entire Tragic Backstory©, from his scar to his quirk to his father's really weird obsession with an American-themed, spandex-wearing, cowboy-cosplaying, old man.

“Look, don’t get me wrong, I’m flattered, but why are you telling me this?”

Todoroki shrugged. “You seem like the type of person to stick your nose in other people’s business, I figured I’d just tell you before you found out on your own.”

This, while a strange course of reasoning, was actually a very smart decision on Todoroki’s part.

“Oh right, I had a question for you.”

Midoriya, still a little off balance by the confusion of this strange revelation, shrugged. “Shoot.”

“Are you like All Might’s illegitimate love child?”

Now Midoriya thought he was already baffled enough at this point but nothing could have prepared him for Todoroki’s jarring change of directions. In that moment he became aware that there was really only one answer he could give.

“Gosh darn it, how’d you find out?”

Todoroki nodded sagely. “It was obvious, really.”

“Dang. And I thought I’d been doing a pretty good job of hiding it.”

“Well, that’s just one more reason why I have to beat you. Now it’s a matter of a generational feud.”

“I agree. Clearly, we were fated to be enemies. Because I am most definitely the son of the number one hero. Good ol’ Papa All Might.”

“Till we meet again, son of All Might,” Todoroki said before leaving.

As soon as he was away Midoriya allowed a wide grin to appear on his face. “Alright, Kacchan!” he called. “You can come out now.”

Bakugou, who had been spying on the whole conversation, dropped from the ceiling. “What the hell, Izuku.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“‘Good ol’ Papa All Might?’ Really?”

“It was a logical ruse.”

“Aizawa would kill you if he heard you use his terms like that.”

“You’re not even going to question the fact that Todoroki is apparently the result of the number two hero illegally buying himself a wife for the sole reason to beat All Might? And that one of society's most trusted heroes is an abuser?”

Bakugou waved a hand. “That much was obvious, half-n-half is clearly traumatized.”

“Oh yeah. Big time.”

The two of them were quite familiar with the symptoms of trauma, considering Midoriya tended to dish it out like free samples, and as such they had become quite attuned to recognizing those who were, for all intents and purposes, traumatized.

“What are you doing here anyway?” Midoriya asked, “I thought you had gone to go get lunch.”

“I did, but they’re serving avocado salad.”

Midoriya’s eyes widened in understanding.

Now I doubt that your eyes have widened in understanding considering you probably don't understand why the cafeteria serving avocado salad would cause Bakugou to skip lunch. This is because you were not a participant in the infamous “avocado incident”. This is a good thing as everyone who *had* witnessed the event were unable to ever look at avocados the same way again.

“Thanks for the warning,” Midoriya said. “Anyways, I should probably call my Mom now and ask her about seeing if we can send some alimony checks to All Might now that I’ve decided that he’s my father.”

"Your real father will be so disappointed, I'm sure."

Chapter End Notes

> So I have an issue where I was like 90% sure that in the manga it mentioned a sword fight being the second round for the year prior- right up until I tried to find where it said that. So either that's just some weird fact I made up in a fever dream state or cannon is far wilder than I thought.
>
> Either way I'm keeping it.
>
> Update: I'm not insane! (At least not in this retrospect) Apparently it's cannon. How strange

# Go for Gold pt. 7 - Destroyer of Worlds

Chapter Summary

> Aizawa and Hizashi are disappointed and the world very nearly ends. Surprisingly enough it's not entirely Midoriya's fault.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Buckle your seatbelts and place your last-minute bets because it's time for the third and final round, the one-on-one battles!" said Hizashi. "Now if you'll turn your eyes to the screen you can see the pairings, courtesy of myself and the other teachers. You may notice that we've paired up the members of Team Bakugou with each other. This was in an attempt to make it fairer to the other participants by eliminating half the team in the first round.

"So! Let's start the first battle, Bakugou, an absolute demon of a child, versus Uraraka, my personal choice."

From the arena below Bakugou screamed, "Biased!" ignoring the fact that there was no way Hizashi could possibly hear him.

Of course, he was being rather biased, but his favoritism could be excused as Uraraka did seem to be the obvious choice if the cheers from the crowd as she made her way into the arena were any indication.

"Don't go easy on me just cuz I'm a girl," she said cheerfully as the round began.

Bakugou raised an eyebrow. "I might be an asshole but I ain't fucking sexist."

"Oh. That's a pleasant surprise."

"Sexism is gay," Bakugou scoffed.

Uraraka did not know how to respond to this statement so instead she decided to try to beat him up. This wasn't because she was a violent child that often beat up other children, but more because the two of them were actually in the middle of a battle.

“Y’know,” Bakugou said as he dodged her attempt to use her quirk on him, “if you beat me here you’ll have to go up against Izuku.”

Uraraka raised an eyebrow. “He’s on the other side of the bracket, what makes you think I wouldn’t get out before then?”

Bakugou rolled out of the way as Uraraka lunged once more, aiming a halfhearted blast at her as he did. “Nah, you’re probably stronger than the rest of those weaklings.”

“I’m flattered.” Uraraka jumped back as one of Bakugou’s explosions came a little too close for her comfort.

“Doesn’t mean you can beat me.”

Uraraka smiled. “Not gonna stop me from giving it my all trying to.”

Bakugou’s hands sparked threateningly as he walked closer to her. “No, but you know what will?” Uraraka looked at him warily, trying to find an opening in his guard. “The realization that *you’ll go up against Izuku if you beat me*.”

Uraraka looked confused. “You already said that?”

“Think about it! You saw what he did to all them extras during the second round, I guarantee you the one-on-one battles will be even worse.”

Uraraka’s eyes widened.

“And he’s got a couple of bets riding on this,” Bakugou continued. “He won’t back down, I promise,” he hissed.

“You know,” Uraraka said nervously, taking a couple steps back. “I just realized something. I don’t actually want to die!” She pointed off to the side. “So if you’ll excuse me, I think I’ll just, er, leave.”

Uraraka then turned and bolted as fast as she could out of the arena.

“Huh,” Hizashi said. “I guess she’s done. It seems Uraraka has forfeited the match for some reason, folks.”

“She probably realized she might have to fight Midoriya if she won,” Aizawa said, correctly guessing Uraraka’s reasoning.

“She must have realized she’d left her oven on,” Hizashi guessed instead.

“She’s fifteen.”

“Moving on! Next up we have Ashido, Class 1-A’s resident pink girl! Gonna be honest with you, I’m not entirely sure what her deal is.”

“She’s your student, Yamada,” Aizawa said, exasperated.

“Doesn’t mean I pay attention to her! Oh, and she’s up against some gen ed nobody, Shinsou, the background character!”

Aizawa squinted at the student. Or perhaps he didn’t. It was very difficult to tell considering his eyes were still bandaged up from the USJ attack. It was a wonder he was able to see at all. “Wrong again, that’s a main character design if there ever was one.”

“Mid-tier at best,” Hizashi conceded.

“I’ll eat my pants if he doesn’t end up being at least semi-relevant to the plot.”

“I’ll take that bet.”

Meanwhile, Shinsou and Ashido were at that very moment furthering the plot by actually participating in the battle. Mind you it wasn’t much of a battle, Ashido being one who in fact rather enjoyed the sound of her own voice hadn’t been a particularly difficult target for Shinsou’s quirk.

“Hey, Yamada?” Aizawa asked, interrupting Hizashi’s rant about the edibility of pants. “Ashido just walked out of bounds.”

“Wha- Are you kidding me?!” He sighed. “Look, I get that you all are terrified of Midoriya, we all are, and the prospect of potentially fighting him makes quitting seem like a particularly appealing option, but please realize that this event funds my paycheck so I would really appreciate it if you children could actually try to kill each other for once.”

“Ignore him,” Aizawa said. “Do not kill each other. Our insurance policy won’t cover that.”

Hizashi rolled his eyes. “Luckily this next pairing promises to be interesting, Ojiro versus Kaminari, one has a weird fleshy tail attached to his butt, the other severe ADHD.”

“We all have our issues,” Aizawa added.

“And Midnight is motioning that the round is about to begin-” Hizashi stopped as the round started suddenly.

Ojiro rushed towards Kaminari who, too shocked (pun entirely intended) to react, was thrown onto his back by some martial art flip Ojiro performed. Now it just so happened that Kaminari had decided that rather than let his glaring weakness be taken advantage of he would keep his quirk in reserve until a moment came where he was certain using it would be a killing blow. This ended up not being the smartest idea as Ojiro, having to make up for the fact that his only advantage was a tail, immediately threw Kaminari out of the ring while Kaminari was still recovering the air that had been knocked out of his lungs in Ojiro’s first attack.

“Well then,” Hizashi said, stunned. “That was… quick.”

Aizawa blinked.

“Good work though, shame Kaminari didn’t get a chance to use his quirk but it seems to me like Ojiro is the only one here taking these battles seriously. Good for him.” He looked down at the list of pairings. “This next one should prove to be rather interesting though, Koda, Class 1-A’s vice president, and the actual class president too I suppose. It seems Nedzu has allowed Señor Conejito to be registered as a support item.”

Aizawa groaned and slid further in his seat.

“Oh, and would you look at that! Señor Conejito seems to have a new cowboy hat, a show of support for Y’all Might I’m sure. The two of them will be going up against Aoyama, the glitter addict.”

-

Señor Conejito watched the crowd as his vessel carried him onto the stage of the arena. They did not realize the danger they were in, they could not comprehend his power.

His puppet did and the knowledge made the boy’s heart pound in terror. Señor Conejito heard his increased breath and found it humorous. He had not wanted to take Señor Conejito, too scared of the consequences. He had been foolish to think he had a choice.

Señor Conejito’s opponent stood on the opposite side of the ring. He too was afraid of Señor Conejito’s strength; the bunny could smell fear on the boy’s scent. He found he was excited by the boy’s terror.

He commanded his vessel to lower him to the ground and, fearfully, the boy obliged. Around him, the crowd talked. They were enjoying the show, convinced of their invulnerability, believing that they were safe. Señor Conejito would show them otherwise. The man on the speaker continued to speak. He mocked Señor Conejito, not realizing his mistake. He would be the first to go.

Señor Conejito approached his enemy and watched in delight as the boy's eyes widened as he did. He could feel the connection to his servant strain. He did not want Señor Conejito to continue, afraid of what the result might be. Señor Conejito ignored his pleas, the boy was insignificant when compared to his plans, just a pawn in his game, a means to the end.

Today the world would know true terror, and its name was Señor Conejito.

The boy took a step back but it was too late. Señor Conejito had arrived. His punishment was swift and horrifying. The boy's screams were that of utter agony as he collapsed to the ground, the crowd gasping as they finally understood Señor Conejito's true nature, but it was too late. The deed was done. Soon the world would know his name.

*Now I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds,* he said in the language of his people.

It had been done.

-

"Did he-" Hizashi gasped, not sure he believed his eyes.

"The bunny peed on Aoyama," Aizawa confirmed.

Aoyama, having just finished expelling his lunch, immediately shrieked once more and ran from the arena, presumably to change clothes.

Hizashi shook his head in disappointment. "Koda and Señor Conejito move on to the next round."

Chapter End Notes

*Cackles*

Thanks to Johnny Mueller this fic now has a TV Tropes page check it out!

https://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Fanfic/Hysterical

# Go for Gold pt. 8 - Olé!

Chapter Summary

Stuff happens.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Yaoyorozu was stress eating again. Now this wasn't necessarily a bad thing, the consumption of food was actually quite important in the case of her continued existence. This is not something specific to her, for the record. It turns out that the majority of people require food as most people are, in fact, biological.

In Yaoyorozu's case, however, eating food was doubly good as it was not just her that needed to eat, but also her quirk. Her quirk was a strange one in that it seemed to have no limitations other than the requirement that she consume some form of nourishment before using it. Such an overpowered and underutilized quirk was clearly an example of author oversight.

So it was that Yaoyorozu was shoving an unprecedented volume of popcorn into her mouth (purchased from a very happy business student, of course) as she entertained the idea of immigrating in order to avoid having to participate in the one-on-one battles. Such a plan sounded very inconvenient though so she decided to stay. This did not mean she was any less stressed about the situation.

Seeing Midoriya standing nearby as he talked to a reporter also did not help her stress. Yaoyorozu made a tight 180 turn as she spotted him and made to get as far away as possible. This did not happen. Rather, Midoriya caught sight of her in the corner of his vision and hastily said goodbye to the reporter before jogging over to her.

"Hey, Yaoyorozu! You ready for your fight?"

Yaoyorozu sped up slightly. "Nope. Not even a little," she said, inhaling yet another bucket of popcorn.

"I'm sure you'll do great!"

She laughed. It was not a laugh that said, "Ha ha. That was a very funny joke you just made. It has caused me to experience humor."

Instead, her laughter had a distinctly hysterical quality and seemed to say, “If I do not become unconscious within the next minute I will most certainly explode in a manner that would most likely be very disruptive to those around me.”

Midoriya recognized this laugh. His voice softened. “Don’t worry about it, ‘k?”

“Wow,” Yaoyorozu monotoned. “Why didn’t I think of that.” It seemed stress made her sarcastic.

Midoriya laughed. “Alright, that’s on me. Here, lemme give you some real advice,” he said. “If you’re getting nervous try to make it seem like less of a big deal. Ignore the crowd and just have fun with it. Don’t even think about the next round.”

Yaoyorozu considered this. “That just might work…”

“See! I’m great moral support!”

“Oh no, definitely not. Your literal existence has caused my anxiety to go through the roof.”

“Yeah, that’s fair. I’ll just see myself out now,” he said, walking away. “Good luck!”

Strangely Midoriya’s pep talk had been rather inspirational. Yaoyorozu smiled to herself as she began to come up with a plan.

-

“Onto the next round! Give it up folks-” Hizashi cut off as Midoriya spoke inches from his ear.

“I think the mic is turned off.”

Hizashi screamed. Aizawa, to his credit, managed to barely keep himself from falling out of his chair.

“Midoriya,” he said after regaining an almost regular heart rate. “What- How- I-” he stuttered.

Midoriya shrugged. “I thought you guys could use some help with the commentary.”

Hizashi examined the wall. “The door’s closed. What the-”

Midoriya gave them both jazz hands, spraying glitter all over them as he did. “Magic! Now turn on the mic and let’s get started. I’m excited for this one!”

Not being able to form a coherent objection, Hizashi complied.

-

“Everyone give it up for Yaoyorozu, the girl with unlimited potential, and Iida, the boy with rocket legs!”

The crowd cheered as the two entered the ring.

“And begin!” Hizashi said. “Wow, look at Iida go! Just an immediate charge, ruthless. It seems Yaoyorozu has dodged his kick though, and she seems to be creating… well I’m not sure what it is but I can only assume it will be beneficial to her position.” He squinted. “I think it might be a shield.”

“Actually I think it’s a cape,” Midoriya corrected.

“What? Why would she have a cape?”

Below Yaoyorozu answered this question as she finished pulling the small red cape from her arm and threw it over Iida’s head, temporarily blinding him. She then blinded him in a much more permanent way as she used the cape as a barrier and, much like one would use a bag to pick up their pet’s excrement, plucked his glasses from off his face and crushed them in her grasp.

Hizashi gasped. “It seems the polite young heiress plays dirty!”

Iida, now unable to see in any real capacity beyond his own nose, threw out his arm and tried to feel his way around. Yaoyorozu, of course, ran to the other end of the ring.

Now I must interrupt to make one small clarification. I realize that a good portion of you reading this do not understand the pain of being visually impaired. Chances are many of you simply exist with the ability to see and do not even appreciate how blessed you truly are. As such I will now attempt to demonstrate what Iida was at this moment seeing.

If you will hold your hand out in front of your face. Focus on it. Now without shifting your focus acknowledge how very very blurry the world around you is. This is how the typical optically challenged

individual views the world. With this newfound realization please understand that Iida's impairment was far above average and as such his sight was more a massive blend of colors and nothing else. So it was that his only hint of Yaoyorozu's location was the blur of red that was her cape.

As intended.

Iida charged towards the red cape, doing all he could to continue the battle in his current condition.

"And Yaoyorozu spins out of the way at the last second!" Midoriya said as he grabbed the microphone from Hizashi. "Oh! Just look at Iida stumble!"

Yaoyorozu was the epitome of grace as she dodged each of Iida's blind attempts. This was mostly due to the several years she had spent in dance lessons as a child.

"What a matador!" Midoriya continued. "Can I get an olé?" The crowd obliged, cheering loudly. Several roses landed at Yaoyorozu's feet as she danced through the ring.

Iida, still disoriented, continued to play the bull as he followed the red cape.

"AND YAOYOROZU WINS!" Midoriya screamed. "IIDA IS OUT OF BOUNDS!"

-

Hizashi, having spent several minutes following the match struggling to get his mic back from Midoriya, finally introduced the next fight.

"Please welcome Todoroki and Hagarake!" he said. "One is the overpowered son of the number two hero, the other invisible!"

Midoriya, deciding Aizawa's mic was a far easier target, leaned over his teacher causing Aizawa to look all too disturbed by Midoriya's close proximity. "Hagarake starting off strong by stripping in front of a live audience."

Hizashi gapped. "Is that allowed?"

Aizawa facepalmed. "It's her quirk you idiot."

"Doesn't matter," Midoriya said. "Todoroki won anyways."

“What?!” Hizashi turned so fast he almost got whiplash “How…”

The entire arena was covered in what seemed to be an entire iceberg.

Midoriya shook his head slightly. “Dramatic much?”

-

“Sorry about the wait folks, turns out ice is actually quite difficult to get rid of. Next up is Shiozaki, devout Christan, and Tokoyami, devout… bird.”

“Seems to me this fight will be more mental than physical,” Midoriya said.

He was, of course, correct.

“Ah, it’s you,” Shiozaki didn’t quite sneer as she saw Tokoyami but she definitely implied it. “Child of darkness.”

“And you, child of ignorance,” Tokoyami returned.

Shiozaki gasped. “Why I’d never-”

“One must revel in the darkness in order to experience the fullness of life. But you prefer to follow the doctrine of light like the naive sheep you really are.”

“The Lord is my shepherd. I embrace his truth!”

“Even darkness existed before your god. ‘And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep.’”

Shiozaki laughed maniacally. “So you wish to quote the holy text to me? Two can play at that game! ‘Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness!’”

“Good, evil, how are we to differentiate the two if you only allow yourself to live on a single side?”

“God is good and thus it is he that I follow! Not the teachings of evil!”

Tokoyami shook his head in disappointment. “‘I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these things,’” he quoted.

Shiozaki looked at him in fear before collapsing to the ground.

“It seems,” Hizashi said, “That despite neither using their quirk Shiozaki has fallen unconscious.”

“Don’t worry!” Midoriya assured. “I’m sure it’s just a simple fainting from having her entire worldview questioned. She’ll recover.”

Hizashi rolled his eyes. “Tokoyami moves on. And with that, we continue to our last battle of this round.” He looked down at his sheet. “Hatsume, support student, and-” He looked around the booth. “Hey- where’d Midoriya go?” His eyes widened as he realized Midoriya was in fact several yards away climbing the stairs to the arena. “The heck? Did he just teleport? Ah- excuse me folks- Hatsume against Midoriya!”

Aizawa groaned and slammed his head into the wall.

Chapter End Notes

> I was gonna have Midoriya and Hatsume’s battle in this chapter but it went longer than I was planning so instead you get this unintentional cliffhanger

# Go for Gold pt. 9 - We interrupt your regularly scheduled program to bring you this shit show

Chapter Summary

We'll return after a word from our sponsor

"And now!" Midoriya's voice echoed as if he was speaking into a microphone, which was exactly what he was doing although it was not entirely clear from stands, being as it was that the microphone was attached to the collar of his shirt and was actually quite small. "The moment you've been waiting for!"

Hizashi looked confused as to how Midoriya had managed to hack into the speakers. It took only a second more for him to realize that his own microphone had seemingly been disabled. "How the actual heck did he manage that?"

Aizawa banged his head against the wall for the second time since Midoriya and Hatsume had entered the stadium. Considering they had only been there for a total of ten seconds Aizawa's average headbanging per minute had spiked exceedingly from its usual rate. "That's why he really came up here. He just needed to sabotage our equipment."

Below the lights of the stadium blinked out all at once leaving only a single light pointed at the arena acting as a spotlight for the two. Such a stunt should have been ineffective as the sports festival took place in the middle of the day and yet a quiet hush fell over the crowd all the same.

"I'm Izuku Midoriya-"

"-and I'm Mei Hatsume!" Hatsume finished. "And today we have a show unlike that of any other for you!"

"This event is sponsored by Hercules™, use the code 'Gold Glitter' at the checkout for 20% off," Midoriya added.

"The business students will be passing out business cards momentarily for the two of us. Feel free to visit my website for the purchase of any of the goods displayed here today or to custom order any hero goods

you'd like. You can also purchase the sports festival bundle which includes one hydra hook, five glitter bombs, and a lightweight gear backpack, specially designed to make up to thirty pounds feel as light as ten!" said Hatsume.

"To begin our demonstration my colleague will use me as a voluntary test subject in order to show one of her latest and most useful inventions, freeze spray!"

"Freeze spray is a chemical compound which once sprayed on any villain or criminal will render them entirely unmobile, like so." Hatsume showed a small bottle with a spray cap to the ground before turning to Midoriya and coating him with the stuff. "Midoriya, if you will, please tell the crowd your level of mobility on a scale of ten."

"Mmmff," was his only response.

"There you have it!" Hatsume extended a hand to Midoriya, turning and bowing to the audience. The onlookers clapped politely. "The best part is that freeze spray can only be deactivated by the application of a separate chemical, the antidote if you will." She sprayed Midoriya with something from a separate bottle and he let out a breath, his body returning to normal.

"Now if you'll allow me a moment of time please let me draw your attention to my patented anti-gravity jetpack!"

As Hatsume maneuvered through the air with the help of her jetpack Izuku continued the speech. "Never before has there been an anti-gravitational single personal transportation device with such versatility! Notice the smoothness of the flight, small boosters having been added to correct for human error."

Hatsume dropped back down to the floor of the arena. "The last item we have for you today is my newest invention, a tribute to Y'all Might, the cowboy hat of horrors! This is of course a prototype considering I only invented it an hour ago at Midoriya's suggestion but I hope to mass-produce them and put them up on my website within the week."

"This hat is a must-have for any Y'all Might supporter and cowboy wannabe with its stylish design and hidden 360-degree machine gun action. There will not be a demonstration of this particular feature as it would most likely result in the death of several of you."

"Thank you all for being such a kind audience!" Hatsume said, waving

to the crowd. “Remember to check out both Hercules™ and my websites for incredible deals!” She then walked out of the arena.

“Give it up for Mei Hatsume!” Midoriya said.

At this moment Hizashi regained control of his microphone. “Err, Midoriya moves on!” he said.

“Unfortunately,” Aizawa finished in a hush.

-

“That was quite the performance you had there,” a low voice came from behind Midoriya as he exited the arena.

“AHh!” he screamed as he whipped around to see the looming figure of Endeavor standing behind him. “Cheese and crackers, what-” It took nearly ten full seconds of silence for Midoriya to register who he was looking at. “ENDEAVOR?!” He immediately went from startled to total fanboy. “Wow! Uh, hi! Holy cow I can’t believe it’s you!”

Endeavor was now the startled one having not expected this level of excitement.

“I mean you’re one of the top heroes, you’re THE top hero- well except for All Might of course, but no one's better than All Might so you’re still like basically number one cuz All Might is just a statistical outlier that no one, not even you, could possibly expect to beat-”

Endeavor did not find it difficult to regain his annoyance.”Word is that you’re one of the top picks to win this thing. I disagree. I don't care how powerful your quirk is, you’ll have to go through my Shoto first.”

Midoriya, rather than acknowledging the creepiness of Endeavor referring to Todoroki as ‘his’, decided to make fun of it instead. “Awww, that’s so sweet! You two must be really close. ‘My Shoto’,” he mocked. “I’m sure you guys have just an incredible bond.”

“Wha-”

“Anyways, can I get your autograph? You’re like the coolest hero I’ve ever met. Well aside from All Might of course.”

“I-”

“Thanks!” Midoriya did not wait for him to finish before pulling a

notebook out of seemingly thin air and turning to a particular page. “Ignore the notes, they’re not all that important.”

Endeavor looked at the notebook that had been shoved into his hands and realized it was quite difficult to not focus on the notes. He noted that the page was quite red. This made sense considering Endeavor did have a sort of red color scheme going on, but the issue arose with how the notes seemed to be rather- violent. Endeavor shivered at a particularly threatening drawing of a fire extinguisher. He hurriedly signed it and handed it back without further discussion.

“As I was say-”

“Thanks!”

Endeavor glared at Midoriya. “I was SAYING that you’ll have to try a lot harder than all that if you are to have even a hope of beating Shoto. You may have beat him in the first two stages but you can rest assured that my son will be winning this whole thing.”

“Probably not!” Midoriya said cheerfully.

“Excuse me?!”

“You’re excused.”

As Endeavor sputtered, Midoriya continued. “Yeah I can’t say for certain but I’ve got my money riding on me or Kacchan. I mean that quite literally, I have a couple thousand on a bet for this.”

“How dare-”

“-so as much as I think Todoroki is a fun, if majorly traumatized, guy, I will not be cutting him any slack.”

The flames that made up Endeavor’s facial hair roared. “You insolent little brat-”

“Geez, keep it down old man,” Midoriya interrupted once again. “You’re gonna set the whole building ablaze, grandpa. Pretty sure your insurance policy won't cover that.”

Endeavor growled in pure frustration.

“Anyways,” Midoriya said as he waved good-bye and turned to continue heading back to the stands. “See you in the finals, bitch!”

Endeavor was left confused, angry, and with an increased understanding into why Aizawa had taken up drinking again.

# Go for Gold pt. 10 - Bakugou's a demon and Midoriya is definitely not an angel but more like some eldrich god of chaos

Chapter Summary

Who let Midoriya make decisions in his life?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Hey, Yaoyorozu!” Midoriya was sitting rather precariously on the wall of the stands nearest to the arena, his legs dangling off the edge over the ten-foot drop.

Yaoyorozu looked up from where she had been standing, waiting for her second round to begin as Present Mic went through the usual introductions.

“Yeah?”

“I’m glad that my advice seemed to help you against Iida but I wanted to make sure that you know that won’t work this time.”

Yaoyorozu threw a glance to her opponent across the arena. She gulped. “I figured.”

“So I have new advice for you!” Midoriya clapped.

Yaoyorozu looked at him hopefully.

“Just surrender immediately.”

Yaoyorozu looked significantly less hopeful.

Midoriya shrugged. “Kacchan’s a demon,” he said, “best to not draw it out.”

“Thanks,” Yaoyorozu said sarcastically.

Midoriya grinned. “Or hey, why not give them a show? Try to wear him out for me.”

“Will do,” she said before walking away as Midnight motioned for her

to enter the ring.

-

“Well can’t say this was what I was expecting,” Hizashi said, watching as Yaoyorozu proceeded to pull a multitude of seemingly random items from various areas of her body and chuck them at Bakugou.

Bakugou, opposed to this action, decided that the best counter would be to explode everything. Somehow this proved to be an effective reaction. “STOP! THROWING! THINGS! AT! ME!!!” he screamed.

“NO!” Yaoyorozu yelled back.

This was valid. I do believe that if I was in her position, with the only thing separating me from an angry child with the explosive power of nearly 4000 joules being a neon green inflatable lifeboat I had just pulled out of my leg, I too would refuse to stop making such barriers.

With a growl of frustration, Bakugou let out a large explosion that tore up Yaoyorozu’s latest defense and knocked her over with the force of the blast. She yelped from her place on the ground as Bakugou loomed over her, hands flickering.

“It’s over, factory face!” he said.

Yaoyorozu thought about what Midoriya said, how she couldn’t hope to beat a demon like Bakugou. It seemed his prediction had been correct. From her neck a single small object grew and fell onto the ground with a plop.

Bakugou bent down and picked up the crucifix in confusion. “What’s this?” he asked. This was not for lack of familiarity with a crucifix but rather just the bewilderment over why she had created one.

“A last ditch effort?” Yaoyorozu answered hesitantly. You see she had decided that her last possibility was to take Midoriya’s words at face value and hope Bakugou was in fact an actual demon and as such would be affected by such religious implements. Unfortunately, he was, in fact, not a literal demon.

Bakugou rolled his eyes and dragged her by the arm the last few feet to the end of the arena. “Bakugou wins!”

-

“Ashido!” Midoriya cornered the poor girl as she exited the room that had been set up as Recovery Girl’s temporary office.

She grinned as she saw the boy. “Hey, Midoriya!”

“Are you okay?” he asked.

She shrugged in reply. “Yeah. That gen-ed student’s quirk just kinda took a bit outta me.”

Midoriya looked eager. “Actually that’s what I wanted to talk to you about. You see I’m going up against Shinsou as soon as Bakugou beats Yaoyorozu and I wanna be as prepared as possible.”

Ashido, was not a poor loser and felt it to be fine to reveal her experience to help a classmate. Or perhaps this made her a *very* poor loser as it meant she was willing to give up his secrets in hopes that Midoriya would beat him. “Uh, I think it’s some kinda mind control quirk?”

“Really?! That’s so cool! How’s it activated?”

Ashido thought. “Well, I lost control as soon as I tried to give an epic monologue on why I was the superior student, so voice command?”

Midoriya’s face fell. “Shoot. That means I can’t talk to him. I love talking!” Midoriya did in fact love talking. It seemed that this battle would be his hardest so far for the simple fact that he was physically incapable of keeping his big, fat, mouth shut. “How’d he lose his control?”

“Midnight had to shake me back into consciousness.” Ashido squinted. “Is it consciousness? Cuz like I was technically awake but like I couldn’t do anything so was I unconscious in the first place?” She looked to be almost in pain at how difficult this problem was for her.

“Thanks, Ashido!” Midoriya said, waving as he left her to question her vocabulary. After all, he had a plan forming and it involved seeing if he could get his noose from Hatsume before his round began.

-

“Uh-”

“Don’t say anything,” Aizawa said, staring at the arena with his teeth gritted.

“But-” Hizashi tried again.

“*Ignore* it.”

Hizashi did. “Er, welcome Midoriya and Shinsou into the ring folks!”

-

Shinsou looked at his opponent in genuine confusion. “What are you wearing?”

“A noose!” said Midoriya.

This did not clear up the situation. You see Midoriya had in fact used his custom noose to tie his leg up meaning he was hopping through the ring on a single foot rather than the two feet that is typically accepted for human movement.

The reason for this little setup became abundantly clear as Shinsou used his quirk to take control of Midoriya. This caused Midoriya’s body to relax. Now it seems that balancing on a single leg actually requires some level of concentration. So it was that as soon as Shinsou’s quirk took effect Midoriya fell directly on his face. This jarring sensation immediately broke the connection. And Midoriya’s nose.

Shinsou squinted as Midoriya struggled to get back on his single foot.

“Ha!” he said. “I’ve thwarted your quirk!”

Shinsou took control again. Again Midoriya fell on his face. Again he was immediately jarred out of it.

Shinsou frowned. “So you think you’re clever, huh?”

“Little bit, yeah.”

Up in his booth Hizashi scratched his head. He did not know how to commentate when it appeared that Midoriya was just falling repeatedly.

Shinsou was beginning to get frustrated. “Would you take that damn rope off already?!”

“Make me!”

As soon as Midoriya recovered this time from falling once again he

had to hop away as Shinsou attempted to wrangle the noose off of him.

“Hey! You break that you pay for it!”

“It’s a rope!” Shinsou said, exasperated.

“*Expensive* ro-” Midoriya slammed into the floor once more.

Shinsou growled in frustration as Midoriya continued to hop away from him. “I swear to goodness, you stupid hero types are all the same-”

He was cut off as Midoriya blew a loud raspberry at him. Shinsou paused as he tried to use his quirk and then glowered at him as he realized the sound didn’t technically qualify. “Real mature.”

Midoriya looked rather proud of himself for a moment but he yelped as soon as Shinsou began to chase after him and began to hop pathetically away.

Suddenly a thought hit Shinsou. “Wait. If you know how my quirk works, why do you keep talking?”

Midoriya shrugged. “Wanted to test my theory. And I just like talking. Also,” He looked at a spot behind Shinsou. “Every time you use your quirk on me I get to see those ghosts before I hit the ground.”

Shinsou, who had been preparing to use his quirk once more, stopped. “What.”

Midoriya switched to a whisper. “I think you’re haunted, Shinsou.”

Shinsou rolled his eyes and activated his quirk once more.

It seemed Midoriya had gotten his fill of ghosts for the time being because as he stood up he warned Shinsou, “I’m going to punch you now,” and before Shinsou had time to react, he did. The punch was so effective that Shinsou was blown out of the ring.

“Midoriya moves on!” Hizashi called over the loudspeaker.

His voice almost drowned out Shinsou’s cry of “FUCK YOU, MIDORIYA!” It didn’t, but it almost did.

Midoriya stood there, arm and hand completely shattered from his punch, blood trickling down his face from his broken nose, and

grinned.

“You should probably go to the nurse’s office,” Midnight said worriedly.

Midoriya smiled up at her, a terrifying sight to see. “Yeah probably!”

Chapter End Notes

I feel bad for Shinsou honestly. Man's just trying to live his best life and then Midoriya happens.

# Go for Gold pt. 11 - The return of Señor Conejito

Chapter Summary

> Recovery Girl gets brought into the school's worst-kept secret through a bout of trauma.

Chapter Notes

> TW: slightly graphic description of death, mentions of overdose, suicide, and the likes. So just your average Friday for Midoriya.

Shuzenji was a well-respected member of the staff. Her ability to act as a nurse by using her quirk to heal some of even the most severe injuries had earned her quite the reputation for being of invaluable help, *especially* in the sports festival.

Now Midoriya did not require her assistance typically, as he was able to heal himself through the not-so-subtle art of killing himself, but he had in fact promised Midnight that he would go to her office and he figured he might as well.

Shuzenji watched the strange boy enter the office she had set up for the sports festival and begin to rummage through her things. “Excuse me,” she said, “but who exactly are you?”

“Izuku Midoriya!”

Shuzenji recognized that name. She was fairly certain it was the reason Aizawa had given for raiding her of all her aspirin and if she wasn’t mistaken it was also the name that was listed as the cause for a number of different injuries sustained by over a dozen different students in the weeks leading up to the sports festival.

She crossed her arms. “And what exactly do you think you’re doing?”

Midoriya continued to rummage around. “Looking for drugs.”

She was taken aback by his forwardness. “Why?!”

“Well I was gonna use my noose but now I think it might be haunted.”

This was not a good answer because it did not make any sense to Shuzenji. “That’s not a good answer because it does not make any

sense," she informed him.

Midoriya shrugged. "There's a lot of ghosts and I'm not sure if they're haunting Shinsou or my noose but either way I figured I should probably be careful." You see it hadn't even occurred to Midoriya that the ghosts might be haunting him, much less his quirk. "So now I'm looking for some drugs to overdose on instead." He did not seem to be doing a good job of this considering his dominant arm was practically useless at this point. On that note:

"Kid, you're injured," Shuzenji said, reverting back to her natural state in her confusion, "Why don't you just lie down and let me take a look at you?"

Midoriya pulled out a scalpel from a drawer of surgical equipment. "Nah, I've got this. Thanks anyway!" he said before taking the scalpel and plunging it up under his sternum and into his heart. Blood gushed out of the wound as Midoriya fell to the ground, the geyser that was now his chest spraying everywhere.

-

Aizawa had been on his way to Shuzenji's office to get some more aspirin when he heard the unmistakable sound of blood splattering over everything followed by screams. To be fair it wasn't necessarily that the sound of the blood was unmistakable than the sound of the screams were and with it came the context necessary for Aizawa to recognize the sound of the blood.

He walked faster.

-

Aizawa walked in and saw poor Recovery Girl, drenched in blood, screaming as Midoriya lay on the floor of the room, very obviously dead.

"Just look away, Shuzenji," said Aizawa. "I know what this looks like but I promise he'll be fine."

"I swear I didn't do anything! He just came in here and stabbed himself!"

"Of course he did," said Aizawa, not surprised at all. "Don't worry, he's already regenerating, see?" He pointed to where the blood on the flood was shimmering gold and slowly flowing back towards

Midoriya's corpse. "It's his quirk. Don't understand why he felt it necessary to kill himself in front of you, but he'll be back in a few minutes."

Shuzenji was already overcoming the initial shock. She had seen many things in her time and was at this point rather desensitized to most gore. Unlike Aizawa, it was doubtful that she'd need any therapy to overcome this incident.

"I'm back~"

Aizawa glared at Midoriya as he sat up. "Detention."

Midoriya looked appalled. "What?! But-"

"And please, for the love of God, STOP killing yourself in front of people."

-

"Here we are, folks, with our next competitors: Todoroki and Ojiro!" Hizashi said. He then sighed as he watched Todoroki ice over the arena once more in a way that was very reminiscent of his first battle. "Welp, that's that I suppose. Todoroki wins again, maybe we'll see some actual originality from him next time."

The crowd booed, displeased with Todoroki's seeming one-trick-ponyness.

"Next up is," Hizashi squinted at his paper. "Tokoyami versus Kouda and his bunny Señor Conejito!"

-

Señor Conejito listened to the hush of the crowd as he and his vessel approached the arena once more. The people were nervous now, dreading what he'd do after last time. They whispered amongst themselves in fear.

His enemy was different now, more bird than boy. How odd, Señor Conejito thought, that they'd have another so similar to him. There was part of him that seemed to whisper that this creature did not deserve the same treatment of the last. He, like Señor Conejito, understood what it meant to have that animalistic quality, it would be a betrayal to his kind to harm this child. The creature looked at Señor Conejito warily, he would not back down so easily as the last

opponent. Señor Conejito couldn't help but admire the boy's bravery.

He rode atop his vessel's shoulder as they got closer. At that moment Señor Conejito noticed the small bird-like shadow behind the boy. The shadow would protect him, Señor Conejito knew it. He made a decision. Perhaps he'd let this child live, perhaps, for once, the situation did not demand his violent hand. A sense of commodity, Señor Conejito thought. He'd never felt anything like it.

He whispered his demand in his vessel's mind and the boy gave a short bow to their opponent before turning to leave.

-

"Tokoyami moves on through forfeit," Hizashi said, sounding rather annoyed. "Whole lot of that going on. Let's try to see some action next time, yeah?"

-

Midoriya made his way back down to the stands, still rather bitter about getting detention.

I must say that I agree with Aizawa's punishment. Although Midoriya was annoyed at the teacher's decision to limit the number of times he killed himself in front of other staff, it was a reasonable request. It seemed that somehow one of the most basic of skills, that is to say NOT committing suicide every other week in front of someone new, somehow escaped Midoriya.

As he rounded a corner he ran into Kouda with Señor Conejito atop his shoulder.

"Sorry!" he said, he then looked excited as he registered who he'd run into. "Oh! How'd you do?"

There was silence as Midoriya seemed able to process whatever it was that Kouda was telepathically communicating with him. That 'something' was the fact that they had lost, and that it was entirely due to the fact that Señor Conejito was hungry and Kouda decided to forfeit and find the bunny some food rather than draw out the match.

Midoriya looked at him with sympathy. "Aw. Better luck next time. I think Lunch Rush can probably find a carrot or two for him if you ask nicely, though."

Kouda nodded in thanks and continued on his way.

# Go for Gold pt. 12 - Things start to get heated

Chapter Summary

> Midoriya and Bakugou are both reckless little pieces of shit that want to fight each other a little too much.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“So,” Bakugou said, “Bird Bitch, yeah?”

Tokoyami did not even flinch at this inaccurate butchering of his name. “It’s Tokoyami actually.”

The two of them stood in the arena, neither of them making the first move.

“And your little sidekick, huh?” Bakugou continued, leaning to see Dark Shadow peeking out from behind Tokoyami.

“He prefers-”

“Ain’t gonna be enough to beat me, y’know,” Bakugou said, cutting off Tokoyami.

Tokoyami bowed his head respectfully. “We shall have to see.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “Oy, shadow freak.”

Dark Shadow looked around as if expecting there to be someone else who fit the description of “shadow freak.” Unsurprisingly there was none. Dark Shadow still pointed at himself and sounded rather confused as he asked “Me?”

“No, I’m talking to the *other* sentient shadow- YES, of course, you!”

Tokoyami for his part looked rather bewildered that he was not the one being addressed.

“You ain’t a fan of light, are you?”

“Er, not particularly, no.”

Bakugou grinned a sharp, crazed grin. “Shame. You see I don’t know if

you've realized yet," His hands began to flicker. "But I'm a bit of a light person myself."

Dark Shadow gulped. Well as much as a semi-corporeal shadow is capable of gulping.

"But you do like apples, don't you?"

Bakugou was of course drawing from an event that had occurred that morning in which Midoriya had bribed Dark Shadow with an apple pulled from Hatsume's patented pack of mysteries.

Dark Shadow nodded.

"So let me cut you a deal," Bakugou continued. "I give you a bag of apples tomorrow in class, a dozen apples all to yourself, and I don't attempt to see how bright it can get before you just up and disappear."

"That- That sounds like a good deal," Dark Shadow said, warily.

"And in return, all you gotta do is take advantage of the fact that you're technically attached to that Bird Bitch and fly far away, dragging him out of the ring. Sound good?" Bakugou let his palms flicker a little more for emphasis.

Dark Shadow nodded a little too enthusiastically, deeply terrified of Bakugou at this point. "Yup! I uh- I'll do that now." He then proceeded to fly as far, and as fast, as he could.

After a moment of Tokoyami watching in shock, his eyes went wide as he felt a tugging on his feet and, despite his best efforts, was dragged from the ring.

"And that's Bakugou for the win!" Hizashi said.

-

"And now the fight you've all been waiting for," Hizashi said, "Todoroki, son of the number two hero, and Midoriya, the seemingly invincible freak of nature."

Hizashi sighed as Todoroki, for the third time, iced over the entire arena. "Welp. Sorry for the let down but-" He stopped as there was a crash from down below and Midoriya jumped out from the recently created glacier, shattering it as he did. "Nevermind! I spoke too soon!"

-

“That little trick won’t be enough to stop me!”

Todoroki sighed. “No, I didn’t expect so.”

Midoriya rushed towards Todoroki but was stopped by another chunk of ice. He broke through that one as well, breaking his finger in the process. “I promised your dad that I’d beat you, kinda wanna keep that.”

Todoroki squinted. “Why did you promise *my* father that you’d beat *me*?”

Midoriya shrugged before narrowly avoiding another onslaught. “Well my dad isn’t here and yours is so it was really the only logical solution.”

Todoroki didn’t know how to respond to this. This was not actually due to his jarring lack of social interactions but more so just because it was not a conventional conversation and, truth be told, very few people of any social standing would know what the proper response would be. He decided that he would just ignore it and try to incapacitate Midoriya instead. This continued to fail as Midoriya jumped around on likely broken legs and blocked all his ice with literal bone-shattering punches.

He laughed. “This is fun!”

This also confused Todoroki who was under the (clearly misguided) impression that repeatedly breaking one's bones was not actually an enjoyable experience. “How are you even still standing?”

“Practice!”

A word of caution: practice does not actually ensure that you can continue to stand even after breaking your legs multiple times. Please do not follow in Midoriya’s footsteps in this situation or any other. I can assure you that doing so will only lead to your untimely death. That is, of course, assuming that you are not yourself immortal in which case I really am not in a position to give you any advice.

“Why don’t you up the ante and use your fire a bit?”

All confusion was driven from Todoroki’s mind and replaced with well-founded teenage angst and stubbornness. “I will *not*.”

“Huh? Why?”

“I received my fire from my father, I do not use it in battle.”

Midoriya slowed down and scratched his head. “Well, that’s kinda stupid. That’s like, half your power right there.”

Todoroki blushed in embarrassment. “Yeah, well, I don’t want to and you can’t make me.”

Midoriya grinned a grin reminiscent of Bakugou's and for a moment Todoroki wondered who had it first. The truth, in case you were wondering, was that when they were only seven they had gotten into an argument over who had the creepiest smile and both had worked very hard to develop the same shit-eating grin that without fail sent shivers down the spine of all those who observed it. “See that,” said Midoriya, referring to Todoroki’s previous very unplanned argument, “sounds like a challenge.”

Todoroki’s eyes widened. “It’s not,” he assured, quickly.

“Too late!” Midoriya screamed as he launched himself into the air and straight down at Todoroki.

Todoroki screamed at the sight of a broken, bloody, boy about to drop onto his head like a semi-intelligent sky-diving zombie in the midst of the apocalypse and immediately created an outcropping of ice to cover himself.

Midoriya punched through the wall easily and grabbed for Todoroki who evaded his grasp. “Use! Your! Fire!”

“No!” Todoroki yelped.

The two of them played a game of cat and mouse, the roles reversed from how they had been at the beginning of the match.

“It’s not even your dad’s quirk! It’s yours!” Midoriya yelled. “I mean, it’s not like he passed it on to you through a weird ritual that involved ingesting his DNA through his hair which is like really weird since hair only really has DNA at the bottom and the rest of it is just like dead proteins!”

Todoroki thought this was an oddly specific statement but didn’t focus too much on the details as he realized Midoriya was right. “You’re right!” he said, stopping in his tracks.

“I am? I mean- I am!”

“My fire isn’t my dad’s quirk!”

“It’s not!”

“It’s my quirk, just like my ice!”

“It is!”

“I can use my quirk!”

“You can!”

Todoroki burst into flames. Unfortunately, Midoriya was very near him as he did this and caught on fire as well.

“You’re on fire!” Todoroki said, panicked.

“So are you!” Midoriya replied, under the impression they were still doing their little back and forth.

“No, I mean you’re LITERALLY ON FIRE!”

Midoriya looked down. “Oh,” he said calmly. “Hmm. That’s a problem.” He then began to run around the arena screaming.

Todoroki ran after him screaming for him to stop, drop, and roll. Midoriya followed exactly zero of these suggestions.

-

“Would you look at that folks!” Hizashi said. Now I’d like to emphasize that he had not actually heard the life-changing conversation that had just taken place and was currently under the impression that Todoroki had purposefully set Midoriya on fire and was now chasing him in order to continue setting him on fire. “Wow, Todoroki really is ruthless, isn’t he? I wonder if Midoriya will be able to recover and win this match.”

-

Midoriya stopped running as he heard Hizashi through the speaker. Todoroki ran into him as he did. This wasn’t actually an issue considering Todoroki was fireproof. In fact, he was still on fire himself. “Right,” said Midoriya, almost to himself. “I still gotta beat you.”

Todoroki backed off slowly. “Hold on, you don’t have to-”

Midoriya punched him out of the ring.

“Midoriya wins!”

Midoriya swayed a little. He was still on fire and this seemed to be rather detrimental to his health. He began to mumble some garbled nonsense at a frantic pace. This was because, I assume, the heat had finally reached his brain and was slowly killing off what limited brain cells he possessed. He then collapsed into a fiery pile on the ground as he died in front of several hundred people and a live national audience.

From the stands above Bakugou rolled his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

> Midoriya cures Todoroki through the power of Common Sense! It's super effective!

# Go for Gold pt. 13 - Midoriya you really can't kill yourself in front of a live audience. It causes issues.

Chapter Summary

It's all over.

Chapter Notes

Welp this arc went on for far longer than I had initially intended but with this chapter the sports festival is officially over!

As such it is also a slightly longer chapter than typical.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The audience erupted the moment Midoriya collapsed. This was probably because they thought he was dead. He was, but that was beside the point.

"No need to worry folks!" Hizashi said over the microphone. "I'm sure he's fine!"

Aizawa, on the phone with Midnight as she examined Midoriya's body below, looked up. "He's not fine," he said, making sure his microphone was deactivated. He then turned his attention back to his phone. "No Kayama, it's normal."

Hizashi sighed and turned off his own mic. "Hey, guys?" He said, speaking into his own phone. "Just cut to a commercial break won't you?"

So it was that half the country was left with bated breath as they were subjected to a popular cat food commercial rather than proof that they hadn't, in fact, just seen a child murdered on live television.

To be fair Todoroki hadn't exactly murdered Midoriya, at least not on purpose. He hadn't actually been trying to kill him, nor was he even trying to set him on fire– it seemed, like most people, Midoriya was rather flammable.

Back below in the arena, Cementoss had constructed a little stone tent of a sort to shelter Midoriya as Recovery Girl was shepherded in. Of

course, considering Midoriya was very much dead it wasn't exactly like she could do much, but they brought her in just in case. This may have been because there was just the smallest of hopes that she could somehow resurrect him. Unfortunately, she was not actually in the business of necromancy. Luckily, with Midoriya she didn't need to be.

"Holy cow," Kaminari said, his face white. "Todoroki just killed Midoriya."

"No he didn't," Bakugou lied, knowing full well that that was exactly what had happened. "He'll be fine, the drama queen."

"I don't think he's acting," Ashido said.

"If he ain't better within five minutes I'll eat my left shoe."

"We should not be taking bets on whether or not our dear friend will survive!" Is what Iida would have said if he was there. He wasn't. He was actually at that moment humming *Despacito* as he bought a bulletin board to plan his revenge mission on and was blissfully unaware of the current situation. The fact he was humming *Despacito* was not actually relevant, it just happened to be the song playing at the store he was in.

Because Iida was not present, Kaminari and Kirishima both pulled out their wallets. "Yeah I'll take that," Kirishima said.

At the same time Kaminari said, "2,000 says he's dead!"

-

They both lost their bets.

At exactly four minutes and twenty-six seconds after Midoriya collapsed he reappeared, punching through the roof of the cement tent, much to the delight of the crowd. Bakugou frowned as Kaminari and Kirishima forked over their cash. "That was faster than normal…" he grumbled.

"What did I say, folks?!" Hizashi said. "He's fine!" He turned to Aizawa and whispered, "how exactly is he fine?"

Aizawa shrugged and turned on his own mic. "Some of you may have forgotten, or not known in the first place, that Midoriya possesses a healing aspect of his quirk. This explains how he's remained in pristine condition despite his best efforts. Additionally, he's managed

to heal himself from being literally on fire for an extended amount of time. Now I realize that this amount of power in a single suicidal teenager is a terrifying prospect. Believe me, I'm well aware. Might I suggest simply ignoring the more concerning parts of his personality and seeing a well-respected therapist? It seems to be the only effective way of coping with the all-consuming existential dread that occurs as a result of his survival-"

"Annnd you're done!" Hizashi said, turning off Aizawa's mic as his voice fell into a frenzied mutter on the verge of a breakdown.

"The point is that Midoriya is not dead and is in good enough health to move on to the next round!"

"Hey," Kirishima said, turning to Bakugou. "Aren't you in the next round?"

Bakugou's eyes widened. "Oh, sh-"

"Since Midoriya is already in the ring we'll just wait for- and it seems Bakugou is using his quirk to propel him out of the stands and into the arena. Man, those explosions cannot be good for the environment. Well, I suppose we'll begin then if both contestants are ready?"

"BRING IT!" Bakugou screamed, yelling loud enough for even Hizashi and Aizawa to hear it.

"Alrighty then, BEGIN!"

-

Bakugou cracked his knuckles as he grinned maniacally at Midoriya. "I got one up on all those extras you know," he said, "I know you can't fucking die so I ain't gonna go easy on you."

"Then it's only fair that I return the favor."

The two collided.

-

"And they're off! Both are very strong contenders for this match, it'll be interesting to see who wins."

Down below Baugou's voice carried through the stadium. "DIE BITCH!"

There was a fainter reply as Midoriya responded, “Not today!” This was ironic considering Midoriya had died that day. Multiple times.

Now what followed was what is at this point largely considered to be one of the best battles in all of UA’s sports festival history. This was mostly due to the fact that Midoriya and Bakugou had fought each other on a number of occasions and had gotten to the point where they knew each other's attacks by heart and were able to use this to their advantage. This meant that the two of them had to get rather creative in their battle.

Now I could go into detail concerning the fight, but the truth is that mere words are simply not enough to do the sheer epicness of the battle justice. This became abundantly clear to Hizashi who attempted to continue his commentary throughout their battle.

“And Bakugou throws a punch! No wait- he misses! Nope, it was just a feint, he actually– nope he still missed. Oh, look at that! Midoriya has just– never mind, Bakugou blocks the– WOAH! What the hell was that?!”

“Language,” Aizawa grumbled. This was mostly a reflex that came about from teaching teenagers.

Hizashi shook his head in wonder. “I’ll be honest, folks. I cannot follow what is going on anymore but it’s sure awesome.”

Aizawa looked out the window. He was still mummified from the whole USJ ‘situation’ but he seemed able to see what was happening regardless. “Who’s winning?” he asked. This was not because he couldn’t see, as previously stated he was able to see despite his several layers of bandages, but more so because it wasn’t actually all that obvious.

Hizashi shrugged. “Dunno. It’s sorta hard to see through the cloud of glitter and explosions.”

It was at that moment that both Bakugou and Midoriya realized that there would be no way for either of them to win unless they went all out. So it was that there was an explosion of such great magnitude that the entire arena shook and the cameras flickered out momentarily from the shockwave as both Midoriya and Bakugou clashed in a collision unheard of since the asteroid that killed the dinosaurs first hit the Earth. As Bakugou released an explosion bigger than any in his entire life and Midoriya punched with 100% of One for All, the two of them were thrown back by the others attack and–

“They’re both out of bounds?!”

The two of them, were in fact, both lying unconscious on the outside of the ring. (In Midoriya’s case he was actually dead and in Bakugou’s he was just not really enjoying life in that particular moment.)

“Who got out first?!” Hizashi asked no one in particular. “Who won?!”

It seemed that was a question for later as both boys were quickly carted off to Recovery Girl’s office.

Midoriya, so shocked at waking up in Cementoss’ arms, actually managed to fall, his head landing on Cementoss’ very hard foot. This caused him to break his nose quite badly. So it was that as Recovery Girl was treating Bakugou, Midoriya reset himself in the corner making it three times he had died in a single chapter, a new personal best.

But I digress. After ensuring that no one would die (except for Midoriya who seemed to like it), it was time for awards to be given out.

Giving out the medals was Y’all Might, All Might’s Texan cousin, or as you better know him, All Might plus cowboy hat. This was by special request of Nedzu who believed that with the publicity garnered by Y’all Might, the sports festival ratings would be boosted. This was a correct assumption.

Y’all Might first gave one of the two third-place medals to Tokoyami. “Word of advice,” he said. “You should probably talk to that little shadow of yours about the morality of betrayal.”

“Trust me,” Tokoyami said, sounding more annoyed than Y’all Might had ever heard him before. “A discussion is long due.”

Y’all Might nodded and moved on to Todoroki. Before he could say a word Todoroki began talking nervously.

“I’m so sorry, All Might, I swear I didn’t mean to set your son on fire, it just sorta happened, and then he just kept being on fire and anyway please don’t hate me cuz I kinda have this plan of befriending you to make my dad upset and that’ll be pretty difficult if you think I tried to kill your son–”

“My son?” Y’all Might asked, focusing on the one part he could understand.

“Midoriya,” Todoroki said, offering no explanation. “Oh! And even if I do consider you a father figure in my life I don’t mean to take away your parental obligations to your biological child–”

“Don’t you have a dad?”

“I un-adopted him.”

“...what?”

“You know? Like I disowned him?”

“...emancipation?”

Todoroki shook his head. “I don’t think that’s a real word.”

“It–”

“Anyways,” Todoroki continued. “I’m really sorry for setting your son on fire.”

Y’all Might sighed, giving up. “It was bound to happen,” he said as he dropped the second third-place medal around his neck.

It was at this point he moved on to Midoriya and Bakugou.

Now the footage of the last bit of their fight had been heavily reviewed and the panel of judges had come to the conclusion that it was rather impossible to figure out which of the two was first. As such it had been decided that both would win first place.

Bakugou was NOT happy with this. He didn’t stop swearing once the news reached them till Midoriya told the teachers that they might need to muzzle him. Obviously, this suggestion horrified the teachers who were all reasonably level-headed individuals that would never consider something so drastic, and frankly weird, but the mere threat was enough to get Bakugou to shut up.

At that particular moment, the two of them were arguing, the particulars of which seemed to be that Bakugou found it unfair that all Midoriya had to show for the battle was an increased amount of glitter falling off him, while Bakugou himself had his very broken arm in a sling and badges wrapped across his temple.

Y’all Might cleared his throat to get the attention of the two. He looked down at the two medals in confusion. He realized that he had one second-place medal that technically no one won, and one first-

place medal for the two of them. He shrugged and tossed the second-place medal over his shoulder and, using his immense, almost to the level of belonging to a fictitious character, strength, he snapped the gold medal into two and handed half to each of them.

“Hey!” Bakugou said, examining his medal. “Why does that fuckface get the bigger half?!”

“Cuz I’m better, Kacchan.”

“Why you–”

Y’all Might prevented the inevitable part two of their earlier battle by enveloping the two of them in a large hug. “I’m very proud of the both of you.”

Bakugou squirmed. “Says the pasta-haired spandex-wearing bitch in a cowboy hat.”

And with that touching scene, the sports festival came to an end.

Well mostly. There was the little bit where Midoriya got ahold of a microphone somehow and gave his pitch for Hercules™ once more and there was a small situation where the cafeteria blew up which was definitely not related to Señor Conejito’s coincidental presence there.

But really, aside from a few instances of arson, the sports festival was finished and Midoriya and Bakugou had once again asserted their dominance with a method they liked to call “scaring the ever-living shit out of everyone”.

Chapter End Notes

> As far as I’m aware Iida’s whereabouts during the awards of the festival is never addressed in canon. The implication is just that he was so torn up about his brother’s injury that he left to be with his family or something but I like to think that he was actually purchasing the materials he’d need for his little murder project.
>
> Anyways, with that the sports festival comes to a conclusion. Tune in next time for the Hero Killer Arc, or as I like to call it “the part where Iida forgets that murder is illegal”.

# Midoriya's experiences are not universal

Chapter Summary

> Which is probably a good thing since his experiences involve a whole lot of him dying.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Inko was a very proud mother. She was proud because her son had just won the sports festival with his best friend and had only died eight times as he did. He had taken her advice and gotten a brand deal and in addition, he had also asked her about what would be the best way to legally register All Might as his father in order to get him to pay child support.

She of course gave him an in-depth lecture on legal loopholes complete with a ninety-slide slideshow.

Because she was so proud of Midoriya she decided to wake up early and make him breakfast in bed. She cooked up some waffles with strawberry jam and chocolate chips in the shape of a smiley face on the top.

Making the food wasn't the problem, the problem was when she walked into Izuku's room to wake him up and give him the meal.

She looked into the room to see Midoriya half out of the window, still in his All Might pajamas, with three cloaked figures holding various parts of him as they tried to kidnap him. One of them had their hand over Midoriya's mouth which explained the strange grunting sound she had heard. The figures froze as she stared at them but they darted away after only a moment, taking her son with them.

Inko sighed and set the waffles on Midoriya's nightstand and pulled out her phone.

"Katsuki? Yeah, just wanted to tell you that Izuku is occupied so don't bother waiting for him this morning."

-

Midoriya hadn't intended to be kidnapped by a cult, it had just sort of

happened.

“Hey,” he said as the three cultists carried him away. They had hoisted him into the air and were now running down the street as fast as one could when carrying a child above your head. Suffice to say they got some very strange looks. “So not to be rude or anything, but what exactly do you want with me?”

“Silence, sacrifice!” One of them hissed.

“Oh, well in that case I should probably inform you that I don’t actually make the best sacrifice, I mean that’s assuming that you want a sacrifice that will stay dead, cuz I won’t.”

“I said SILENCE!”

The cultists finally reached their chosen destination. Now you might assume that it would be a very cultish-looking building, someplace suitable for sacrificial situations. You might think of a dusty old basement or a creepy old shack. You may even think of a building like that of Doofenshmirtz Evil Incorporated, I know I do, but you would most likely not think of the back of a McDonald’s. Yet it was very obviously a McDonald’s that the three cultists carried Midoriya into.

There was a single world-weary man ordering a McCoffee. The cashier, a teenage boy with a quirk that gave him beaver teeth, saw the cultists and gestured behind him. “Jus’ head on back der.”

The lead cultist nodded his thanks and they made their way behind the counter. The single customer paid them no mind, seemingly used to cultists carrying their kidnapped children into the McDonald’s.

There was a pentagram behind the french fry fryer. There shouldn’t have been a pentagram behind the french fry fryer but there was anyway.

The cultists set Midoriya down in the middle of the circle and tied each of his limbs to the corners.

“Can I talk now?”

“No,” one of the cultists hissed.

“Oh come on, we’re going to kill him, don’t you think it’s only fair we let him talk?” The second said in a surprisingly normal voice.

“Well… fine. I suppose.”

“Oh good,” Midoriya said, “cuz I was sorta wondering why you want to sacrifice me?”

Now before I tell you the cultists’ explanation I should preface this with the fact that those who join cults aren’t typically prone to rational decisions and logical conclusions. Because of this they had watched the sports festival and came to the very irrational conclusion that Midoriya was immortal. This, while true, was irrational for the sole and simple fact that immortality wasn’t really thought to be possible under most circumstances. As such, most people who had seen the sports festival had taken Eraserhead’s explanation at face value and assumed that Midoriya was just very good at healing himself and hadn’t actually died, despite the evidence to the contrary. You see, believing Midoriya was immortal after seeing the sports festival was like believing your friend is a god after watching lightning strike the moment they point at the sky. This, while very cool, is definitely not proof that they are a god and, more likely than anything, is merely a coincidence.

With that disclaimer out of the way, this is what the third cultist told Midoriya: “We know that you're immortal, boy. Our master has promised us that he can grant us immortality too if we kill you and use your energy to infuse him with the powers of before.”

“Oh,” said Midoriya. “Can you please not do that? I don’t actually like using my quirk to infuse century-old gods of ancient times with the powers to rise again.”

“Sucks,” the first cultist said before stabbing him in the chest.

As Midoriya died his blood flowed out around him, filling the pentagram as it began to shimmer gold.

“It is done,” the third said.

-

As Midoriya woke up he saw several things. One of them was the gold glitter all over the room. That was normal and in fact very expected. The other was the cultists, also very expected. Midoriya didn’t figure that they would leave before he revived. The other thing however was very unexpected.

“What are you doing here?” he asked Kichi Kanzaki.

The reporter shrugged. “Your tracker reported that you were in a different location than is to be expected on a Thursday morning so I decided to investigate in case there was anything worthwhile to report on.” She looked around. “Seems I was right.”

“You have a *tracker* installed in me?!”

Kanzaki shrugged. “How else am I supposed to make sure that I’m the first source to report on you?”

“Leave woman,” the first hissed, “you are intruding on matters you cannot possibly understand.”

“Hey,” the second said, “can you try to not use ‘woman’ as an insult? It’s just a little bit sexist and really demeaning.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be offensive.” He turned back to Kanzaki. “Leave *reporter*.”

This, it seemed, was an appropriate insult.

“If you insist! I have enough footage to make a few dozen articles anyways. If you don’t mind though, can I take my associate with me?”

The cultists looked at each other before the second one shrugged. “Sure. We’re done with him anyway.”

“Oh good,” Midoriya said before applying a bit of hysterical strength and snapping the ropes binding him to the floor. “Cuz I’m late for class and Aizawa is gonna have a fit.”

-

Aizawa did have a fit. Well as much as one so typically stoic can have a fit.

He sighed as Midoriya entered the room, late as usual, and slapped his palm to his face. “Midoriya. You’re late. Again.”

“Sorry Sensei!” Midoriya said as he walked back to his seat.

Aizawa looked up. “Are you in All Might pajamas?”

Midoriya looked down. “I didn’t have time to change.”

“Detention.”

“Wha– wait– it really wasn’t my fault this time!”

“I seriously doubt that.”

“I was kidnapped by a cult!”

Aizawa thought about this for a moment. “Nope. That’s still your fault.”

“How?!”

“You just look like the type of person a cult would want to kidnap.”

“What does that even mean?” Midoriya crossed his arms. “This feels very discriminatory towards people with freckles.”

“How many cults have kidnapped you, Midoriya?”

Midoriya thought for a moment. “...four?”

“Your fault for looking like the type of person a cult would want to kidnap,” Aizawa repeated.

Midoriya looked around the classroom at the very concerned expressions on his classmates' faces. “...is that not normal?”

Aizawa groaned and grumbled something along the lines of needing to start adding vodka to his morning coffee.

“Wait!” Midoriya said, having a revelation. “Kacchan’s been kidnapped too!”

“By the same people who kidnapped you, dumbass!” Bakugou interjected. “They only took me because I was in the same fucking area as you.”

Aizawa pointed at Bakugou. “Also your fault. Now sit DOWN, Midoriya.”

Midoriya did.

“Now that THAT is out of the way, let’s begin today’s lesson. I hope you all are ready to pick out your hero name–”

Before he could even finish the class erupted in a cacophony of noise.

Aizawa sighed and, for the second time that day, imagined a nice

peaceful life in a world without children.

Chapter End Notes

Midoriya: Don't ya just hate it when a cult uses your blood to awaken a sleeping eldrich god?

1-A: *noises of concern*

Midoriya: ...anyone?

# What's in a name

Chapter Summary

> Why are we letting children name themselves at a point when they're young and stupid, knowing full well that this will be their permanent name and heavily impact their future? This seems like a poor idea.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Aizawa backed up from the board. "To begin, some of you have been picked for pro drafts. Those of you who weren't, don't worry. There are still plenty of heroes who are a part of our program to take whichever hero student signs on for the internships."

The list on the board was rather lopsided, unlike previous years where the draft picks and numbers typically correspond with the top students, it seemed that both first-place winners had rather terrified the onlookers, causing them to choose less volatile candidates. Yaoyorozu and Ojiro for example had both received a large portion of the drafts despite each only making it to the second round.

Strangely, Todoroki hadn't received many drafts either. This was probably due to the fact that the majority of Japan was under the impression that he had purposely set Midoriya on fire, an action that resulted in the former's death. Not that the public was aware of that fact of course, they just tended to not approve of setting people on fire in the name of heroics in general, ironic considering Endeavor was a highly ranked hero and seemed to do nothing BUT set people on fire in the name of heroics. But I digress.

"HA!" Bakugou yelled. "I beat you!"

"Twelve isn't that impressive Kacchan, even when compared to five," said Midoriya.

Bakugou stuck his tongue out.

Aizawa continued. "Those of you with drafts, I'll pass out your papers later. First, it is important that you select a hero name before going onto internships. Now please note that this will be your name for the rest of your careers so–"

“–try not to pick something as stupid as Eraserhead!”

Aizawa glared at Kayama as the heroine walked in. “That was uncalled for.” He turned back to the class. “Still, she has a point. I’m not good with names so Kayama will be helping to veto names or suggest more reasonable ones. Good luck and goodnight,” he said before promptly zipping up his sleeping bag and going to sleep directly on the classroom floor.

“Alright then, children! Time to wow me with your undoubtedly well-thought-out hero names!”

Midoriya froze. He did not have a well-thought-out hero name. He didn’t even have a kinda-thought-out name.

“Kacchan,” he whispered, leaning forward in his seat. “What should I–”

“Figure it out yourself, you stupid adrenaline junkie,” Bakugou hissed back before scribbling something on his board and walking to the front of the room.

Now perhaps you will remember in chapter fourteen–if you do, I must applaud you as that was quite a long time ago–where I mentioned it was a very good thing Bakugou was not in charge of naming things. Unfortunately, that is exactly what happened at this particular moment. I’m sure that my recount of the event will entirely convince you that I was correct.

“Oh?” Kayama said. “Would you like to go first, Bakugou?”

“King Explosion Murder.”

“No.”

Case and point.

-

Midoriya still didn’t know what to do for his name. He considered some variation of All Might but realized that was probably a bad idea. He thought about maybe doing Adrenaline Junkie as a sort of a nod to Bakugou but dismissed that idea as well.

“Supreme Lord of Death Explosions!”

“Sit down, Bakugou.”

Most of the students had chosen their hero names at this point, but it seemed both Midoriya and Bakugou were still struggling.

“Ultimate Bomb Hands?”

“Try again.”

It wasn’t until Jiro shared her hero name that Midoriya started to form an idea of what he should do.

Bakugou stood up once more, his board smeared black from the constant erasure. “Sparky Sparky Boom Man?”

Kayama sighed in a manner that was reminiscent of Aizawa. “No, Bakugou. Your hero name cannot be ‘Sparky Sparky Boom Man’.”

It was at this point that Midoriya made his way to the front of the classroom. “The persistent hero: Hysterical!”

From the floor, Aizawa could be heard muttering, “the traumatic hero would be more accurate.”

“Oh!” Kayama clapped her hands. “Like your quirk. I like it!”

As Midoriya sat down he leaned over towards Bakugou. “Who’s winning now?”

Bakugou growled and stood from his seat. “King Explosion Murder God!!”

“NO!”

-

Despite the fact that Bakugou still did not actually have a hero name, it was decided that they would move on to picking out hero agencies.

“Which heroes drafted you, Kacchan?” Midoriya asked, leaning over.

Bakugou pointed at the paper. “Loser, weak, stupid, ugly, HELL NO, boring, narcissistic, pretty sure this one was just a mistake, or maybe a typo? This dude’s face makes me wanna blow stuff up, she’s a fucking weirdo, and I don’t like fish so he’s out.”

“I see. So down to these two, huh?” Midoriya pointed to the only heroes Bakugou hadn’t had an immediate problem with.

“Yeah. Both are pretty highly ranked so that’s good but–”

“I think it’s pretty obvious.”

Bakugou sighed. “Well obviously I’d wanna go with Mirko, she’s fucking badass, but Best Jeanist is ranked higher than her and skinny jeans make me look sexy.”

Midoriya stared at Bakugou for a moment. “Is that– is that your only argument?”

Bakugou shrugged. “I ain’t wrong.”

“Yeah well, I’m pretty sure you could pull off the bunny costume too, not gonna lie.”

Bakugou wrinkled his nose in disgust. “Bitch.”

“Just go with Mirko, you’d like that a whole lot more.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes but circled the name all the same. “Yeah alright, how ‘bout you? Who you picking?”

“Oh, All Might said that he was actually going to talk to me about–”

“I AM HERE!”

“Speak of the devil,” Bakugou grumbled.

-

“Young Midoriya! I’d like to congratulate you on your performance at the sports festival.”

Midoriya shrugged. “I just wish I had been able to beat Kacchan.”

“I think I speak for the rest of the staff when I say that I’m quite glad you did not. Dealing with the boy even when he tied for first was quite the ordeal.”

“I stand by that you should’ve muzzled him.”

“That’s child abuse, Midoriya. As a hero I really can’t condone child abuse of all things.”

“Endeavor doesn’t seem to have a problem with it,” Midoriya muttered.

“What’s that?”

“Nothing. Anyways, you were saying there was someone you wanted me to intern with?”

“Ah.” All Might paled a considerable amount. “Yes. I– About that.”

Midoriya raised an eyebrow.

“Well, you see– I know that you got a few drafts– the point is–”

Midoriya, although he knew he shouldn’t have, found All Might’s blubbering to be rather entertaining.

To his credit it was a very hilarious scene, the very buff number one hero wringing his hands like a nervous girl about to ask her crush to the dance made for quite the show.

“Spit it out, old man.”

It was a testament to how off-kilter All Might was that he didn’t acknowledge being called an “old man.”

“My old teacher, Gran Torino, wants you for the internship,” All Might said, spitting the words out like if he thought about them too much he might explode. This wouldn’t happen. In fact, I’d go so far as to say that has never happened, not in the entirety of human existence.

Midoriya tilted his head. “And? Why is that such a big deal?”

All Might looked down and scuffed his feet a little. “He’s just really scary,” he said quietly.

“And I’m immortal. What’s the worst he can do?”

All Might looked back up, eyes wide. “Oh no, that’s not what I’m worried about. It’s just– you, and Gran–” He shuddered. “I can’t think of a more terrifying combination.”

Chapter End Notes

Now the title has TRIPLE MEANINGS

# All you need is a good teacher and some good homeowners insurance

Chapter Summary

> Midoriya and Torino met. Surprisingly enough it's actually quite productive.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Gran Torino's home was not what Midoriya had expected. Now mind you Midoriya had had very few expectations but those which he had possessed amounted to it not being incredibly run-down, nor with the door wide open showing a very dimly lit room. He had also had the expectation that there would not be a corpse on the floor. This too was an expectation not met.

Midoriya was fairly certain that the "corpse" wasn't actually dead. Considering this was an important characteristic of a corpse he didn't think he could actually refer to it as one. Part of this astute observation of his came from his intimate relationship with corpses, having been one himself on a number of occasions. The other reason for Midoriya's conclusion was that he was pretty sure the "entrails" were actually sausages and he wasn't sure what smelled more like ketchup: the pool of "blood" or the empty ketchup bottle that sat nearby, obviously a result of a hastily done murder scene.

Now despite getting kicked out of his middle school drama club– another result of the avocado incident–Midoriya was actually quite a good actor.

"Oh no! My mentor! He's dead!" Midoriya put a hand to his forehead. "Whatever will I do!" He could see Torino begin to roll over to reveal himself so Midoriya closed his eyes to create plausible deniability. "It's a tragedy! A travesty! A tragic travesty!"

"Kid?" Torino said.

Midoriya sobbed to cover up the sound of Torino speaking. "Whatever will I tell All Might?" He reached into his pocket and pulled out his trusty suicide knife. "Yes– It's the only solution– I shall end my own life over the utter depression I feel!"

“Kid? Hey kid, it was just ketchup. Kid. It was ketchup.”

“‘O happy dagger, this is thy sheath!’” Midoriya said, killing himself.

Torino looked at Midoirya’s body. “Kid?” Midoriya didn’t move. “Gosh darn it,” Torino sighed and pulled out his phone. “Hey Toshi, your kid is dead.”

*“What–”*

“Ain’t my fault. Now I have a suitcase packed just in case of something like this but you’re gonna have to tell everyone that I’ve moved to France. I’ll be in Mexico though, I have connections with a cartel over there.”

*“Wait–”*

“Yo hablo español muy bien.”

*“Gran, hold on a second!”*

“I know it’s sad, but you’ll get over it. ‘Sides, this kid was a total drama queen. Don’t get me wrong, I get the urge to quote a little Shakespeare every once in a while too, we all do, but that doesn’t mean I actually do it–”

*“GRAN! Is his blood shimmery?”*

“Shimmery? Have you lost your marbles? The psychotic part of trauma doesn’t usually set in this fast–” Torino looked down. “Well fuck me with a wet noodle. It IS shimmery.”

There was a sigh from over the phone. *“Yeah he does that.”*

“Does what? Die?”

*“Yeah.”*

Torino was silent.

*“Gran? Are you still there?”*

“Y’know that was sarcasm. I was being sarcastic. I didn’t think you were actually implying that this kid DIES on the REGULAR.”

*“It’s his original quirk. Adrenaline Rush if I remember correctly. Used to let him go past typical human-level limits of strength but in doing so he tended*

*to uh, die. A lot. Luckily it's just temporary–"*

"If death is temporary I can assure you I wouldn't look like a shriveled up fish stick right about now. Sure I ain't dead yet but let me tell you, *it's knocking*," Torino hissed.

*"Er, sorry about that whole, aging situation. Um, don't think I can help you there. As far as the more immediate issue I promise that young Midoriya will be back to his typical glittery self any minute now."*

"Glittery? Didn't I tell you to not do drugs Toshi? I don't–"

"I'm back~" Midoriya sing-songed.

Torino blinked, trying to remove the layer of gold glitter from his eyeballs. "Glittery," he said, "okay I get it now Toshi." He put the phone down. "So," he said, looking at the now very alive Midoriya. "Immortal, huh? You'd think Toshi would think to mention that."

Midoriya shrugged. "I think he's afraid of you. He probably avoids contacting you at all costs."

"Sounds about right." Torino tilted his head. "So you just… come back to life? With glitter?"

Midoriya nodded.

"Man, that must work wonders for pranks."

He grinned. "You have *no* idea."

-

The two settled down a little before finally getting down to business.

"So, tell me about how One for All has been working out for you."

"Oh just fine, you know. I still can't use it at 100% without exploding but–"

"Exploding in a literal sense?" Torino interrupted.

"Oh yeah most definitely."

"Carry on."

"–but I'm getting pretty good at handling it at about 30%. And of

course it's been reacting with my original quirk in interesting ways."

"How so?"

"Well I haven't really gotten a chance to test it too much but it seems that now anytime someone kills me with their quirk I explode into glitter immediately rather than just dying and regenerating like normal." He gasped. "I should have Kacchan explode me again and see if it works with his quirk! Oh and I think my regeneration has been taking less time, and I see ghosts now sometimes, and I think that my control improvement with One for All is affecting my control on my original quirk and vice versa–"

"Hold up." Torino put out his hands. "What's this about ghosts?"

"Huh? Oh, I've just seen ghosts a couple of times lately?"

Torino stared at him.

"...is that not normal?"

"Kid, why would seeing ghosts be related in any way to a generational strength quirk?"

Midoriya thought about that. "I hadn't thought about that," he said.

"Clearly." Torino clapped his hands. "Alright! Time to train!"

"Huh, what?"

"That's what you're here for, isn't it?" Torino pulled his arm across his chest, stretching. "And you are immortal, right? So if I kill you you'll be fine?"

"Yeah? My original quirk makes it so I don't feel pain and then when I die I come back within five minutes."

Torino's smile fell. "Oh, I didn't realize you didn't feel pain. That's not quite as fun."

Now I'd like to label this sentence as concerning. The implication of it was that Torino, unaware of Midoriya's lack of pain, was still quite prepared to kill him. Unfortunately, if one is to look at the rest of hero society this really isn't all this peculiar.

Midoriya screamed as Torino launched himself straight at the boy with his quirk. This was a reasonable reaction as most people would

behave similarly when faced with a short, wrinkly, old man, flying directly towards their face.

I'm not sure how much of the training that followed was actually helpful and how much of it was just because Torino really missed tormenting children, but I can say with certainty that by the end of it Midoriya had died exactly twelve times.

"Well, I think I know your problem!"

Midoriya looked up from the glass of water he had been drinking from. "Oh?"

"What's your name?"

"Huh? Izuku Midoriya? Oh shoot, did I not even introduce myself–"

"I SAID what's your name, kid?"

Midoriya was quiet for a minute. "Okay you know that the senile old man act is like *way* overused, right?"

"Your HERO name."

"Oh, uh Hysterical."

"Right. And why is that your hero name?"

"It's what I called my quirk after I got One for All. And it wasn't like I had any better ideas for a hero name so.."

"So you're saying it's the name of both One for All and Adrenaline Rush together, right?"

"Yeah?" Midoriya said.

Torino extended his hand. "See? That's what you're missing!"

Midoriya considered this. "Yeah, I still don't get it."

Torino slapped his forehead. "You're still thinking of the two quirks as separate despite clear evidence that the two have combined, creating an entirely new quirk: Hysterical."

Midoriya's eyes widened. "Oh!"

Torino sighed. "Nana went through the same thing. Not that Toshi

would know how to handle it, the quirkless wimp."

"He's the number one hero you know."

"Number one annoyance more like."

Midoriya shook his head. "So what you're saying is that I need to treat both quirks as a single quirk?"

Torino nodded. "Go on, give it a try. Let's see a punch."

Midoriya closed his eyes and tried to envision One for All and Adrenaline Rush mixing as he felt himself power up. He pictured the ever-present adrenaline in his system flowing with the same lightning that filled his veins as he used One for All.

"Hysterical…" he muttered as he punched outward. A shockwave radiated outward, powerful enough to shake the entire house.

Torino smiled at him. "There you are! You'll be paying for property damage by the way."

Midoriya cracked open his eyes to see the entire far wall was completely destroyed. The faucet for the sink had broken off, leaving a fountain of water spouting from the broken pipe. "Oops?"

Torino waved a hand. "No worries. You did well anyways, I think you're ready for the streets. We'll go to Hosu tomorrow."

"Huh? But I just did one punch." He pointed at the mess and the still settling rubble. "Granted I probably shouldn't try that again, but still!"

"Trust me, kid, you're ready." Torino smiled. "During that punch your veins went from green to gold."

Midoriya's eyes went wide.

"You stopped thinking of them as separate, didn't you? You just have one quirk, kid."

Midoriya smiled. "Hysterical."

Chapter End Notes

> Wow! Plot? AND Character Development? In this mess of a crack fic?

Bizzare

# Iida's revenge pt. 1 - ...and subsequent traumatization

Chapter Summary

Midoriya invests in becoming a stain remover.

“Y’know I have a friend interning in Hosu,” Midoriya said as he and Torino took the train to the city.

“Fascinating,” muttered Torino, focusing on his crossword. “Do you know a six-letter word that’s an expression of humor?”

Midoriya continued without paying attention to Torino’s question. “It’s funny–” he said.

Torino looked down. “No, it starts with an L, not an F.”

“–Iida’s brother was attacked by this villain, not that that was funny, it was actually really sad, but then Iida takes an internship with the one agency offering internships in Hosu, which is where his brother was attacked. It’s like he thinks we’re all too stupid to realize what he’s doing.”

“I see,” Torino said. In truth the only thing he saw was a stupid question on the crossword. He was completely ignoring Midoriya.

“Anyways, if we see him today I want to tell him to not go after a serial killer. I don’t have a whole lot of experience with it but I’m pretty sure it’s not very smart.”

“That’s nice.”

Midoriya turned to him. “You’re not even listening to me, are you?”

“What? Of course I am.”

"Prove it."

Torino was was saved from having to admit he had no idea what Midoriya was talking about as something punched through the wall of the train. I say something rather than someone as I'm not entirely sure the thing was human. Now mind you it looked relatively humanoid, and with quirks that could be a very broad range, but it did punch through the wall of the train which is not a skill most humans possess,

ignoring the fact that Midoriya himself could probably do that if he tried.

Also its brain was exposed. This didn't seem to be an issue for it.

“Nomu!” Midoriya cried, for yes, the creature did in fact resemble its counterpart from the USJ attack.

“Great Scott, that thing’s ugly!” Torino yelled. He dropped his crossword as he stood. He didn’t actually mind that much. This was because he thought the crossword was stupid for the simple fact that he was incapable of solving it. The answer he had been looking for by the way was levity. This actually was a stupid answer. “Stay here, kid.”

“There’s more in the city!” Midoriya looked out what used to be a window but was now just a hole. “I’m going to go try to help.”

Torino, who was now wrestling the nomu glared at Midoriya. “What did I say about staying–”

“Immortal, remember!” Midoriya called as he climbed over the rubble.

“Oh yeah,” said Torino. “Well in that case I give you permission to fight!”

“Thanks!” Midoriya then hopped out of the train and onto the street below.

Now while Midoriya definitely intended to help take care of the whole nomu situation he became increasingly aware of the fact that this would be an ideal time for Iida to try and track down Stain. Midoriya didn’t want this to happen as this would most likely result in Iida’s death, and, while Midoriya personally was quite comfortable with death, he tended to prefer his friends alive. This was a very reasonable preference.

Considering that Hosu was very large and at that moment very chaotic, the chances of Midoriya finding his friend facing down a deadly villain in an empty alleyway were very slim. Luckily Midoriya was the main character and as such he was privy to such luxuries as an unreasonable ability to immediately be exactly where is most plot central.

At this moment that place was in fact the alleyway where Iida was facing down Stain.

Midoriya stood by the mouth of the alley as he quickly sent a text out to the class group chat, hoping someone was in the area and that they, rather than assist with the whole nomu situation, would instead look at their phone and decide to follow up.

“Now, fake hero,” he heard Stain hiss. “I will end you.”

“Hi!” Midoriya decided this was an appropriate time to make his appearance. “Please don’t do that!”

Stain turned to look at Midoriya. Iida did not. This was because Iida was paralyzed and lying on the ground.

“You must be the villain Stain,” Midoriya continued. “I’ve heard a lot about you! Mostly bad things if I’m to be honest. If I recall you did permanently disable my friend Iida’s brother which wasn’t all that nice of you.”

“Midoriya!” Iida cried out with a half-strangled sob. “What are you doing?! Run away!”

“Oh! Would you speak of the devil, hello Iida.” Midoriya looked down at Iida and although he continued to smile his eyes darkened significantly. “I am trying to save your suicidal ass, so I do suggest you shut the hell up.”

“You don’t have to do this,” said Iida. “This isn’t your fight.”

Midoriya chuckled, verging hysteria. “That’s funny! Because I was under the impression that this man was about to kill my friend. That very much makes this my fight! Now stop beginning stupid and reckless and let me beat up this villain.”

“But– but you’re *always* reckless!”

Stain looked between the two. “Whatever,” he said. “You’re both still children. I can kill you too if I must.”

Midoriya’s head whipped towards Stain with a near concussion-causing ferocity. “You. Shut *up*. I am trying to berate my seemingly brain-dead friend.” He looked back to Iida. “Iida, you fucking donkey,” he said, using one of Bakugou’s most prized insults. “I’m allowed to be reckless. My recklessness is a calculated risk that causes me no permanent damage. You are not because you’re stupid and fragile.”

Iida looked insulted.

“Now,” he looked at Stain and began to power up, noticing with a bit of interest that he was still glowing gold rather than green. “Time to say bye-bye Stainy. I am going to kick your ass like you just insulted a particularly persistent kangaroo till your creepy-ass head makes a creepy-ass imprint in that wall. And after I do that I’m going to take this idiot here–” He pointed to Iida. “And whoever the hell this bozo is–”

“My name is Native!” said Native.

“–That’s the one. And I’m going to rescue their stupid faces!”

“Go ahead and try,” said Stain.

Midoriya took this as an invitation to do just that.

To be specific he took his foot, and after a skip and a hop, drove the boot directly into Stain’s face. Stain was not a fan of this. He responded by pulling out several knives which was a bit of an extreme reaction.

“Midoriya!” Iida called.

“I’m a bit busy right now Iida!” Midoriya said as he dodged an attack to his right.

“Don’t let him cut you, his quirk works by ingesting your blood!”

“Don’t let him what?” said Midoriya, turning slightly towards Iida. As he did Stain stabbed his shoulder. Midoriya, unable to feel pain, hardly registered it.

“KNIFE!” screeched Iida. “FRICKIN’ KNIFE HE’S GONNA LICK IT–”

Midoriya tilted his head. “Huh?” He then fell limply to the ground as Stain licked a generous amount of his blood from the knife. “Oh,” he said. “Don’t let him stab me. Gotcha.”

“Well,” said Stain. “Now that that’s taken care of–” He walked back towards Iida. “Where were we?”

“Wait!” yelled Midoriya. “Why are you even killing Iida?”

“Because he’s a false hero that tried to beat me for his own selfish revenge rather than trying to save him.” He gestured to Native.

Native nodded. “Can confirm.”

“Okay,” said Midoriya. “So what about me? I tried to save them, does that make me a true hero?”

Stain shrugged. “I’ll still kill you. You’re probably not a true hero somehow, I just don’t know why yet.”

“Gotcha. But you’d agree that I am, realistically speaking, a truer hero than Iida?”

Iida, despite the fact that he was very likely about to die, was offended.

“Yeah, I suppose so.”

“Awesome!” Midoriya smiled. “Then how about you kill me first?”

“Huh?”

“Well come on. I mean just think about it. I obviously don’t want to watch my dear friend die knowing it’s partially my fault, and I’m sure he doesn’t either, so if you really want to punish him then you really should kill me first and then give him a few minutes to digest the situation–let's just say five, you know, entirely arbitrary–and then when you do kill him he’ll be far more punished and I’ll be dead.”

Stain tilted his head. “Well, now I’m starting to rethink you because that seems very selfish.”

“You can admit that my point is compelling at least, right?”

“Yeah okay,” said Stain. “Alright, goodbye then.” Stain then stabbed Midoriya in the chest, killing him instantly.

“MIDORIYA!” Iida screamed.

Stain looked at him. “The kid had a point. This is even better than just killing you straight up.” He walked over. “Still, I really can’t hang around for five minutes just to make you suffer longer, I don’t really have that time.” He raised his knife. “Goodbye, little false hero.”

“Not so fast,” a voice called from the entrance of the alley. “Put the bitch knife down and surrender you fucking asscrack full of shit.”

Stain looked over to see Bakugou, wearing a bunny-themed leotard for some reason complete with two fluffy ears replacing his typical

explosion hairpins, glaring at him. Todoroki stood slightly behind him.

“Hi, Iida,” said Todoroki.

“MIDORIYA’S DEAD!” screamed Iida in reply.

“Bitch couldn’t have waited two more minutes, could he?” said Bakugou.

At the same time Stain looked at Iida. “How many friends do you have? I mean excluding that other one because he’s dead now.

“It’s okay, Iida!” Todoroki yelled. “I’m pretty sure I killed him during the sports festival too. He’s probably fine.

“He was stabbed in the heart!”

“Oh,” said Todoroki. “Maybe not fine.”

“Would you two shut the hell up? Zuku will be fine. Now I don't know about you half-n-half, but I’m feeling like fried asscrack today.”

“That sounds horribly unappetizing,” said Todoroki.

“Shut up and help me murder this bitch!”

Todoroki shrugged. “Okay.”

“You children will die just like your little friend,” Stain hissed.

Bakugou cracked his knuckles and grinned wickedly, somehow managing to make the bunny costume look threatening. “Bring it, shit stain.”

# Iida's revenge pt. 2 - Bakugou makes a friend

Chapter Summary

Other stuff happens too but it's less important.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Miruko's home was not what Bakugou had been expecting. He looked down at his paper. He looked back up at the door.

He then let out a growl of frustration and kicked the door in.

"OY! Bunny bitch! Why the fuck you live in this shit?"

"You ever heard of fucking knocking?!" Miruko yelled back, called to the front door by the sound of Bakugou's screaming.

"Like me kicking in the door is gonna make any difference. What'd you do? Look for the cheapest fucking apartment?"

"Shut up, brat! The economy's fucking trash right now. I live alone so I ain't gonna spring for one of them expensive-ass mansions."

Bakugou threw his arms into the air. "You're the number five hero! You coulda gone for something more classy than renting Oscar the Grouch's old flat."

"The fuck you saying?!"

Bakugou rolled his eyes and shoved his way past her, throwing his luggage onto her couch. "I'm saying you're a cheap bitch and you live in a dump."

"The building itself might be a bit rundown but I keep it clean."

This was mostly true. While the interior of the apartment wasn't all that bad, the furnishings looked nice at least, that did not excuse the fact that the building itself looked like a hideout for drug dealers and criminals.

"There's a pile of fucking rubble in front of your closet," Bakugou countered.

There was, in fact, a pile of rubble in front of the closet.

Miruko shrugged. “I’ll get to it.”

At that point, there was a loud pounding noise coming from the apartment one over. “*Keep it down you fucking rabbit!”*

“Make me, slut!”

*“Whore!”*

Miruko turned to Bakugou. “My neighbor,” she explained. “Lovely lady.” She turned back to the wall. “I got a kid over so watch your fucking language!”

*“Cradle robber!”*

“Nah, Imma just beat the brat up a little.”

*“Give ‘em a kick for me, you hear?”*

Miruko chuckled. “A real riot, ain’t she?” She turned, motioning to Bakugou to follow her further into the house. “Now let's get down to shit, ‘k brat?” Miruko opened the fridge and pulled out a carrot. She then kicked the door closed. Judging by the cratered front of the fridge this was a regular occurrence. “Now I don’t really ‘do’ interns. I work alone, y’know? But you looked like fucking fun so here we are.”

“Wow.” Bakugou crossed his arms. “What a raving review.”

Miruko rolled her eyes. “Don’t get your panties in a bunch, you’re still the only brat I sent an offer to. Only the best for me.”

“*Tied* for best,” grumbled Bakugou.

“Oh yeah!” Miruko laughed. “That brat you were up against was a real piece of work. Friend of yours?”

“Something like that.”

“He looked fun. Not my style though.” Miruko finished her carrot and tossed the stem over her shoulder into the garbage behind her. “Welp! Let’s get to it, huh?”

“To what?”

“Training of course! I’ve been looking forward to pounding you for the

last week."

"You can't beat me up, that's child abuse."

"Not if you're okay with it!"

Bakugou did that thing with his face where he lifted one eyebrow and stared at Miruko, his mouth slightly agape.

"Wow. Okay. For the record, I thought we'd bet on it."

"Huh?"

Miruko shrugged. "You win, I do whatever you want, I win, you wear my costume for the rest of the internship. You down?"

Bakugou squinted. "Anything?"

"Sure. Ain't like you're gonna beat me anyways."

Bakugou weighed his options. On one hand, it was a pretty tempting offer. Bakugou wasn't exactly sure what he wanted from Miruko but he was sure it would be worth the risk. On the other, he really did not want to wear a bunny costume. This wasn't out of any real assumption that it wouldn't look good on him mind you–Bakugou was certain he could rock the outfit just as readily as any other–but more so just because Bakugou preferred the 'badass' look rather than the 'furry' look. And of course there was also the fact that really Bakugou just wanted to fight Miruko anyways, regardless of if he actually had a chance of winning."

"Fuck it," he said. "I'm in."

Miruko grinned savagely and Bakugou made an internal note to ask her about how she managed to make her expression so threatening. She then jumped up and, using the door frame as a springboard, launched herself into Bakugou.

Now despite this world not always adhering to typical laws of nature, an example of which could be either the fact that Bakugou himself seemingly sweat a potentially lethal substance or that Miruko had aspects of an entirely separate species despite not possessing any of their DNA, Newton's Laws of Motion were still in effect. This meant that as he was kicked Bakugou found himself thrown backwards into the wall behind him and then through said wall as the transfer of energy continued to work.

The neighbor, voice now considerably clearer due to the newly created door connecting the two apartments, screeched. “MIRUKO! You dick! You just put this brat’s head through my microwave! I just got it last week.”

Miruko laughed as she watched Bakugou pull himself back up, rubble falling off him as he did. “Insurance will cover it!”

-

In the end, Bakugou lost. This was expected. He also got very angry as he did, also expected. He ended up calling for a rematch, a best two out of three if you will, which he lost as well.

So it was that as Miruko and Bakugou finally hit the streets the next day Bakugou was dressed from head to toe in a bunny costume. He did take it with dignity though and, as Miruko gave him permission to, and I quote, “beat up all ‘em bastards till they gotta eat from a feeding tube. And use your fucking quirk if ya need it” Bakugou proceeded to do exactly that.

Up until the moment when his phone chimed with the particular sound he had for messages from Midoriya. Specifically, it was the sound of that falling glitter sound effect often used in children's shows.

He sighed and glanced at the text. “Oy! Bunny!”

“The hell you want, brat?” Miruko said as she attempted to tie two thugs into a pretzel.

“This dumbass I know needs help. Ain’t too far from here.”

Miruko waved her hand. “Yeah, yeah, whatever.”

-

Todoroki was not being very helpful. This was not because he didn’t want to be helpful, but it was very difficult to do much when his father was being a bit of an attention hog.

Todokroki sighed as his father got into an argument with an old man for some reason and sat down on a nearby bench. Technically the bench had been overturned in the scuffle but as long as he avoided the gum that had been stuck to the underside it still worked as a seat. He pulled out his phone and raised his eyebrow at a cryptic message Midoriya had sent him.

“Dad!”

Endeavor turned his head.

“I’m going to go find a friend. You’ve got it covered here anyways, don’t you?”

“SHOTO!” Endeavor yelled. He did this because he enjoyed yelling Todoroki’s name. “I forbid you from leaving.”

Todoroki shrugged. “I think you have more important things right now.” He pointed behind his father and as Endeavor turned his attention to the nomu rising back up Todoroki turned and ran to find Midoriya.

-

Todoroki and Bakugou got to the alley at roughly the exact same time.

“Bakugou?” Todoroki asked, looking at his change of costume. “What–”

“Don’t,” hissed Bakugou.

Todoroki didn’t.

The two of them walked into the alley to see Stain hovering over Iida, about to kill him.

Now the two knew Stain. Not personally, mind you, but more out of reputation. You see Stain was one of those people who didn’t like the way the world was and wanted to change it. He did this by attacking people.

Really Stain was like a hero. A hero that killed people. On second thought he wasn’t really a hero.

But at the very least Stain had reasons for what he did. Bakugou knew this and decided he really didn’t care. “Not so fast,” he said. “Put the bitch knife down and surrender you fucking asscrack full of shit.”

“Hi, Iida,” said Todoroki.

At this point I believe you can remember what happened. In case you do not allow me to summarize: Iida was relatively traumatized after watching his close friend be murdered, Bakugou was annoyed that Midoriya had gotten himself killed so quickly, and Todoroki was in

the confusing state of not being entirely sure if Midoriya was in fact immortal but definitely suspecting it.

“You children will die just like your little friend,” Stain said because he for one was not conflicted.

Bakugou tried to replicate Miruko’s grin. He thought he pulled it off. “Bring it, shit stain.”

Rather than “bring it” as Bakugou had so hoped for, Stain’s face twisted in discomfort and he began to cough, almost choking. He hacked for a solid minute as the children looked at one another, confused.

Stain began to rub his tongue in between coughs and Bakugou became even more confused as he saw Stain’s hands come away covered in gold glitter. This confused Bakugou because while he knew that the glitter was a by-product of Midoriya’s regeneration he had no idea why it would be in Stain’s mouth.

The explanation was that Stain had ingested some of the blood that was necessary for his quirk to activate, the same blood that was necessary for Midoriya’s quirk to let him regenerate. This meant that the blood, having turned into glitter, as usual, was trying to make its way back to its owner. It succeeded.

“I’m back~”

Chapter End Notes

> Every time I write "Stain's" it tries to correct to "Satan's". I just find it kinda funny.
>
> Anyway, I might be a bit late getting the next update out, sorry!

# Iida's revenge pt. 3 - Resurrected

Chapter Summary

> Look, I'm aware that Stain is a villain and all, and that he's definitely killed people, but also I can't help but feel a little bad that he has to deal with Midoriya. I think this punishment definitely counts as cruel and unusual.

Chapter Notes

> Spell check finally got the hint after I repeatedly declined its suggestion to change "Stain's" to "Satan's" and has now begun to provide me with the alternate "Stalin's" which is also not what I need.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

*"–heroic really. Sacrifice–"*

*"Suicidal more like."*

*"–got himself killed again. This kid needs–"*

*"–SAVE his friend!"*

*"–useless now. Can't do shit when you're dead, you of all people should know–"*

*"What's he doing?"*

*"–to speed up the process. That villain is still going to kill the other boy."*

*"–mistake–"*

*"HURRY MIDORIYA!"*

*"–he's not going to make it."*

*"–too late–"*

*"No–"*

"WAKE UP!"

The lights in Midoriya's vision grew brighter and brighter until they

overtook his entire view, turning the world around him white. Then everything went black. Midoriya opened his eyes.

-

Midoriya's heart was pounding. This was probably because it was trying to overcompensate for the fact that it had been stabbed mere minutes ago and was still recovering. The alternate explanation is that Midoriya was fearful that in the short time he had been dead Stain may have killed Iida as well. This would be an issue as Iida wasn't actually immortal. The entire time Midoriya had been dead his subconscious had been uncomfortably aware of this fact and had hurried to hasten the regeneration process. He had hoped that would be possible given his recent improvement with One for All and it seemed it was as Midoriya awoke feeling much more out of it than usual, as if speeding up the process had caused it to neglect some aspects. In essence, Midoriya had a literal migraine of death.

He scrambled to his feet, unsure of how much time he'd have to save Iida, only to see Stain doubled over coughing out the last traces of glitter that had been in his mouth as he was watched by a very confused Todoroki and Bakugou–who had the shit-eating grin of someone who had made a very funny connection. The funny connection was realizing that one way or another Stain had eaten some of Midoriya's blood and the fact that it was now glitter meant Midoriya was once more alive. Bakugou also was wearing Mirko's bunny costume for some reason. More importantly, Iida was still very much alive although still unconscious.

Midoriya smiled, realizing he wasn't too late. "I'm back〜" he singsonged.

Stain slowly straightened and turned around, a look of abject horror across his face. "Wha–"

Midoriya punched him into a wall.

"Thanks for stopping by, guys!" he said to Bakugou and Todoroki cheerfully. "Quick question: did one of you guys call for me to wake up?"

At this point everyone looked confused, even Bakugou who was well aware of Midoriya's immortality.

"No?" Todoroki said eventually. "Why?"

Midoriya shrugged. “Probably nothing. I guess the voices in my head are just being a little more chatty than usual.” Without waiting for a response Midoriya turned to look at Iida, still laying on the ground. “Are you okay? He didn’t stab you yet, did he?”

“You- you just died,” Iida finally said.

“Yes but I'm fine, how are you?”

“Oh you know, probably scarred for life but I could be worse.”

Midoriya nodded. “I’ll take that.”

“Oy! Fuckface! Watch your back!” Bakugou ran towards Midoriya and released an explosion right behind him, barely stopping a recovering Stain from killing Midoriya a second time. In doing so Stain’s knife instead slashed the palm of Bakugou’s hand.

“SHIT!” Bakugou and Midoriya yelled in unison. Bakugou because a cut on the palm of your hand was not all that pleasant of a sensation, Midoriya because he had sorta forgotten about Stain.

Midoriya turned to see Bakugou fall to the ground as Stain licked his blood off the blade. “Now might be a good time to mention that his quirk works by ingesting blood so maybe don’t let him do that.”

“You couldn’t have said something sooner?!”

“I was a little preoccupied with making sure Iida wasn’t DEAD!”

A line of ice raced between the two at Stain who was, in a show of a wonderfully one-track mind, still trying to kill them.

“Can we maybe try to not die?” Todoroki said.

Midoriya blinked. “Yeah, that’s a good idea.” He powered up, his veins beginning to glow gold.

“That’s new,” Bakugou grumbled from the ground.

Midoriya shrugged. “I’ll fill you in later.” He then turned his attention to Stain. “Are you ready to meet God, fucker?”

Stain’s eye twitched. “I thought I killed you.”

Midoriya grinned. “You did.” He lowered his center of gravity, preparing to fight. “But I’m not exactly the type to let something as

trivial as death stop me from protecting my friends."

"Midoriya!" Iida called. "I'm so sorry! You don't have to do this!"

"Shut up, Iida!" Midoriya called back. "You're grounded." He then looked over at Todoroki. "It looks like it's just you and me, Todoroki. You ready?"

Todoroki shrugged. "Sure. I'll just stay over here and go long range so that–" He cut off suddenly as Stain stabbed him in the shoulder.

"TODOROKI!" Midoriya screamed and ran to his friend, punching Stain once more.

"Midoriya," Todoroki said deadpan. "I've been stabbed." He then fell to the ground, paralyzed.

"Welp. I guess it's just me," Midoriya said, turning to look at Stain.

Stain pulled out three more knives. This was odd as he only had two hands, and four knives at this point, two for each hand. "I don't know why you're still alive but you better believe I'll kill you again."

"I'd like to see you try."

"Would you stop fucking TOYING with him and just make sure that bitch can't murder us?!" Bakugou screamed. This was most likely because he had just realized that his life was essentially in the hands of Midoriya, someone who had a track record of not being all that careful with his own life. It was a terrifying position to be in.

"Yes, come at me, hero child.," Stain sneered. "Let me kill you and then all your little friends."

Midoriya ran at Stain, punching one hand and making the knives skitter out of his grasp and across the ground. "Here's the thing, Stain," Midoriya started, his voice low. "I don't care that you killed me–you're not the first, you won't be the last, it's honestly not that big of a deal–but the MOMENT you threaten my friends, that's when you've crossed a line."

"Don't act like I'm fucking fragile," Bakugou grumbled.

"Well then how about YOU try protecting yourself right now!" Midoriya yelled back, narrowly dodging a knife thrown at him. "How about I just sit back and let you take care of the mass murderer

yourself, Mr. I-Don't-Need-Anyone-To-Protect-Me."

Bakugou was quiet for a bit. "On second thought I think I'll let you take care of it."

"Not to be rude," Todoroki cut in, "but do you think maybe we could stop talking so Midoriya can focus on not letting us get killed?"

This was a reasonable suggestion so Bakugou abided by it.

At this point Midoriya began to fall into some semblance of a rhythm, narrowly avoiding all of Stain's attacks and even landing a few of his own. It was rather obvious he had the upper hand against the villain. This was mostly due to his newfound control over his power. It was also because even though Midoriya tended to have a more blasé attitude towards harm against him, he was significantly more protective of his friends with their working pain receptors and singular life.

Stain ducked under Midoriya's fist and watched as the wall behind him gained a large hole as Midoriya hit it instead of Stain's face. Stain looked back at Midoriya with much concern. This was mostly because he was concerned as to what would have happened had the attack met its intended target.

"What are you?!" Stain asked fearfully.

Midoriya grinned, remembering Torino's question of, "who are you?" He ran at one wall with superhuman speed, jumping at it as he reached it and striking off of the wall at an angle, launching himself at Stain. "I'm fucking Hysterical!" he yelled as his fist closed in on Stain.

Chapter End Notes

> I have miraculously received not one but TWO glorious works of fan art for this chapter.
>
> The first is this lovely piece by Clear Object Witch (please follow their Instagram: Clear Object Witch) I absolutely LOVE this piece! It looks exactly how I'd envisioned, and I adore the name, Mirkaboom. Thank you so, so, much for creating this utter masterpiece

The second one is by Lil Eclipse (Please check out her Instagram: Lil Eclipse). This one was actually created before I had written this chapter and inspired me to write in the scene she'd drawn. I love all the little details in this piece, from the costume being exactly how it was described way back in like chapter 24, to all the little bits of support gear. And I do think that "I'm fucking hysterical" might just become Midoriya's newest catchphrase (it is fitting after all)

Thank both of you so much for making art based off of this fic! I really can't get over how great they are, it really makes me feel like I've made it as a fic writer. Going into this I would have never expected to receive any fanart, to get two in one chapter is beyond incredible.

Again, I'd really appreciate it if you could check out both of these artists and support them, they deserve some love!

# Iida's revenge pt. 4 - Midoriya is an adrenaline junkie

Chapter Summary

After this I think all of the characters need therapy. Even Stain.

Especially Stain.

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the delay. Hope this chapter is worth it

(especially since I wrote it in one hour.)

...really need to work on this whole "procrastination situation"

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stain rolled out of the way, narrowly dodging the child that was falling towards him at unsafe speeds. “What is wrong with you?!” he yelled as Midoriya picked himself out of the rubble that had come as a result of his contact with the pavement.

“A lot!” Bakugou yelled helpfully.

Midoriya just laughed. “Give up Stain!” he said. “I’m on superhuman levels of adrenaline, I can’t feel pain, and I have enough power to fight God three times over!” It was around the time of this declaration that Midoriya acquired a predatory glint in his eyes.

“I’ll kill you?” Stain said, sounding much more questioning than such a statement really should. This was probably because Stain had actually already killed Midoriya, something which proved to be wholly ineffective.

“Try me!” Midoriya said, laughing. “I don’t care. After all, I can only talk to the voices in my head when I’m dead.”

Native, who had reasonably decided to stay out of the situation as much as possible, finally spoke up. “I think your friend needs

therapy," he said.

"Oh absolutely," Todoroki replied.

"You think we haven't tried that?!" Bakugou said at the same time.

"*I* need therapy after this!" Iida cried.

Bakugou discovered that even paralyzed he could still roll his eyes. "You just tried to murder a man, four-eyes. I think we've already reached the threshold for needing therapy."

"To be fair, he did deserve it."

"That's not your decision to make! Murder is illegal!"

"I'm pretty sure whatever Midoirya is doing is too," Todoroki said, helpfully.

What Midoriya was doing was trying to punch a bitch. It was not going well. Mostly because Stain did not want to be punched and as such kept dodging Midoriya's hits.

"Excuse me, I have my mentor's permission to beat up people!" Midoriya called back to his friends.

"So do I, actually," said Bakugou.

"I don't," Todoroki said. "I wonder if my dad will get in trouble for that."

It was at this moment that Midoriya was struck by a novel idea. "DOUBLE PUNCH SMASH!" he cried as he came at Stain, not with a single fist as he had been doing, but two. Somehow, this ridiculous move was actually effective and Stain collapsed to the floor as he was caught between both hits.

Midoriya laughed and turned to look at his still mostly paralyzed friends. I say mostly because not all of them were paralyzed, a fact Midoriya noticed quickly.

"Did you guys see that?! That was so—" Midoriya cut off. "Iida? Are you— are you un-paralyzed?"

"Maybe," Iida said, still on the ground.

"What are you doing?"

“I, like many people, assume a fetal position in times of trauma,” Iida said. He was, in fact, in a fetal position as they spoke.

Midoriya looked over at Native who was very obviously avoiding Midoriya’s eyes and pretending to not notice that he was sitting in an entirely different position than the one he had been paralyzed in.

“You too?!”

“To be fair,” Native started, “you looked like you had the situation under control.”

Midoriya brightened a little. “I did, didn’t I?” He turned to look back at Bakugou. “Kacchan! I did something with my quirk! Now I can heal even faster and also I think I got up to like thirty or forty percent and I didn’t explode even once!”

Iida choked. “That was only thirty percent of your power?!”

“Also, I think that I’ve had an epiphany. It wasn’t Shinsou that was haunted, it was me!”

Bakugou, used to Midoriya’s manic episodes following an over usage of his quirk, took the other boy’s rambling in stride. “Good for you.”

“Yeah! Also, I glow gold now instead of green, but I think you saw tha—”

“BEHIND YOU, IZU!” Bakugou yelled, barely catching Stain’s movements from his position on the ground.

You see, Stain was no longer unconscious. He had been, but he got better in the time it took for Midoriya to converse with his friends.

Midoriya spun around and caught Stain’s wrist in his hand, narrowly avoiding a knife to the back. Unfortunately, Stain had two hands. Even more unfortunate was the fact that this hand also had a knife in it. Luckily, Midoriya himself also possessed two hands and he easily used the other to catch Stain’s second hand.

Neither having three hands, the two of them were at a standstill.

“Well that wasn’t very nice of you,” Midoriya said. He then felt a sensation he had felt many times before: the slow trickle of blood down his upper lip as his nose began to bleed. “Uh oh.”

Now perhaps this particular nosebleed was a result of him turning his

head as fast as he had to catch Stain. Perhaps it was simply an inconvenient result of the recent dry air. Most likely it was just a plot point. Regardless, it was a problem.

Stain's eyes lit up as he stretched out his tongue and attempted to lick the unsanitary liquid in complete disregard for the hundreds of diseases that are transmitted through bodily fluids.

Midoriya did what was in his mind the only reasonable thing in such a situation.

"Midoriya," Todoroki said, "did you just bite Stain's tongue?"

Midoriya spit onto the ground. "Maybe just a little."

Stain, taken completely off guard by having his own tongue bitten by someone who was not himself, backed away in shock. He then fell to the ground, paralyzed. It seemed he was not technically immune to his own quirk.

"Huh," said Midoriya. "That's convenient."

"You bit me!" Stain yelled.

"You bit him!" Bakugou said.

"I did!" Midoriya said, sounding a little too proud for someone who had just willingly stuck the tongue of a mass murderer into his mouth. "It was awful!"

It was at that moment that the heroes arrived, only appearing after the villain was entirely incapacitated.

"Ha!" Mirko hopped down from the roof, landing next to Bakugou. "You a bit stuck, bitch?"

Bakugou growled in annoyance. "It's wearing off, jackass."

"SHOTO!"

"Hi, Dad," Todoroki said, entirely lacking any emotion in his tone.

"Why are you on the ground, SHOTO?"

Todoroki shrugged from his place on the ground. "I didn't want Bakugou to get lonely, I guess."

“Yours wore off too?!” Bakugou yelled.

-

By the time Bakugou’s paralysis disappeared everyone had made their way out of the alley and into the street, including Gran Torino and Manual who had shown up moments after Mirko and Endeavor, and Stain, who had been dragged with very little concern to his wellbeing out of the alley.

“Oy, Izu,” Bakugou stared, “is that your goddamn reporter across the street filming us?”

Midoriya shrugged. “Probably. Kanzaki’s just been following me lately. Seems like it’s working out okay for her though.”

“That’s creepy.”

“I mean I don’t mind but I can see—”

Midoriya was cut off by a nomu. This particular nomu had wings which became an issue as Midoriya was snatched from his position on the ground and taken into the sky before any of the heroes could react.

Now perhaps if Stain had not been paralyzed he would have saved Midoriya from the nomu. Or maybe he wouldn’t have, as I’m sure at this point he was very terrified of Midoriya. But the truth was, Stain was in no condition to go fighting nomus, and as such Midoriya flew higher and higher into the sky, screaming the whole time.

Mirko was the first to make a move, jumping up into the air with superhuman strength. She latched onto Midoriya’s foot, a noble move but very ineffective as Midoirya’s shoelaces had come undone in his fight. This caused Mirko to fall back to the ground, still holding Midoriya’s shoe as she did.

The heroes were quiet for a moment as Midoriya faded from sight.

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “Whatever. Don’t fucking worry about it. Dumbass will be fine, I guarantee it. He’ll probably show up in a few days with a souvenir from China or some shit.”

“As much as I’d like to go after my dear friend and savior—” Iida hesitated, “—and traumatizer, I’m inclined to agree with Bakugou.”

Todoroki nodded. “Hear, hear.”

Chapter End Notes

Midoriya, playing two truths and a lie: I've bitten the tongue of a serial killer, I've eaten the number one hero's hair, and I'm immortal!

Bakugou: You're supposed to have a lie, dumbass

Midoriya: Whoops~

# With every quirk you get a free nemesis

Chapter Summary

> It's sorta like a buy one get one free deal except you don't buy anything and one of the free things will kill you if given the chance

Chapter Notes

> nice

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So,” Midoriya said after a moment of silence. He looked to the ground below him. Not under his feet below him, but more like a hundred feet below him. As it was, Midoriya did not have a fear of heights. He didn’t have a fear of much anything—if one was to ignore his obvious paranoia of avocados which came as a result of *The Incident*—his fearlessness was largely due to his immortality, a fact which made it difficult for him to have the same level of trepidation in situations where his peers would be terrified. This meant that although he was being flown at near neck-breaking speeds by some strange mutant creature of an unknown origin, he really wasn’t all that concerned. “Don’t suppose you can tell me where you’re taking me?” he asked the nomu.

The nomu, incapable of speech, said nothing.

“Didn’t think so. You never did strike me as a conversationalist.”

The nomu still did not reply. This was quite rude of it. Of course, it was not entirely the nomu’s fault, it did not have the necessary intellectual equipment needed to respond, although it could have given some indication that it had heard Midoriya, or at least acknowledged his existence. It did no such thing.

Instead, the nomu, having reached its destination, dipped down and dropped Midoriya a few paces from a sketchy warehouse before soaring back into the sky, presumably to go find a giant nomu nest or something.

“Jerk,” Midoriya mumbled as he scrambled back to his feet. He then screamed as he looked in front of him to see a very terrifying man in a suit standing outside of the door. “Geez! You scared me!”

“Hello, Midoriya Izuku,” All for One greeted.

Now while Midoriya knew that he should probably ask about the very obvious problem that arose from realizing that this stranger who had used a rude birdman to kidnap him knew his name, Midoriya had a more pressing concern. “You don’t have a face!” he yelped. “I mean, you kinda have a face, like half a face, cuz you don’t have any eyes and your nose and– I mean it’s just weird. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t be commenting on your clear deformity, I just wasn’t expecting to– I mean, you did *know*, didn’t you?”

All for One sighed. “Yes. I’m aware that I don’t have half of my face. Thank you for pointing it out.”

“Sorry.” Truthfully Midoriya wasn’t too worried about offending his kidnapper. Nor should he have been, really.

“I’ve been watching you for quite some time now, Midoriya.”

“Creep.”

All for One looked annoyed at Midoriya’s interruption. “I know your secret.”

Midoriya tilted his head. “...which one?”

All for One recoiled slightly. “Which– what? The, uh, fact that you’re immortal of course, what else?”

“Nothing.”

All for One shook his head. “Anyways, immortality quirks are quite hard to come by as I’m sure you know.”

“Uh-huh.”

“And I’ve been conducting experiments on you, it seems like yours is just what I’ve been looking for.”

“Hold up. Are you the one who had me assassinated?”

“I did. I had to confirm the extent of your power.”

Midoriya was rather excited to finally have an explanation for the time in which he’d been shot by a sniper seemingly without reason. “Did you also send the McDonalds cult after me so they could sacrifice me?”

“I– excuse me?”

“Oh.” Izuku looked crestfallen. “Nevermind, I guess that was something else.”

All for One shook his head and continued on with his speech. “I myself currently possess a longevity quirk, but it’s not exactly true immortality. Yours looks to be quite preferable in comparison.”

Midoirya hesitated, unsure how to reply. “That sucks? Um, sorry, but I don’t think I can actually help you.”

All for One smiled. “That’s where you’re wrong.”

“No, I’m pretty sure I’m right. My quirk really only extends to me, and me only. It’s not like I can just, I dunno, give it to you?”

All for One’s grin widened. “No… of course, you can’t.” He then lunged towards Midoriya with far more speed than a man of his age should truly have. “Or can you?!”

Midoriya stood in stunned silence as he felt All for One’s hand smack into his face.

The two of them stood there for a few seconds.

“What the hell?!” All for One asked. You see the moment he touched Midoriya, rather than taking his quirk as All for One had expected, he instead heard a sound reminiscent of the Microsoft Windows XP Error sound. All for One tried again, pulling his hand away and then pushing it back into Midoriya’s face to the same effect.

All for One then became aware of the only explanation for this phenomenon. “Fuck no,” he whispered.

“Hey,” Midoriya said, “what exactly are you doing?”

“Why you?!”

“Huh?”

“That idiotic blond just had to go and pick you to be his successor!”

“Oh!” Midoriya said, finally understanding part of the conversation. “Is this about One for All? So you know that secret too?”

All for One glared at Midoriya. “That quirk is the only reason I can’t

take your immortality! It must have bonded with your original quirk."

"Well, I'm pretty sure that's not the only reason. I think the other reason is that people can't just– take quirks. It doesn't work like that."

"It does for me."

Midoriya gave All for One a soft pat on his shoulder. "Okay. If that's what you want to believe."

"I can!"

"Well I still have both of my quirks so maybe you can't."

"I told you! It's that damn One for All! I can't steal it or any quirks that bond with it!"

Midoriya nodded. "Sure."

All for One growled in frustration. "Look. I currently have nearly four dozen quirks including my original quirk: All for One."

"Hey, that almost sounds like One for All."

"It's because they're connected."

"Or you just made this up on the spot and based it on my quirk."

"I DID NOT—" All for One stopped and took a deep breath before grinning wickedly. "You know, why don't I just show you a few of my quirks?"

"Why don't you—" Midoriya broke off as he watched All for One begin to float, his muscles bulging as they grew to nearly three times their original size, and as lasers seemed to come from the place All for One's eyes would have been had he still had any. "Oh," said Midoriya, and then he died.

-

He awoke nearly immediately, not in the same area he'd died in, but in a very large black room. He wasn't sure but elevator music seemed to be playing directly into his ears.

There was the sound of many people laughing in the distance, Midoriya walked towards the sound only to see about seven people huddled together, in stitches about something or other.

“Hello?” Midoriya asked. The other people looked up in surprise.

“Hey, how’d you get here?”

Midoriya scratched his head. “I think I died?”

“Oh you definitely died,” one of them said. “You just told All for One that you thought he made up his quirk and then patted his shoulder like he was a small child. It was fucking hilarious. But yeah, he definitely killed you.”

Midoriya looked around. “So,” he said, “not to be dramatic or anything, but I’ve actually died a lot. This doesn’t usually happen.”

The woman shrugged. “Your guess is as good as ours, kid. Yoichi thinks that since your original quirk has started to bond with One for All it’s kinda changing things a bit, leading to situations like this.”

“Okay, but what is ‘this’ exactly?”

“Welcome,” One of the men threw out his arms. “To the afterlife of One for All!”

“Hold on,” Midoriya said, “are you implying that I am *in* my quirk?”

“Well, we’re pretty sure that’s where we are.”

“And who are you people?”

“The vestiges!”

“Shut up, Daigoro,” a different man spoke up. “He doesn’t know what that means.” The man turned to Midoriya. “We’re the previous holders of One for All.”

“This is weird,” Midoriya said.

“You’re telling us,” one said.

The woman scoffed. “Says the boy who regularly explodes into glitter.”

“Well, now I just explode into glitter and go into a dark room in my quirk. That’s significantly weirder.” Midoriya then started to float. “Nope,” he said, “this is weirder.”

“You’re waking up.”

“Will I do this every time?” Midoriya had to shout to be heard as he kept floating towards the ceiling.

“Who knows?” someone shouted back.

-

“AH!” Midoriya sat up with a start, accidentally inhaling some glitter as he screamed. “Man, that was weird.”

“How nice of you to finally wake up,” All for One said.

“Oh. You’re still here.”

“Well, this is awkward. Typically I tend to torture and kill anyone with One for All but I don’t think I can really do that with you.”

“Sorry to rain on your parade, bitch.”

All for One sighed. “I really don’t like you.”

“Feeling’s mutual half-face.”

“Still,” All for One continued, “you remind me a little of a younger version of myself. Way too overpowered and absolutely insolent about it.”

“What? You my dad?”

All for One sputtered. “What?! Of course not! I can’t be your father—”

“Why? Are you a virgin?”

All for One made a sound that Midoriya didn’t realize humans were capable of. I for one was aware that such a sound was possible, having produced it myself once during an incident I shall not mention. But that is neither here nor there.

“I– You–” he sputtered.

Midoriya laughed. “Whatever. I really gotta get back to Hosu now though. I sorta left a bit of a situation back there.” He turned to leave. “See ya later, Dad!”

Chapter End Notes

The sound All for One heard:

https://youtu.be/0lhhrUuw2N8

Also! I got some lovely fan art done by RavenWithAKnife for chapter five! I love how they exactly captured the scene, from the bored barista to the confused thief. Thank you so much!

# It’s time we discuss things pt. 1 - A giant pile of confused, flaming trash

Chapter Summary

> Midoriya probably shouldn’t be trifled with. He’s just chaotic enough to get even with you.

Chapter Notes

> Almost all of this chapter is dialogue, something I'm very much okay with since dialogue is so much more enjoyable to write than action.
>
> I stand by my statement that Midoriya needs to start just talking villains into submission. It would make my life so much easier.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hello!”

Bakugou turned to look at Midoriya who was dragging himself through the open window of the hospital room. “That was quick.”

“Wha– how–” Iida looked at Midoriya in confusion. “We’re on the seventh floor.”

Midoriya shrugged. “I looked in a lot of wrong windows.”

“I’m pretty sure that violates HIPAA confidentiality,” Todoroki said.

Midoriya raised a finger. “First of all, we’re in Japan, that’s not what it’s called.”

“What is it called?”

“Dunno, the author is too lazy to look it up,” Midoriya continued. “Second, I’m not actually a doctor so I think I’m safe.”

“Where were you anyway?” Bakugou asked.

“Oh, some dude just wanted to talk to me.”

“And he had a large semi-sentient birdman kidnap you to do so?” Iida asked. “That sounds highly inconvenient.”

“It was. But technically effective as I did, in fact, talk to him.”

“So no souvenirs?” asked Bakugou.

“Next time.” Midoriya looked around the room. “So. How y'all been holding up since I’ve been gone?”

Todoroki shrugged. “Some doctors checked up on us. None of us are dead yet so I guess we’re fine.”

“I had to explain your damn quirk again, bitch,” Bakugou grumbled. “Why am I always the one left to do that shit?”

“Cuz you’re my best friend, and sometimes being my best friend means hiding my dead body and sometimes it means explaining my literal immortality.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes.

“Yes,” Iida started, “and on that note, you truly can’t die?”

Midoriya clicked his tongue. “Can’t *stay* dead. There’s very much a difference. I can definitely die, I have died. Several times.”

“Hundreds,” Bakugou interjected. “At least.”

“But the difference is that I always come back.”

“Unfortunately,” Bakugou added.

“Ah,” Iida said. “I see.”

“Who all knows?” Todoroki asked.

“Uh, most of the teachers I think, Kacchan, Kirishima I guess, some weird doctor I met when I was five, Tsuyu probably has a very good idea that I can’t die, Señor Conejito, that creepy old dude who kidnaped me with the bird man, a few cultists, an assassin, Gran Torino, and uh… that might be it.” Midoriya brightened. “Oh! And my mom.”

In the moment of silence that followed there was a quick knock on the door before the adults began to file in.

Aizawa did a double-take as he saw Midoriya. “How? You know, I don’t want to know.”

“Window!” Midoriya replied, helpfully.

At this Tsuragamae cleared his throat. “Hello,” he said, “I am Tsuragamae, the chief of police. Your teachers and mentors have been kind enough to discuss this situation and we’ve come to an agreement.”

Todoroki softly shook his head. “I’m not ready for jail again,” he muttered.

“Obviously you four broke several rules in your little escapade—”

“You ain’t about to fucking punish us for saving four-eyes, are you?”

“And Native!” Midoriya added.

“Yeah, that bitch too.”

Tsuragamae shook his head. “Please, let me finish.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes once more. At this point, his habit was borderline a problem.

“Now rather than deal with the legal repercussions that would occur if we were to give you credit for this situation we’ve decided to just let Endeavor take the fall.”

“I have five reasons why you can’t do that!” Midoriya said almost immediately.

Tsuragamae raised an eyebrow, or at least the dog equivalent. “Oh?’

“Both me and Bakugou actually did have permission from our mentors to use our quirks to keep people safe, and, since both Iida and Native count as people, we were definitely in the green for that.”

“That doesn’t change the fact that both Iida and Todoroki did not have permission.”

“Yeah, and really Iida did actually try to kill a man so he probably should get like detention or something for that—”

“That’ll ruin my permanent record!” Iida said, his arms now resembling something akin to the spinning blades of a helicopter.

“Shoulda thought about that before you attempted first-degree murder.”

“Counseling,” Aizawa said. “At the bare minimum.”

“And really,” Midoriya continued, undaunted, “Endeavor should be the one getting punished for Todoroki fighting.”

“How do you figure?” Tsuragamae asked.

"Well he had a child entrusted in his care and rather than watch it he allowed Todoroki to go fight a serial killer. That's bad parenting if there ever was."

"Torino let you fight a serial killer, does that make him a bad dad?" Bakugou asked.

"Torino would be the best dad," Midoriya said. "Except he might eat his child."

"I might," Torino confirmed.

"My point is, Endeavor should have his mentoring license suspended."

“That would be a very serious measure to take,” said Tsuragamae.

“I am very serious. At least I am now. I’m not usually serious but this time I am.”

Endeavor, who was in the room but had just been being uncharacteristically quiet, scoffed. “You can’t possibly—”

“Can! In fact…” Midoriya looked around the room, lighting up when he saw his backpack next to Bakugou. “Oh good. You grabbed my bag.”

“Yeah, about that,” Todoroki said. “Why exactly did you bring your backpack to fight Stain?”

“Well, I wanted to get Native’s autograph afterward, obviously. Not that I did cuz I actually got kidnapped instead.”

“But you didn’t even know that Native would be there…?”

Midoriya ignored this, instead pulling out a notebook and turning to a specific page. “Right! Now, Endeavor, the contract you signed for me very clearly says that in all matters pertaining to Shoto Todoroki you will defer to my legal advice and my legal advice only. Since this situation qualifies I think you outta be handing over that license right about now.”

“Contract?” Endeavor looked angry. This was not unusual actually, what was strange was that he managed to look as much confused as angry. “I didn’t sign a damn contract with you.”

“Au contraire! You might recall a certain signature you gave me at the sports festival?”

Endeavor sputtered. “That was an autograph, not a signature, and is in no way binding!”

Midoriya tilted his head. “Are you sure? I had my mother, a certified lawyer mind you, write it up with both Nedzu and Señor Conejito as witnesses.”

“They don’t count!”

“Sure they do! Nedzu got his law degree three years ago and Señor Conejito owns several countries which I think makes him more than qualified.”

“I demand a copy of this so-called contract.”

“Of course! I should mention, however, that there is an itsy bitsy clause that says that if any professional examination is done of the document you will be forced to retire and go to clown school.”

“That’s not real!”

Midoriya shrugged. “Up to you. If you’re wrong though you can look forward to buying your own practice balloons for six years.”

“Six years?!”

“Clowning is a very competitive business.”

Endeavor threw up his arms with a growl and left the room. “FINE! WHATEVER!”

The room was quiet except for the suffocating sound of Midoriya’s chaos wafting off him.

Chapter End Notes

> Not gonna lie, I kinda imagine this Endeavor as being slightly less evil and slightly more confused than in cannon.
>
> Such is the sphere of influence Midoriya has.

In other words: RavenWithAKnife has done even MORE fanart, these two pieces are for the last chapter and Midoriya's unfortunate meeting with afo and his nomu.

Also here’s a crossover piece done for Hysterical and their fic Deku! The Hair Eating Hero! ...I'm Sorry, The whAT!?

# It’s time we discuss things pt. 2 - All Might, you've got some explaining to do

Chapter Summary

Midoriya discusses his recent adventure with All Might.

Chapter Notes

Short chapter, I know, but to be fair all of this was technically supposed to be in the last chapter but then it would have been much too long.

Midoriya watched with satisfaction as Endeavor left the room in a huff of confusion and anger.

Tsuragamae coughed. “As you were saying.”

“Oh!” Midoriya jumped, remembering that he had more points. “Right. Well, you can’t let him take credit, for obvious reasons, but you also can’t let anyone else take credit because I’m pretty sure Kichi Kanzaki caught the whole thing on tape and she’s probably already sold it to tons of news stations.”

“Who’s Kichi Kanzaki?” Tsuragamae asked.

Midoriya brushed off the question. “Oh, just some reporter that follows me around.”

Tsuragamae tilted his head in confusion. “I see. And your other reasons?”

“Huh?”

“You said you had five reasons.”

“Ah. Well, actually I was exaggerating. I only had the three.”

“I— Okay then,” Tsuragamae said. “So you're saying we should let you four take the credit, you and Bakugou having technically acted in accordance to the law, and let the school decide how to go about punishing Iida?”

Midoriya nodded. “And Todoroki is fine too, of course. His father will just take the fall for him.”

Tsuragamae turned to look at the other adults in the room. “Well, he does have quite the convincing case.”

Aizawa sighed. “Just let him get his way.”

Midoriya grinned. “Great! Now that all of that is settled, I think me and All Might are due for a little talk.”

-

All Might and Midoriya found a secluded room. in which to converse, just across the hall. All Might dropped his form and returned to his natural state of “malnourished scarecrow.”

“You wanted to talk?” he asked.

“Yup! First of all, Gran is great, no idea what you were complaining about, second, who the heck is All for One?”

It was at this moment that All Might’s body decided to spew blood all over. Now, spewing blood, while not normal for most people, was normal for All Might and is, in fact, a very reasonable reaction to finding out that one's successor is aware of your supposedly-dead half-immortal nemesis who murdered the maternal figure in your life when you were younger.

If, and when, such an event is to occur to you please take comfort in knowing that spewing blood is an entirely common and understandable reaction.

“How— How do you know about All for One?”

“He kidnapped me an hour ago.”

“Oh,” said All Might. “I’m glad to see that you made it out alive.”

“I mean I *did* die. I just got better.”

“Yes, I can’t say I’m surprised to hear that.” All Might sighed. “This is far sooner than I had hoped but I do suppose that it is about time to tell you about the brothers All for One and One for All.”

-

After hearing All Might's absolutely tragic tale—indeed far too tragic to recount in a crack fic such as this—Midoriya sat in silence, thinking about this significant addition to his character's background.

"Huh," he said. "Actually, I think I might have appreciated it if you'd given me a little heads up. You know, like 'just so you know, you do get an ancient evil that's killed hundreds on the side of your free generational quirk'. Or something."

All Might coughed. "I will take that into consideration next time."

"Bit too late now, don't you think?" Midoriya scratched his head. "It, uh, does explain a few recent developments. Involving my quirk."

"What do you mean?"

"It just so happens that I learned quite a bit about my quirk. Hysterical that is, the quirk created out of both my original and One for All."

All Might nodded.

"And mostly it's good! I'm getting better at using both by treating them as one. And also I'm glowing gold instead of green now, which is nice but really only cuz it's more aesthetically pleasing in my opinion, it doesn't really have any huge physical benefits. Oh! And I'm also regenerating faster, and I can kinda push my quirk to heal me faster, oh but that's not the point— I'm also seeing ghosts when I die."

"Huh?"

"Yeah, I know. Weird. Er, but I'm pretty sure, more so after hearing your story, that the previous holders of One for All are like, stuck in my brain?"

"Huh?" All Might repeated.

"Like I said," Midoriya continued. "Weird. But I guess they were like still in the quirk so now when I die I go to this big weird room where they are and I can like talk to them and stuff."

All Might blinked. "That is… not normal."

“I agree,” Midoriya said. “At first I thought I had just developed schizophrenia somehow. But no, I guess I just developed being haunted instead. Anyways,” Midoriya stood up. “That was really all I wanted to talk to you about— Oh, just in case it wasn’t clear, All for One totally knows who I am and what my quirk is and also I think he’s related to the League of Villains since, you know, nomus. So yeah. Y’all should probably do something about that.”

-

As Midoriya left the room he nearly ran into Aizawa. And by nearly I mean he definitely did.

“Whoops! Sorry about that Sensei, didn’t see you there.” Midoriya tilted his head. “Actually, I should probably talk to you too.”

Aizawa tried to stepside Midoriya. “My therapist has advised me against that.”

“What? Talking?”

“Specifically to you, yes,” Aizawa clarified.

“Well, that’s just mean. You should be allowed to talk to me at least.”

“Frankly she’d like me to avoid you altogether, not just conversations with you.”

Midoriya rolled his eyes. “Fine. I’ll make it brief.”

“Please do.”

“I’m thinking it’s about time to tell the rest of the class about my quirk.”

“What? Why would you do that?” Aizawa asked, sounding rather panicked.

“It has come to my attention that most of the villains I was worried about knowing about it already do, which kinda defeats the point of the secrecy. Besides, the class is all hero students, they’ll face plenty of trauma in their careers. If anything I’m doing them a favor by preparing them.”

Aizawa nodded. “You make a compelling argument. Fine. I’ll set up a time next week for a talk.”

“And demonstration?” Midoriya asked hopefully.

“Absolutely not.”

# It’s time we discuss things pt. 3 - Midoriya’s real, very terrifying, quirk

Chapter Summary

Midoriya continues to be a menace.

Chapter Notes

CW: Midoriya’s quirk can get kinda nasty (gore)

“Well class, as much as I’ve been dreading this, it has to happen.” Aizawa put his palms on top of the lectern. “Please, bear with me.”

Sero raised his hand.

“Yes?”

“So is it true that Iida, Todoroki, Bakugou, and Midoriya fought the hero killer?”

Aizawa groaned. “Unfortunately, yes. That is part of the reason we are having this discussion.”

Several more hands raised.

“Please hold questions until the end,” he said. “Midoriya?”

Midoriya skipped to the front of the class, looking far more excited than he reasonably should given the situation.

“Please explain your true quirk, Midoriya.”

“Oooor,” Midoriya said, as he reached into his pocket. “I could demonstrate it!” He whipped out a full-sized butcher knife that had, due to some main character bending of traditional physics, fit in his pocket.

“No!” Aizawa yelped. “Midoriya, why do you have a knife?!”

“Excuse me,” Midoriya said, looking slightly offended as he hugged the fourteen-inch blade to his chest, “but this is my emotional support knife.”

“Midoriya, we talked about this!”

“We did!”

“I said NO demonstration.”

“Are you sure?”

“My exact words were, and I quote, ‘absolutely not’.”

“I thought that was just a suggestion.”

“Give me the knife.”

“Fine,” Midoriya said, rolling his eyes. “But I want it back. Her name is Barbra.”

Aizawa just stared at him as he handed over the knife and walked back, looking once more at the class.

“Okay then,” he said. “Plan B.” Midoriya then pulled out a bottle from the same pocket that he had pulled the knife from. The large print reading ‘BLEACH’ could be seen for only a moment before Midoriya twisted off the cap and tilted his head back, obviously intent on ingesting whatever manner of poison it contained.

The class began to yell warnings and Midoriya hesitated. “What?”

“Midoriya! I said NO demonstrations!”

“Huh?” Midoriya turned the bottle around and saw the label. “Oh! No, don’t worry, it just has water.”

“Why do you have a bleach bottle with water in it?”

“...to drink? I kept losing my water bottles so my mom started having me take old bleach bottles instead.”

“Did she rinse them out first at least?”

“Of course. Bleach tastes nasty.”

Before Aizawa or anyone else could question how Midoriya knew what bleach tasted like, he waved for Bakugou to join him. “Now, for plan B. Kacchan? If you will?”

Bakugou rolled his eyes and dragged himself up to the front of the classroom. “I hate you for doing this to me.”

“We have a deal!”

They did have a deal. The deal was that after this Midoriya promised to take all blame for the unspeakable avocado incident. This was in both their minds, a good deal.

Bakugou sighed and turned to look at his classmates. He gestured to Midoriya like he was a tour guide showing a particularly boring exhibit. “This bitch alive,” he said, a bored drawl to his voice. Without moving Bakugou released a large explosion, and, his hands being directed at Midoriya as they were, blew up the boy. Little bits of what used to be a fully functioning person splattered all over the front of the room, a substantial amount landing on those in the front few rows. “Now this bitch dead,” Bakugou said with the same monotonous tone.

The class erupted into chaos.

-

Now it should be made known that death is a very serious matter. I know I am guilty of not treating it as such in the recounting of this particular story, but in the end, dying is usually quite tragic.

It is because of this that most people have a tendency to treat it as such. In this instance, this was a problem because Midoriya’s death did not adhere to the typical rules of death and did not warrant the same level of fear and grief. His classmates tried to express their fear and grief regardless, something that annoyed Aizawa so much that he slammed his head into the wall in exasperation with so much force he crumpled to the ground soon after, unconscious.

Luckily, there were now several students who were aware that Midoirya was, in fact, immune to death. This handful did their best to calm down the panicking by offering assurances along the lines of: “don’t worry, death is temporary”, “just don’t look at the corpse face on”, “yes, I’m sorry you had to experience the taste of human brains due to the fact that they did, in fact, splatter into your open mouth, but, good news, it should turn into glitter soon”, and “yes, Kaminari. Bakugou can and has killed people. No he won’t explode you too as long as you return his notes”.

As you might expect it was quite ineffective.

Luckily, and partially due to Midoriya’s recent leaps in his quirk, he was back in record time.

“I’m back~”

Strangely enough, Midoriya’s miraculous resurrection did not actually cause the class to silence, but rather caused them to grow even louder as increasingly concerned questions were lodged at the medical wonder.

-

Eventually, most likely due to a lack of oxygen that came with the incessant questioning, everyone eventually settled down enough for Midoriya to explain.

“My quirk, Hysterical, not only gives me super strength and the inability to feel pain but also restorative abilities as those just demonstrated!”

“Why did you feel the need to demonstrate that rather than just tell us?” Ojiro asked as he tried to remove the gold glitter from the end of his tail which had come around as Bakugou had exploded Midoriya to block Ojiro from the splash zone of Midoriya’s bodily components.

“Would you have believed me if I hadn’t?”

The class looked around at each other before silently coming to the conclusion that no. They would not have.

Midoriya nodded feeling he’d made his point. “Obviously this was the only reasonable decision.”

“I would disagree with that,” Aizawa grumbled, picking himself off from the ground as he regained consciousness. “Regardless, I did prepare for this eventuality.” Aizawa pulled out a large stack of papers from within his sleeping bag. “Now I need you all to know that Hound Dog’s office is always open, but in fear of you all overwhelming him I have comprised a list of local therapists. I have highlighted my favorites.” Aizawa began to pass out the papers.

“Wow, that’s really kind of you Sensei, but actually I was hoping I could recommend my personal therapist? Me and Kacchan receive referral fees for everyone that goes to her as a result of my quirk and she’s really quite used to working with people who have acquired small doses of trauma from seeing me die.”

At this Bakugou pulled out a stack of business cards from his pocket.

“She says I’m single-handedly putting her children through college!” Midoriya said happily.

Aizawa groaned. “Why am I not surprised.” He threw the rest of his lists into the air and turned around, grabbing his sleeping bag. “Now I’m very sorry that you children had to experience this, I’m sure you’ll have nightmares for months, I know I will do, but such is the life of a hero. Sometimes you see children explode other children and that’s just something you have to live with. Plus Ultra and all that shit. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’m going back asleep.”

The class was silent for a moment before Bakugou half-heartedly pumped his fist in the air. “Plus Ultra, motherfuckers.”

# The final exams pt.1 - An interesting situation

Chapter Summary

> One for All is a strange quirk. Adrenaline Rush was also a weird quirk. Together they are very bizarre.

Chapter Notes

> Buckle up folks, we're speedrunning the final exam because it's boring! (but also highly plot-relevant so I actually have to write it, ahhhhh)

Now as you would expect, most of the students had issues upon learning that a member of their class was immortal. Unfortunately, they also had a bigger issue: exams.

So it was that while Midoriya's quirk was a topic of discussion for a week or two, the conversation soon turned to several individuals pleading with Midoriya to fake a medical emergency in the middle of the math exam for the exchange of 5,000 yen.

Unfortunately, this was not possible as Aizawa was aware of Midoriya's quirk and would not take his death as a reason to end the exam.

What was perhaps an even bigger issue was the practical exam. Aizawa had informed Midoriya and Bakugou that they would be in a team against All Might, for the pure and simple reason that the teachers had decided that there were only two of them that would be able to handle the two students: All Might and Nedzu. Nedzu was out for obvious reasons, most of which were that such a combination would most definitely cause catastrophic, world-ending, levels of disaster, leaving only All Might who, very reluctantly, agreed.

-

"So," Midoriya said, "fight or run away, huh?"

Both he and Bakugou were standing at the gates to the final exam, waiting for the signal that All Might was ready for them.

"We'll fight, obviously," Bakugou said.

"Obviously," Midoriya agreed.

“But how?”

“I have a plan.”

“Does it involve you dying?”

“It involves me dying.”

Bakugou sighed. “They always do.”

-

All Might was not happy. This was understandable as he was at that very moment preparing to be attacked by both Midoriya and Bakugou.

He glanced at his watch. “Hello?” he called out. “You only have thirty minutes, rem—”

All Might was cut off as Midoriya launched himself down from the roof he was hiding on and landed directly on him.

“Time to meet God, All Might!” Izuku said.

“MMMUMPH!” All Might said. This was because his head was now partially stuck in concrete and Midoriya was still sitting on his back.

“Now!” Midoriya yelled.

This queued Bakugou, who was also on the roof, to jump down and explode the two. He did this quite well, especially when it came to exploding Midoriya who received the brunt of the attack.

All Might pulled himself up from the ground and looked down at his Midoriya-splattered costume. He gagged upon seeing the bits of his student all across his front and looked up, deciding that it was in his best interest to ignore that.

You see, despite being subjected to Midoriya’s death on a regular basis, there was still a small part of All Might’s brain that said the proper reaction to watching a child be exploded all over you is not, in fact, “resigned annoyance”.

“Was that absolutely necessary?” he asked Bakugou.

“Probably not, but it was a lot of fun!” Bakugou yelled back. “Now fight me you moldy simulacrum of a circus strong man with an America fetish!”

All Might sighed.

-

Elevator music filled Midoriya's ears as he awoke in the black room. He walked up to the group of people lounging on couches and eating popcorn as they watched something on a TV.

"Hey, guys!"

The vestiges turned to look at him.

"Hey, kid!" Banjo said, waving Midoriya over. "We're just watching Toshinori fight that friend of yours."

Midoriya looked at the screen and saw that it did indeed show a battle from All Might's perspective, supposedly the one that was happening at that very moment.

"Woah," Midoriya said. "You guys can do that?"

"Oh sure," Shimura said. "Only thing that keeps us sane. Both you and Yagi have One for All right now so we can choose who we watch at any given moment. Although you're not really an option right now. For obvious reasons."

"Wait, so you guys have been spying on me since I got One for All?"

Shimura shrugged. "I guess in a way you could say—"

"Yeah," Yoichi said. "We definitely have been."

"You're a riot kid."

"Oh yeah!" Banjo brightened. "The avocado incident: classic!"

"How do you know about that?" Midoriya asked. "That was before I had One for All."

"Picked it up from context. Took a while but I think we have all the details now." En said.

Midoriya blushed. "Oh. That's… unfortunate."

"Hmm," Shimura had turned her attention back to the screen. "Looks like your buddy could use some help here."

“Yeah well it’s not exactly like I can just reconstruct my brain faster,” Midoriya said.

“Hold on. If you don’t have a brain how are you here?” Banjo asked.

Midoriya shrugged. “Might I remind you that your physical body is most likely decomposed itself?”

Banjo looked like he was having an existential crisis. “What the hell am I?”

“Actually,” Shimura looked lost in thought. “There might be a way to get you to wake up quicker.”

“Huh? How?”

“Well, every time you wake up you just kinda float towards the ceiling, right?”

“Yeah?” Midoriya had died and gone to the black room enough times to know how it worked. He’d chill with the vestiges for a few minutes and then start floating towards the skylight high above. Then he’d wake up.

“Well my quirk is float,” Shimura continued. “So what if I hold you and we float up together?”

Midoriya thought about it. “That’s just stupid enough to work.”

“Right?”

“Let’s try it!”

With Midoriya’s go-ahead, Shimura grabbed him and hoisted him onto her shoulders.

“I feel like a child,” Midoriya grumbled.

“Sucks!” Shimura said as she began to float up.

For a moment it seemed like they wouldn’t make it but then—

-

“I’m ba— FUCK. What happened to my face?!” Midoriya ran his hand across his face, noting that it still had typical characteristics of an exploded face. Also, it was still covered in globs of gold glitter with

the consistency of glue. Glitter glue to be precise.

All Might and Bakugou stopped their fight to look at Midoirya in shock.

“Huh. Well, I guess I can regain consciousness faster artificially, but not without the consequences of interrupting my healing. Weird.”

“You also brought back a ghost,” Bakugou said, pointing out that Midoriya was still on Shimura’s shoulders.

Midoriya looked down. “Oh. I guess I did.”

“Nana?!” All Might asked, looking as if he’d— well, seen a ghost.

“Wow, Yagi. Really let yourself go, huh?” Shimura said. She reached up and grabbed Midoriya from her shoulders and set him down before walking up to All Might. “It’s been a bit, hasn’t it?”

“Yeah— Yeah it has.”

“Now I don’t know how much time I have, so—” Shimura reached out and slapped the back of All Might’s head, proving that even as a ghost she could interact with the physical realm. “What the hell was that whole situation with you and Nighteye? Go apologize you fucking shithead. And why are you so stupid sometimes? Like seriously. Do you know how much the other vestiges make fun of me? You’ll do something and they’re all like ‘yup. That’s Nana’s boy for sure. Punching his problems away.’ It’s bloody embarrassing.”

“Wha—”

“And you’re so gosh darn oblivious sometimes. I had to watch you stumble your way through so many awkward dates in your twenties and so, so, many failed professions of love.”

“I never professed my love to anyone!”

“I wasn’t talking about you! I was talking about all those sweet, poor girls that tried to win your affection only to be immediately and violently friend zoned because you were too dense to realize what they were doing!”

“I—”

“—Didn’t know? Believe me. I’m aware.”

“Hate to interrupt this nauseating reunion,” Bakugou said. “But the dumbass I call my friend is floating away.”

Both Shimura and All Might turned to see Midoriya, floating upside-down across the sky.

Shimura turned back to look at All Might. “And don’t even get me started on you choosing that hot mess for a successor.”

“Shimura!” Midoriya called out. “Did you, uh, forget to deactivate your quirk?”

Shimura cupped her hands to her mouth. “Doesn’t work that way, kid! I have no idea what’s happening!” She turned her attention back to All Might. “Now you—”

Bakugou interrupted by swiftly cuffing All Might.

All Might yelped in surprise.

“Yeah,” Bakugou said. “Clearly neither of you will be any help so I’m going to call Midoriya and my win and go grab that bitch before he floats to space."

# The final exams pt. 2 - Midoriya (sorta) raises the dead

Chapter Summary

> Gosh darn it Midoriya, can't you be normal for one minute?

Chapter Notes

> I was putting off writing this chapter cuz I didn't feel like it but the moment I did I wrote the whole thing in an hour. Why do I do this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

All Might's eye twitched as he watched Bakugou run around screaming for his successor, who was floating for some reason, to toss down his lasso. A lasso which he'd seemingly procured from thin air. And by thin air, I do in fact mean thin air considering he was at this moment reaching unsafe altitudes when it came to the matter of oxygen content.

Simultaneously, his recently resurrected teacher continued to berate him. This was not very fun for All Might who did not believe that he deserved said beratement. He did, but I digress.

So it was that Bakugou did his best to catch his floating friend as All Might struggled with the concept of mortality while being told he had the fashion scene of a squirrel, none of which had been a part of Midoriya's original plan to pass the exam.

"Got him!"

Bakugou slowly fell back down to the ground, hanging onto the end of the lasso that was tied securely around Midoriya's waist. He then, pulling Midoriya like some suicidal sentient balloon, walked over to All Might and Shimura.

"All Might! I can float now!"

"Yes. I can see that," said All Might as he looked up at his now floating successor. "It also seems that you can raise the dead."

Midoriya looked over at Shimura's ghost. "Yeah but that was an accident."

“What the hell happened to your face?!” Shimura yelled.

She was most likely referring to the quality of Midoriya’s half-healed face, of which the unfinished half had a texture that resembled that of sparkly refried beans.

“Well, it turns out there’s actually a valid reason that I don’t regenerate faster.”

“Fair enough.”

All Might cleared his throat. “Midoriya, do you just… always have a lasso on you?”

“Of course! It’s to show support for my favorite hero: Y’all Might!” Midoriya said. “It also occasionally doubles as a noose when needed.”

All Might groaned. He had nearly forgotten about his supposed cousin.

“Oh yeah!” Shimura doubled over. It seemed that she too had momentarily forgotten about Y’all Might. “Yagi, you’ve been cosplaying as a Texan for months now!”

“It’s just for publicity…” All Might grumbled.

“And no one cares about that little noose comment?” Bakugou asked.

Shimura waved a hand. “Nah, we all know Midoriya’s a little fucked up. But Y’all Might? That shit’s gold.”

“You know I think I liked it better when you were dead,” All Might said.

“Aww, you hurt me!” Shimura said. She then gave All Might a ghost noogie.

Now as I’m sure you are all aware, a ghost noogie is different from a regular noogie in a single very important way. You see, in a ghost noogie, the one doing the noogieing (commonly known as the “noogier”) is a ghost.

At that moment Midoriya sneezed.

Typically him sneezing wouldn’t be very noteworthy, but this particular sneeze seemed to put an end to his temporary floating and send him rocketing back into the ground, affected once more by gravity and other basic physics.

Upon hitting the ground Midoriya's head fell straight onto a large rock. This killed him.

Bakugou rolled his eyes.

The moment Midoriya's floating stopped Shimura began to fade. "Uh oh," she said. That was an appropriate reaction to realizing that her resurrection was only temporary. "Um, see you later Yagi? I hope?" she said before disappearing completely.

All Might and Bakugou stood in silence for a moment.

"That was… climatic," All Might said. "In a very strange way."

"That's Izuku for you," Bakugou responded. "Get used to it." He then looked at Midoriya and the slowly expanding pool of blood beneath his head. "You have more muscles than me. You get to carry the corpse back to class."

"That's not very fair," said All Might.

"I don't make the rules," Bakugou called back as he walked away despite very much having just made the rules at that very moment.

-

"I'm glad to see you've all made it through your exams in one piece," Aizawa said as he looked over his class. "Except for Midoriya who is still clearly leaking blood from his head."

Midoriya's corpse, being dead, said nothing to refute this claim and continued to look very corpsey in his seat. By this I mean his body was artfully slumped in his seat, a pair of sunglasses covering his eyes and a very blank expression on his face.

"To be fair," Bakugou said. "He only died after we finished the exam."

This was not technically true. Midoriya had died twice in that last hour, only the most recent of which was after the exam. The first was during.

"Of course he did," Aizawa sighed. "Well now's as good of a time as any to inform you that these exams were, in fact, another logical ruse. You are all going to the training camp."

Asui raised her hand slowly. "That's not very logical, Sensei."

“Of course it is. Why would I tell the children too stupid to pass their exams to stay home and enjoy their break instead of attending a grueling camp created to improve them?”

The class exchanged glances.

"…That sounds hard,” Kaminari said. “Do we have to go to this camp?”

“The camp is mandatory.”

At that moment Midoriya’s corpse, being in the highly unstable position that it was, fell out of its chair. Its sunglasses slipped off as it did.

Aizawa slapped his face. “Bakugou please drag Midoriya out of the class until he’s alive and less of a distraction.”

“Satou has more muscles so he has to do it,” Bakugou said without hesitation.

“Huh? Wait—” Satou started.

"That's the rule."

“Just do it, Satou,” Aizawa said tiredly.

-

“I quit,” All Might said, walking into Nedzu’s office.

“Entirely understandable! Unfortunately, your contract forbids it,” replied Nedzu. “If you don’t mind me asking though, what exactly caused you to want to leave?”

All Might sighed and sat on the couch in Nedzu’s office. “I was helping out with the final exams, right? And young Bakugou killed Midoriya all over me, not really all that odd, but then, as I was fighting Bakugou, Midoriya came back to life without half his face and with the ghost of my dead maternal figure.”

“I can see how that would be rather disturbing.”

“YEAH.” All Might threw his arms into the air. “And if that wasn’t enough, I had to carry his body back to his class. You have no idea how many weird looks you get if you’re the symbol of peace carting a dead child around.”

“I’m sure I can imagine.”

All Might buried his face in his hands. “This is the boy I chose to be my successor…” he muttered.

Nedzu nodded and handed All Might a slip of paper.

All Might looked up. “What’s this?” he asked, confused.

“A coupon for therapy.”

Chapter End Notes

Me: *uses All Might as a name*

Grammarly: That is NOT how you're supposed to grammar!

# Shopping buddies

Chapter Summary

Midoriya gets more than he bargained for

(get it? because he's shopping. and bargain is a shopping term. and he got more than he bargained for. and- just forget it)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Yay! The mall!” Midoriya threw his arms in the air before jerking in a manner that looked very much like all his muscles had seized up at once. Which they had.

Bakugou raised an eyebrow. “Were you electrocuted *again?*”

“It was an accident.”

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “Whatever. Let’s find the rest of our class.”

This was not very difficult for them to do considering their class was very recognizable by their various mutations and the fact that each one looked like they could pass as the staring main character in their own show.

“You made it!” Uraraka called.

“Wouldn’t miss it,” Midoriya responded.

“Yeah I figured, but the last time I saw you you were very much dead. I’m still trying to override my mind's natural instinct to believe that’s a permanent state.”

Now you may think that Uraraka is referring to Midoriya’s state following the exam considering that is also the last state that you, as the reader, have known Midoriya to be in. You’d be wrong. You see, this adventure takes place a full week after the exam so the death Uraraka is referring to did not come as a result of falling from the sky after a temporary quirk of a dead woman momentarily manifested in Midoriya.

Actually, Midoriya had died from a jetpack malfunction. You may

remember that a ‘jetpack malfunction’ was the exact excuse Midoriya had used earlier in that year as he and Bakugou broke into UA, a fact that Bakugou was quick to point out upon hearing Midoriya’s excuse, but this time it was a legitimate reason. Hatsume, it seemed, had been working on a new and improved version of her jetpack. It seemed that the only part that had been improved by the time Midoriya had tested it, however, was its murdering capabilities.

“Well, I’m entirely alive right now!” Midoriya confirmed. He then spasmed once more. “...and slightly electrocuted.”

“How’d that happen?” Kaminari asked, reasonably intrigued by the mention of electrocution.

“No idea!” Midoriya lied. “Anyways, where are we going first?” he asked, changing the subject.

“I dunno bout the rest of you extras but I need some new shoes considering SOMEONE fucking coated my other pair with glitter.”

“You know I can’t control it Kacchan.”

Bakugou glared at Midoriya. “Stop getting your fucking blood all over me you inconsiderate ass.” He then turned to walk away. “Shitty hair!” he called to Kirishima. “You’re coming with me.”

As the two left the rest of the class seemed to split up into various groups and wander off to different stores, eventually leaving Midoriya alone.

“Well this seems like a lazy setup for a plot point,” he said to no one in particular.

“Bingo,” Shigaraki hissed.

-

Midoriya felt a hand wrap around his neck, the pinky finger still lifted.

“Be quiet and no sudden movements. You mess up once and I kill you.”

“...you do realize how ineffective that would be, right?” Midoriya asked. “I mean, you killed me at the USJ. Clearly, it didn’t work very well.”

“Shut up!”

“Not saying that it’s not an effective deterrent, I really hate the feeling of disintegration,” Midoriya said, not shutting up. “Like… you ever eat sand?”

“Why the hell would I do that?!”

“Cuz it’s like eating sand. All over your body. Like if your whole body turns to tounges and then is coated in sand. Super unpleasant.”

“What is wrong with you?!”

“Lost count,” said Midoriya with a shit-eating grin. “But do you mind taking your hand away from me? I was recently electrocuted and I’ve been randomly spasming. Don’t wanna accidentally make you disintegrate me.”

“Wha—”

“I won’t run away. I actually kinda wanna talk to you.”

“...you do?”

“Sure!”

“Well, I guess I could let you go.” Shigaraki did just that.

“Great! Now I have some shopping I need to get done. Let’s talk as we walk.”

-

“Why the fuck do you need three dozen pixie sticks?”

“I’m stocking up for camp,” Midoriya responded as they walked out of the candy store. He ripped the tops off three pixie sticks and in one swift move downed the entirety of all three. “And caffeine doesn’t affect me but sugar is still nice. Anyway, you were saying something about Stain?”

“Yeah. I don’t see why that bastard got all the attention. I killed people! Some of them were children! Why does no one care?”

Midoriya hummed thoughtfully. “I can think of two reasons. The first one is kinda my fault.”

“Huh?”

“I, uh, sorta have this journalist that follows me around. She’s really good at getting things I do in the media. She watched the entire fight with Stain so she reported on it. Oh! Hold on— Take my pixie sticks real quick, okay?” Midoriya shoved his bag at Shigaraki who, in surprise, took it, taking special care to not touch it with all five fingers. Midoriya then dug around in his pocket and pulled out a stack of business cards. “Dentist…Mom…Therapist…Ooo! The guy that sells those caramel apples, I forgot about him…Me…The girl with the bulldozer…The woman from the avocado incident…There it is!” Midoriya traded Shigaraki the card for his bag. “That’s Kichi Kanzaki’s business card. She’s always willing to report on anything newsworthy.”

“Huh.” Shigaraki looked at the card. “Thanks or whatever.”

“No problem, bestie.”

“You said you had two suggestions though?”

“Oh yeah! Wait—” Midoriya spun on his heels. “I love this store! Let’s go in.”

Shigaraki sighed but followed Midoriya into the store.

“Look at this! Isn’t this hilarious?”

Shigaraki looked at the shirt Midoriya was holding

“Is that a plain white shirt with the words ‘Leather Jacket’ written on it?”

Midoriya doubled over. “Right?! It’s awesome! I’m totally getting it.”

Shigaraki rolled his eyes. “Okay but as you were saying—”

“Ooo! This shirt is so you.”

Midoriya grabbed the shirt, a red v-neck with the words “I’m no Handy Man, I’m a Gamer Boy” on it in Comic Sans.

“What does that even mean?! Who’s buying these shirts?”

“I am!” Midoriya said as he grabbed both shirts and took them over to the register.

“So to get back on track…”

“Right! You gotta have a goal.”

“Huh?”

“Well Stain’s whole thing was getting rid of unworthy heroes, right? You need something like that too,” said Midoriya. “Why are you a villain anyway?”

“…I like to destroy stuff?”

“Okay. We can work on that.”

“What’s wrong with it?!”

“Well it’s not particularly noble, now is it?”

“What would you suggest?”

“So Stain destroyed unworthy heroes… how about you destroy unworthy villains?”

Shigaraki thought about that. “That sounds a little… heroic.”

“Nah, you just gotta show the world that the League of Villains is the superior villains.”

“I’ll think on it.”

“Midoriya?”

Both Midoriya and Shigaraki turned to see Uraraka staring at them from a few feet away.

“Is that the villain Shigaraki?”

“No, this is my good pal, Shigalocki. Very easy mistake to make.”

At the same time Shigaraki, who was not in fact Midoriya’s pal Shigalocki, pulled out his phone. “Code pink, Kurogiri! Get me outta here!”

“I’m pretty sure that’s Shigaraki,” Uraraka said.

In mere seconds a warp gate opened up.

Shigaraki jumped through. “Later losers!”

“Bye!” Midoriya called.

Uraraka rolled her eyes. “You know what? I’m not even going to question it.”

“Wise decision.”

Chapter End Notes

One of my favorite fics, *Words as Weapons*, has Midoriya and Shigaraki buy some tea together during this arch. It's not humorous in the fic, it's actually a rather perilous situation, but when I read it I couldn't help but giggle thinking how hilarious Midoriya and Shigaraki just shopping together was as a plot point. Anyways, I figured I'd give it a try.

(Here's the link to the fic if any of you want to check it out. It's not crack but it's still an incredible story and it deserves more attention. https://archiveofourown.org/works/17456519/chapters/41105558)

# Happy Campers pt. 1 - Make your acquaintance

Chapter Summary

> The class goes to camp and Midoriya continues to be an enigma of the insane.

Chapter Notes

> 100000 words! That's freaking bizarre.
>
> I have dedicated far too many hours of my life to writing about a glittery adrenaline junkie.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Alright,” Aizawa said, “everyone off the bus.”

The class piled out, stretching and walking around, enjoying the mountain view.

“Are we almost there, Sensei?” Sato asked.

Aizawa shrugged. “More or less.”

This was a bit of a logical ruse on his part. You see, they were not almost there, the camp itself was still miles away, but they were as far as the bus would be going for the students, a fact they were all blissfully unaware of.

“This is a weird rest stop,” said Uraraka. “I mean there isn’t even a bathroom.”

“That’s because it isn’t a rest stop!” a voice from behind them called.

The class turned to see two pro heroes and a small boy walk out from behind the bus. This was strange as by all rules of logic there was no way for them to be there considering that they hadn't been around when the bus pulled in and there were seemingly no other vehicles around. The class, however, had become rather used to occasional breaks in reality and chose to not question it.

“We’re the—” the first woman started.

“WILD WILD PUSSYCATS!” Midoriya screamed at the top of his lungs.

The Wild Wild Pussycats looked a little surprised at being interrupted during their own introduction.

“I’m a huge fan!”

“Shut up,” Bakugou grumbled. “You’re a huge fan of everyone.”

“So?”

Aizawa cleared his throat. “The Wild Wild Pussycats will be helping with the training camp this year. They own the area and have kindly allowed us to use it for the time being.”

Iida raised his hand.

“Yes?”

“I hate to interrupt, but what exactly are we doing here?”

Aizawa’s mouth split into a large grin.

“Uh,” Uraraka started nervously. “I think I forgot my… thing. On the bus.” She then began to furiously speedwalk back to the bus.

“Yeah!” Ashido said. “Me too!”

The doors of the bus slammed shut.

“Not so fast,” said Aizawa, mischievously. “The camp is that way.” He pointed out towards the woods.

Kaminari’s eyes widened. “You wouldn’t—”

“I would.”

The class began to protest.

“Wait,” said Midoriya. “The camp is just straight over there?”

“Yup.”

“Race you, Kacchan!” he yelled before running for the railing and launching himself off the cliff.

“You’re on, fucker!” Bakugou yelled back, using his explosions to follow Midoriya’s lead.

Aizawa rolled his eyes.

“I didn’t even have to launch them!” said Pixie-Bob, sounding almost disappointed.

“Plus Ultra,” said Aizawa. “Now launch the rest of them.”

-

Midoriya and Bakugou were the first two to clear the woods. By this, I mean that the two of them, emerging from entirely different openings, made it to the clearing at the exact same time and only mere minutes before the rest of the class showed up.

“I’m fucking DONE with tying with you!”

“Tied again, huh?” said Midoriya. “Guess you’ll just have to get better!”

Bakugou growled and launched himself at Midoriya. So it was that as the rest of the class appeared they were subjected to Bakugou and Midoriya rolling around as they both attempted to inflict bodily harm on the other.

Uraraka sighed. “Glad to see that those two still aren’t tired.”

“This bitch tied with me again!”

“Oh. Well in that case he *definitely* deserves to be beaten up,” she said sarcastically.

Bakugou looked confused. This was most likely because sarcasm was somewhat of a second language to him so he was probably under the impression that Uraraka really did think he should keep beating up Midoriya.

“Midoriya, Bakugou, stop trying to kill each other,” Aizawa said tiredly. “If you succeed it’s either going to be a felony or just a mess I don’t want to deal with.”

“If I clean up the glitter can I kill him?” Bakugou asked.

Aizawa considered that for a moment. “No,” he said finally but he sounded slightly unsure.

“Hey, who’s the kid?” Midoriya asked, changing the subject before Aizawa could change his mind.

“That’s my nephew, Kota,” said Mandalay.

“Hi, Kota!” said Midoriya. “Nice to meet you!”

“How about my fist meets your balls?!”

Kota then proceeded to acquaint the two in the typical fashion.

Midoriya didn’t even flinch. Instead, he only tilted his head. “Y’know, everyone tells me that’s supposed to hurt but it never really seemed to bother me.”

Kota’s eyes widened. “What the hell?! Is your quirk balls of steel?!”

Bakugou, who had fallen to the ground in laughter, stood back up. “This kid is adorable!”

Todoroki looked between Bakugou and Kota and muttered something about secret love children before wandering off to find his conspiracy board.

“It’s not very heroic to try to hurt people, you know,” Midoriya told Kota.

“Yeah, well jokes on you! I don’t even like heroes!” Kota yelled before running away.

Midoriya watched him flee. “Mandalay, your nephew is a freak.”

Mandalay raised an eyebrow. “You’re the one who just took a direct hit to the family jewels without flinching, but he’s the freak?”

Midoriya looked at her like she was stupid. “He doesn’t like heroes,” he said slowly. “He’s way weirder than me. And that’s saying something.”

-

Midoriya slammed his bowl onto the table, startling the heroes. “Okay, first thing first,” he said, staring down the pussycats. “I need the autograph of every single one of you.”

“No need to be so intense…” said Pixie-Bob.

“Second! What’s up with Kota? What kind of kid *doesn’t* love heroes?! Is he joking? Or is he just a complete idiot? Oh! Does he want to be a villain instead? Cuz I have a couple of contacts, I could help him out if

he wants—”

“You have the contacts of villains?” Mandalay asked.

“Er, forget that. Why does he hate heroes?”

The pussycats exchanged looks.

“Well, you see, his parents were heroes that died in the line of duty.”

“Oh.” Midoriya’s eyes widened as what she had said sunk in. “*OH*.”

“Yeah. And when everyone just told him that his parents were wonderful and praised them even after they were gone I think he just grew bitter. He didn’t want to hear that it was okay because they died for a noble cause, he wanted to hear that he was in the right for feeling so angry.”

Midoriya pondered this for a bit. “Well, I’ll change his mind.”

“Huh? Did you— did you even hear what I said?”

Midoriya waved his hand in dismissal. “Yeah, dead parents, revenge, etc. I don’t care. No kid that age should be so sad. I’ll make him like heroes again.”

“That sounds like a bad idea.”

“Most of my ideas are, but I don’t care.” Midoriya stood up. “Thank you for telling me. I’ll make sure that Kota likes heroes by the end of camp even if it kills me.”

“Please don’t,” Mandalay pleaded.

“Don’t what? Convince him or die?”

“Preferably both?”

Midoriya laughed. “Too late!”

Chapter End Notes

> My ability to mix up b’s and d’s despite most definitely knowing the difference has caused me to accidentally spell Pixie-Bob as “Pixie-Bod” not once, but twice, and I’d like to argue it is a far more interesting name.

# Happy Campers pt. 2 - quirk training

Chapter Summary

> Midoriya experiments with his quirk, much to the annoyance of all around him

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Now while your physical abilities have greatly improved since the beginning of school,” said Aizawa, “your quirks have not.”

“Rude.”

“Shut up Midoriya,” Aizawa said with the same deadpan tone. “Anyways, that’s what this camp is here to fix. For the next several days you will all undergo intense training of your quirks, pushing to your quirk to its limits as well as pushing the lawful interpretation of child abuse to it’s limits. The Wild Wild Pussycats have volunteered to asist with this.”

The Pussycats, standing nearby, looked slightly uncomfortable at being lumped in with Aizawa’s mentioning of child abuse.

“Now Class 1-B and Vlad King have already gotten started so I suggest you all hurry to catch up. Aoyama, Uraraka, we have buckets for you over in the mess hall. Satou, Tiger will assist you. Ojirou, I dunno, go throw some rocks with your tail or something.” Aizawa continued to split off his students until only Midoriya remained.

“What should I do Sensei?”

Aizawa sighed. “Go kill yourself.”

“Ouch,” said Midoriya before skipping off to find a secluded area to kill himself in.

Mandalay, who had stayed with Aizawa as he assigned everyone to their respective training, stared at Aizawa.

“What?”

“I really don’t think you should be working with children,” she said.

“You and me both. Tell it to Nedzu’s ‘no quitsies’ clause.”

-

Midoriya was actually very excited to test out the full extent of his quirk. This was because he had not actually had a chance to experiment much since the whole incident with Shimura coming back as a ghost for a few minutes during his final exam. This was mostly because his mother had made it clear that while she’d accepted him regularly killing himself in their house she was not comfortable with the idea of ghosts also occupying the home.

Sure, Midoriya continued to talk with the other users everytime he died, which, being Midoriya, was a lot. He learned quite a bit about the vestiges in just the few minutes before he returned to consciousness.

So it was that he was actually looking forward to the opportunity to experiment.

Midoriya finally found a secluded area and sat down on the underbrush, surrounded by trees. Without hesitation he pulled out his trusty knife, Barbra, and slit his throat.

-

“Alright, who’s ready to become a ghost and fellow agent of chaos?”

Every vestige raised their hand.

Midoriya did have one slight issue, however. “Now I’d love to take all of you, but I think that Shimura would find carrying all of you at once to be rather difficult so we should probably go one at a time. Oh, and I also seem to be able to use her quirk when she’s a ghost. Not sure if that’s something specific to her or whatever but I figured I better warn y’all just in case.”

Banjo looked around. “Well in that case I volunteer. My quirk is awesome, it’d be pretty useful if you could figure out how to use it.”

Since the rest of the users seemed to agree with Banjo’s logic Shimura hoisted him up in one arm and picked up Midoriya in the other as the three floated towards the ceiling.

-

“Eww.” Midoriya ran his hand across his throat, the still healing slit was coated in a sticky, glittery substance. “Okay, next time just wait until I start floating and just come with me. I’m really starting to hate these half-healed injuries.”

“Sure thing, kiddo,” said Shimura.

At the same time Banjo did a cartwheel. “I’m alive!”

Midoriya shrugged. “Well kinda. I don’t really think anyone is going to be mistaking you for a real person anytime soon.”

This was a reasonable assumption. Mostly because Banjo and Shimura, were in fact, still mostly transparent. Much like one would imagine a ghost to appear. Because they were ghosts.

“Why don’t you try to use our quirks?” asked Shimura.

Midoriya closed his eyes in concentration and slowly began to float a few feet above the ground.

“Hey!” he said. “I’m doing it!”

“Use mine!” Banjo said.

Midoriya began to concentrate once more and a black tendril appeared from his body and began to prod around. “Huh,” he said, “I can’t really control it.”

“Here,” said Banjo, “let me try something.” He set his hand—his ghost hand, which was surprisingly solid—on Midoriya’s shoulder. As soon as he did dozens of ropes flew from Midoriya and attached to the trees, pulling Midoriya’s floating body with them.

Banjo and Shimura watched as Midoriya continued to be dragged by Blackwhip across the woods, his scream getting fainter and fainter as he disappeared into the distance.

“Well shit,” said Banjo.

-

Aizawa was walking in between his students, occasionally yelling out helpful words of encouragement such as: “What are you, five?! I’ve seen rats with better control over their quirks—and I’m not talking about Nedzu!” and “First one to quit is expelled!”. As you can imagine, very few students were encouraged by these to do anything

other than re-evaluate their life decisions.

As Aizawa was walking around, he saw several students look to the sky in confusion. Sure, Aizawa heard screaming in the distance, but that was pretty par for the course during training camp.

It wasn't until he heard one member of class 1-B ask, "isn't that the kid that won the sports festival?" that his heart began to sink. You see, Bakugou was well within sight, meaning whatever kid they were referring to had to be Midoriya. Sure enough, there he was, swinging through the air like some rip-off spiderman with little control over his velocity.

"AHHH!" screamed Midoriya."

"Midoriya, what the hell are you doing?!" Aizawa screamed up at the fast-approaching boy.

"I DON'T KNOW!" Midoriya yelled back. "This just sorta happened on accident!"

"You just spontaneously sprouted a dozen weird black vines on accident?"

"Yeah!"

Aizawa sighed. "It's a testament to how ridiculous you are that I almost believe you."

"I can't make it stop, Sensei!"

By now, the majority of students were pointing at their eldrich monster of a classmate, their training forgotten.

"Get back to work!" Aizawa shouted back at them. He turned back to Midoriya. "No," he said, exasperated. "Just no."

"But Sensei—"

*"No,"* Aizawa repeated.

Midoriya threw his arms in the air, which was actually kind of strange to see considering he was at that moment upsidedown as a result of Blackwhip and Float combined. Because of this he technically was throwing his arms down, towards the earth, rather than up in the air. Regardless, his annoyance came across clearly. "Sensei! I can't stop until the ghosts disappear!"

“I don’t even want to know.”

Midoriya lurched hectically, bobbing in and out of the trees as Blackwhip, pardon the pun, whipped him around the forest. “Can’t you erase my quirk?”

“And have you plunge to your death? No thank you. That would be child murder.”

Midoriya rolled his eyes. “Aizawa, it doesn’t matter if I die; my quirk will just resurrect me.”

“The quirk that I’ll have erased?”

Midoriya hesitated. “...it’d probably only erase the black ropes… right?” Midoriya thought back to his recent attempts to fully integrate his original quirk with One for All into a single quirk. “I changed my mind! Don’t erase my quirk!”

Aizawa sighed. “Dinner is in twenty minutes, Midoriya. I expect you to have your shit together by then,” he said as he walked away, leaving Midoriya to figure out his little issue by himself.

Chapter End Notes

> Me: *doesn't update for fifteen days*
> Also me: *writes entire chapter in an hour* *throws it to swarm of hungry readers* "Devour my minimum effort, children!"
>
> (in all honesty, thank you all for putting up with my total lack of a schedule)

# Happy Campers pt. 3 - A Hero

Chapter Summary

Kota and Midoriya talk

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Eraserhead!” Ragdoll slammed her hands on the table Aizawa was sitting at, startling him.

“What is it?” he asked, setting down the book he’d been reading.

“I am concerned.”

“Why?”

“Well as you know, my quirk allows me to monitor up to one-hundred people at a time. So I was using it to keep track of all your kittens today and—”

Aizawa’s eyes widened. “Hold on. I think I know where this is going,” he said. “Let me guess, you suddenly realized one of the students was dead?”

“Exactly! And then, while I was panicking trying to find you, he suddenly wasn’t dead!”

Aizawa sighed. “Midoriya,” he said simply as if that was an acceptable answer.

It was not. This was mostly because Ragdoll did not actually know who Midoriya was, nor did his name explain how he’d seemingly been resurrected.

“But then I was getting all sorts of weird input like his location was flying all over the place, and I could tell that he was sustaining multiple injuries but I didn’t register any pain.”

“Midoriya,” Aizawa repeated.

Again, it was not an acceptable answer.

“That’s not an acceptable answer,” said Ragdoll.

Aizawa shrugged. “All of that was half an hour ago, why are you telling me now?”

“Because I just registered him dying and reviving again and—”

“AIZAWA!”

“—because he’s almost back.”

Midoriya angrily stomped over and slammed his hands on Aizawa’s table.

“Will you people stop doing that?” Aizawa asked, annoyed.

“Fuck you, Aizawa,” said Midoriya.

“Glad to see you’re still in one piece, Midoriya.”

This was technically true, but at even a glance anyone could tell that Midoriya was not in the best of shape. This was mostly due to the large amount of gold glitter that fell off him at every movement and the leaves and sticks that were stuck in his hair and clothing, by my estimates nearly enough to reconstruct an entire tree.

"No thanks to you."

Aizawa shrugged. "You're late for dinner," he said, changing the subject.

"Yeah, well, I'm not hungry."

Midoriya's stomach growled. Aizawa raised his eyebrow.

"That means nothing!"

Aizawa sighed. "Go get some food, Midoriya."

"I refuse."

"So… what? You're just going to sit around watching everyone else eat?"

"Of course not," said Midoriya. "I'm going to go take Señor Conejito on a walk."

"You kids brought that gosh darn rabbit to summer camp?"

"No," said Midoriya, "he brought himself."

"You and this stupid bunny—"

"Might I remind you that this 'stupid bunny' is our class president and has equal authority to you?"

"That is NOT how it works—"

"Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going to go take my class president on a walk."

-

Kota was rather confused to see a rabbit hop into his secret hiding spot.

Now his secret hiding spot was, in fact, right next to a wooded area, meaning that the presence of a rabbit wasn't actually all that odd. What was odd was the fact that this particular rabbit was as white as a cloud and wearing a hat to match.

"Señor Conejito! Wait up!" someone yelled.

Kota watched as Midoriya turned the corner and skidded to a stop when he saw him.

"Oh. Hey, Kota."

"Mr. Steel balls," said Kota in a hush.

"Midoriya," said Midoriya. "And that's Señor Conejito." He pointed to the rabbit.

"Why does he have a pope hat?"

Midoriya shrugged. "Why not?"

Kota realized he did not have a valid answer for this.

Midoriya took his silence as an invitation to sit down. This had not been what Kota had been intending, but the boy found he wasn't all that keen to argue with Midoriya.

“So,” said Midoriya after a second, “I found out why you don’t like heroes.”

Kota's eyes widened. "Auntie told you?!"

Midoriya shrugged. "To be fair I probably would have figured it out eventually. I'm told I'm rather… *persistant*."

Kota looked away, watching as Señor Conejito hopped closer and closer to him.

"Y'know, Señor Conejito is kinda like you."

"The bunny?"

Midoriya nodded. "His parents were killed by a faction of the Mexican mafia when he was a baby. They were part of an elite spy organization that primarily employed animals," he said. "And do you know what he did?"

Frankly, Kota wasn't really sure what to make of this statement. He couldn't be certain if it was a parable, just an outright lie, or—after looking at those frighteningly intelligent eyes of Señor Conejito—the actual truth. "No?" he settled for.

"He did the same thing you did. He resented his parents for leaving him, and he hated how everyone told him they were heroes for their sacrifice. So he took the money they'd left him in their will and spent twenty years in Austria starring in numerous films and spending the weekends as a tour guide."

"Twenty years?! Just how old is he?!"

"Kota, that doesn't matter," said Midoriya. "The point is, he soon realized that it wasn't his parents' fault for dying, it was the people that killed him that he should have been blaming. So Señor Conejito caught the next plane to Japan and spent ten years training under a Samurai master until he finally went back to Mexico and destroyed the gang that had killed his parents."

Kota looked confused. "So you're saying I should become a hero and defeat my parents' killer?"

Midoriya shrugged. "If you want to, but that wasn't really my point. Cuz if you don't, I will. Or other heroes will. Either way, he'll be brought to justice somehow. That's what heroes do."

"Take revenge on villains that have killed past heroes?"

Midoirya hesitated. “Okay so that’s *one* thing heroes do,” he said. “But hey, I promise that if I see the son of a bitch that killed your parents I’ll punch him in the nuts three— no *five* times harder than you did to me.”

Kota giggled a little.

Midoriya smiled. “You know why I’m a hero?” he asked.

Kota shook his head.

“My quirk heals all my injuries and I don’t feel pain.”

Kota’s eyes widened. “THAT’S why you have balls of steel!”

Midoriya laughed. “Yup! I’m also immortal but I can’t show you that.”

“Why not?”

“After my best friend exploded me when we were young my mom made me promise to never purposely die in front of anyone under the age of eight.”

“Oh.”

Midoriya waved his hand in dismissal. “Regardless, I can survive situations most people can’t. That’s why I want to be a hero; they can’t hurt me in a way that matters so I can take down villains at no cost to myself.” He hesitated. “I’m a hero because of people like your parents, Kota.”

Kota looked down again. Señor Conejito had gotten close during the conversation and now nuzzled up under his palm, allowing Kota to pet him.

“I’m a hero so that I’ll die instead of other parents, or children, or friends. And I’ll die over and over again to keep them safe.” Midoriya stood up. “You can keep Señor Conejito as long as you’d like, he’ll just come back to camp when he wants to.” He smiled. “And Kota?”

Kota looked up.

“I promise that I’ll be the kind of hero you can like.”

Chapter End Notes

This was a surprisingly difficult chapter to write since Kota's

situation isn't actually funny. At all.

Still, I tried my best to keep it as light-hearted as possible, so hopefully it came across okay!

# Happy Campers pt. 4 - These campers are no longer happy

Chapter Summary

Y'all know what's coming next.

Chapter Notes

Bought a new chromebook since my old one was dying. New one didn't work either. Had to send it back in. Got it back, now it works but will still refresh at random times. Annoyed me so much I put off writing for weeks.

Whoops.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The villain attack was quite inconvenient.

Now, most villain attacks are, but this one in particular was annoying for several reasons, namely the fact that it shouldn't have been possible considering their location was secret, and also that it was nearly Midoriya's turn for the test of courage and he was quite looking forward to it.

I might add that while he was looking forward to running the test of courage class 1-B had set up, he was more so excited by the prospect of participating in the creation of the next one, in which class 1-A would be in charge. You see, the majority of class 1-B was unaware of Midoriya's quirk—with some notable exceptions being Monoma who had taken to copying his quirk at every opportunity, for the high that came with the adrenaline rush it delivered no doubt, and Shiozaki, who had walked in on him resetting once and briefly explored the possibility that his resurrection was an effect of him being the reincarnation of Christ, a thought that was forgotten the moment she got to know him a little more. It was because so few members knew the true nature of his abilities that Midoriya figured he could become utterly devastating by just cutting off his head or something.

He considered allowing Hagakure to hold the head in front of her and make it seem to be floating, but then he remembered that he could now effectively summon ghosts and that was sure to have a bit more of an impact.

But, as it was, such dreams were quickly dashed by the appearance of multiple villains that clearly had the intention of causing harm. This intention was made very clear as they easily took out Pixie-bob in a quick attack.

The other heroes had feelings about this and chose to vocalize those feelings in the universal language of displeasure: violence.

Midoriya, however, was distracted by a familiar face.

“What are *you* doing here?”

Kanzaki laughed and adjusted the camera she was holding. “Isn’t it obvious? You gave Shigaraki my number after all.”

Suddenly Midoriya was struck with the realization that maybe it wasn’t such a good idea to introduce a supervillain to the crazed reporter. He figured that was probably his fault for not thinking that through very well.

“Hold on— is that how you found this place?! Cuz you have that stupid tracker on me?” He twisted around, looking himself up and down as if he could find the mysterious tracker just by looking. He couldn’t.

Kanzaki chuckled. “Bingo!”

“I thought we had a deal!”

She shrugged. “We work together on a situation-by-situation basis. You should know I’ll just go to the highest bidder, and the League of Villains has a sponsor with deep pockets, if you know what I mean.”

Midoriya glared at her. “Reporters,” he spat.

“Indeed. You best get used to it.”

It was at this point that something occurred to Midoirya that really should have occurred sooner. “Señor Conejito!” he called out, beckoning to the rabbit that was supposed to be his partner in the test of courage. “Go take down the rest of the villains; I have to go make sure Kota is safe.”

-

Kota was safe. If one's definition of safe is ‘currently being hunted by the murderer of your parents for fun’. Since that is no one's definition

of safe, Kota was actually very much not safe.

Midoriya came to this conclusion very quickly and, deciding that the best reaction was to punch Muscular in the face, did that.

“OW! What the hell?”

“Begone, scary man!” Midoriya called.

“Mr. Balls of steel!” Kota yelled. “That’s the villain that killed my parents!”

Midoriya turned to look at him. “Is it really? Man, what a contrived coincidence.” He turned to look at Muscular. “Y’know, funnily enough, I promised this kid to punch you really hard in the balls not twenty-four hours ago.”

Muscular looked confused. Falling back on his instincts as a serial killer, he chose to shout, “Not if I kill you first!” to make up for his confusion.

“I can assure you that death will not sway me from my goal. No death you provide me will ever cause the permanence you seek.”

Muscular blinked, and then, having no response, attacked.

Now the thing about Midoriya was that while he was ridiculously overpowered, having both the generational power of the number one hero and immortality, he was still just a kid and Muscular was a very apt adult killer. It was a classic case of unstoppable force meets unmovable object, although the idea of who was who was up for debate. Nothing Midoriya did seemed to affect Muscular as the villain simply moved around his muscles to block his attacks and then used the very same muscles to retaliate.

“You fucking cockroach,” he said. “Why the hell won’t you stay down?!”

Midoriya climbed to his feet once more, a trickle of blood running down his face and a crazed expression on his face. “You can’t hurt me,” he said.

“We’ll fucking see about that.”

Unfortunately, even Midoriya could only take so much, and for all his training his body was still liable to failure. One of Muscular’s hits

found its mark and Midoriya found himself pinwheeling through the air and straight into the hard rocky surface of the wall of earth jutting out next to them. He crumpled to the ground, limbs arrayed in a way that really wasn't how limbs were supposed to be arrayed.

Muscular laughed and turned to Kota. "Man! What a warm-up!" he grinned maniacally. "But don't worry, I haven't forgotten about you."

Kota gulped. "O-oh. I, uh, don't think I'd actually mind if you did."

Muscular shrugged. "No luck then."

-

Midoriya sat up in the dark room.

"Fuck!"

He scrambled to his feet. "Shimura! I gotta get back out there before he hurts Kota!"

Shimura was already by his side. "On it, kid."

"Oh! And…" Midoirya hesitated, deep in thought. "Bring Banjo too."

"Huh?"

"I— just trust me."

Shimura shrugged and grabbed Banjo by his waist, much to his chagrin.

-

Kota continued to back away from Muscular, and as he did he saw a flash of movement from behind the villain.

"Mr. Steel balls, I thought you said your mom won't let you die in front of kids?"

Midoriya grumbled as he pulled himself up from the ground, golden sludge sloshing off him. "Yeah well, it wasn't exactly like that was my fault."

"Are you gonna be grounded?"

Muscular stared in shock. "H-how?"

Midoriya glared at him, hands balling into fists. “I told you: *you can’t hurt me*” He tilted his head. “But I can sure hurt you.” He reached a hand out to either side and as he made contact with Shimura and Banjo they both became visible. Muscular took a step back in shock as the two ghosts appeared. “And I brought a couple of friends to help.”

“What the fuck?!”

“A common reaction.” Midoriya began to float and black tendrils crawled out from around him.

“What the fuck?!” repeated Muscular.

The two vestiges went around, each one grabbing onto one of Muscular’s arms, holding him in place as Midoriya approached.

Midoriya smiled and looked down at Muscular before punching him straight in the balls.

Chapter End Notes

> Had to make this chapter extra crackish to make up for the actual *feelings* in the last chapter

# Happy Campers pt. 5 - Problems

Chapter Summary

Midoriya is happy but he's probably the exception

Chapter Notes

TW: yeah it’s still crack but Toga’s creepy in any genre.

Sorry for the slow updates, still having highly frustrating technical issues

Aizawa stared down the villain. He was not particularly pleased to see the villain.

Aizawa had been a hero for many years and he was aware that villains were much like spiders, in that if you saw one, there were probably more nearby. He did not like this fact. For both spiders and villains.

But, the fact of the matter was, at that moment he was only aware of one villain and so his attention was directed there.

“What are you even doing here?” he asked tiredly.

Dabi smiled. “Oh, nothing much. Just thought I’d stop by and have some fun.”

Aizawa sighed. “No,” he said simply.

The two stood at a relative standstill outside the cabin, waiting for the other to make their move. Aizawa heard a high-pitched buzzing, but he was pretty sure that was something separate and not related to this particular moment.

“How did you even find this place? Do you people have someone on our side feeding you information?”

Dabi shrugged. “Some reporter bitch had a tracker on a kid.”

Aizawa facepalmed. This probably wasn’t the best thing to do while facing down a powerful villain that probably had no qualms about using any advantage to kill him, but he figured the situation

warranted the risk. “Only Midoriya could unintentionally be a traitor.” As he spoke the buzzing intensified and Aizawa finally recognized it as the sound of someone screaming at high speeds. “Speak of the devil.”

Dabi turned around to see Midoriya running at him with a side of other various weird shit.

In case you’re curious, the other various weird shit was the fact that there was a ghost holding a child bridal style as it flew next to him, and another helping Midoirya use black ropes to drag the unconscious body of Muscular through the trees behind them. And also the fact that Midoriya was screaming at the top of his lungs.

Now that I think about it, I’m not entirely sure what the saying ‘top of his lungs’ implies. He was definitely not using just the top of his lungs, but actually the entirety of them. In that case, I would like to revise my previous statement to say that Midoriya was screaming with all of his lungs.

It was loud.

Dabi grinned. “Looks like one of your students wants to have some fun.” He said this with the intention of taking Midoriya as a hostage and using him as leverage against Aizawa.

As Midoirya got closer he reached out to grab him as he ran past.

“NO!” shouted Midoriya. He then punched Dabi in the face.

Dabi exploded.

This was because it was actually only a clone of Dabi and not really that durable. Neither Aizawa nor Midoriya knew this fact, but both chose to ignore the implications of Midoriya’s probable murder for the time being.

“Hey Aizawa I rescued a kid and also punched a villain in the balls and he’s unconscious now, anyways here you go!”

Aizawa squinted at Midoriya. He was confused. One of the things confusing him was how Midoriya’s face was only half there, not having had enough time to heal, and gold sludge was now dripping off of his various injuries. It seemed that his movement was a product of no more than glitter glue and spite.

He was also confused by Nana, who carefully dropped Kota into his

arms. Nearby, Banjo released the unconscious Muscular.

“Who is this?” he asked Midoriya.

“All Might’s dead maternal figure. My quirk gave her ghost to me.” Midoriya then, ignoring the fact that his explanation explained nothing, said, “Gotta go now, bye!” and ran away.

“The fuck.”

Kota looked up at Aizawa. “Hey, did you know that Mr. Steel balls is a zombie?”

Aizawa looked down. He sighed. “I don’t get paid enough.”

-

Kendo finally caught up to Tetsutetsu. He was standing over something, looking down. She followed his gaze.

“Huh.”

He looked back to her. “Well, that explains why the gas stopped.”

The two of them had run into the woods, following the trail of thicker and thicker gas in hopes of taking down whatever villain had produced it, but it seemed they weren’t the only ones.

Tetsutetsu knelt down, looking at Mustard’s body. He pulled away the shards of the broken gas mask from his face and checked his pulse.

“He ain’t dead.”

“A definite plus,” said Kendo.

Tetsutetsu stood. “What the hell happened to him?”

Kendo scoured the area, looking for some clue as to what had occurred. She picked up an empty handgun. “Empty,” she said. She lightly touched the barrel. It was warm. “Huh. Looks like he used all his ammo on someone.”

“Or something,” said Tetsutetsu, voice hushed.

“Huh?”

He pointed to Mustard’s arm. It was covered in blood from dozens of

animalish bite marks running up it. “That doesn’t look particularly human-like to me.”

Kendo shivered. She took a step back and as she did she felt something under the underbrush. She reached down.

“What the hell…”

Tetsutetsu squinted at the item she held. “Is that… a miniature pope hat?”

-

“Aren’t you just the cutest~”

Uraraka squirmed in Toga’s grasp, trying to avoid the knife that she held in her other hand.

“I appreciate the compliment but please don’t cut me!”

Toga giggled. “Aww but then you’ll be so much prettier Darling!” She pulled Uraraka closer. “Why don’t you be my girlfriend, Sweetie?”

Uraraka yelped. “Flattered but I’ll have to pass!”

It was at this moment, that Midoriya, being led by Asui who’d run to get help, appeared.

He stood there, taking in the scene. “Huh,” he said.

“Midoriya!” yelled Uraraka.

“Who’s this?” he asked, pointing to Toga.

“I’m her new girlfriend!” said Toga cheerfully. She pulled Uraraka tighter and used her hand to cover Uraraka’s mouth.

Midoriya hesitated. “Uraraka,” he started, “I need you to know that I’ll support you no matter what, and I approve of whatever sexuality you choose to identify as, but I’m also telling you this as a friend: I think you can do better.”

Uraraka ripped away from Toga’s hold. “She is NOT my girlfriend!”

“It’s okay! I support you! I think homosexuality is a valid and colorful lifestyle. I don’t want you to feel like you have to lie to me about who you are.”

Uraraka blushed. “Midoriya, this has nothing to do with my sexuality. I have no interest in her, romantic or otherwise.”

“Oh. Okay, that’s probably good because I’m pretty sure those vials on her belt are full of blood, and I know it’s a little hypocritical of me to say, but that’s relatively concerning.”

Toga sniffled dramatically. “You wound me! How could you reject my love Uraraka-chan?”

Uraraka looked disgusted. “Easily.”

Toga laughed. “No matter! I’ll just have to become this cutie instead!” She lunged at Midoriya and plunged her syringe into his arm.”

Midoriya looked at his arm. He looked back at Toga. “Hey,” he said nonchalantly, “that’s my blood.”

Toga grinned. “Finders keepers~”

“Don’t think that applies to bodily fluids.”

She giggled and pressed a deep kiss to Midoriya’s very deformed face.

In case you’ve forgotten, Midoriya’s face wasn’t typically deformed, it only was in this moment because it hadn’t had time to heal properly from Muscular’s attack. The fact that his face now looked nothing like a face, and more like a sad pile of golden spaghetti with extra chunky spaghetti sauce did nothing to disway Toga’s advances.

“Toddles, Love~”

Toga skipped off.

Midoriya turned to Uraraka. “I hate to say it but I think your girlfriend has a crush on me.”

“She is NOT my girlfriend.”

# Happy Campers pt 6 - Campers have now progressed from happy, to unhappy, to distressed. They are at the final stage of camper and their continued evolution will surely prove to be lethal.

Chapter Summary

Abra Kadabra.

Chapter Notes

Guess what! I'm not dead!

“Kacchan!” called Midoriya. He continued not quite walking but not quite running through the woods. It was really more of a speed walk than anything. “Hey, Kacchan! Where are you?”

“Shhh!” someone hissed in his ear.

Typically the goal of shushing someone is to get them to be quiet. Shushing Midoriya made him scream so it was probably not very effective.

“Shoji?! What are you doing here?”

“Hiding from Dark Shadow, he’s gone crazy.”

“Oh. Well, that’s probably pretty easy to fix. Where is he?”

“Midoriya—”

Not waiting for a response Midoriya began walking in the direction that Shoji had come from.

Now one good thing about giant rampaging sentient shadows—possibly the only good thing—is that they’re rather easy to find.

“Hey, Dark Shadow!” yelled Midoriya, gaining the attention of the bird creature. “If you stop rampaging I’ll give you some apples when we’re back at school!”

Dark Shadow did not even hesitate before slamming Midoriya back

into a tree.

Midoriya pulled himself up, stretching as he did. “Dang. I think you broke a couple of ribs.” He looked at Dark Shadow quizzically before turning to Shoji, still half-hidden in the trees. “So that didn’t work. I think we should go find Kacchan to help us.”

In the distance, there was a scream of rage followed by someone shouting, and I quote, “motherfucking motherfucker damn bitch-son of a shit shrimp.”

I am sure that from that context alone you can assume who was doing the screaming and shouting.

Midoriya certainly could as his face brightened considerably at the sound. “Speak of the devil,” he said. “And I do mean that quite literally, a priest classified him as such when we were eight.”

He then ran off in the direction of Bakugou’s profanities.

-

Bakugou was not a fan of the tooth villain.

There were several reasons for this, including, but not limited to, the fact that Bakugou tended to not like people that tried to kill him. Which, in my opinion, is a valid reason to dislike a person.

“Hey, Kacchan!”

Bakugou flinched in surprise as he heard Midoriya. This was bad as he was at that moment engaged in a deadly battle.

“Go away!”

“But Kacchan! Tokoyami and Dark Shadow need your help.”

“Those piss-dicks can wait. I’m fucking busy here.”

Midoriya turned to Todoroki. “How about you?”

Todoroki, as delightfully indifferent as ever, shrugged. “Sure, I guess. What do you want me to do?”

“Uh, just make some fire to scare Dark Shadow into being small again. Oh! And don’t burn down the forest. That would cause issues.”

Todoroki nodded, and, in a manner that was indistinguishable as either genuine appreciation or cutting sarcasm, said, “Thank you for the warning. I don’t think I would have thought about that on my own.”

He was just about to go find Dark Shadow when, ironically, Dark Shadow found him.

By this, I mean that Dark Shadow had followed Izuku and Shoji and had finally caught up to them, stepping rather unclimatically on the villain Bakugou and Todoroki had been fighting.

“Hey!” yelped Bakugou. “I was fighting that guy, you stupid emo bird-bitch!”

Dark Shadow did not respond to Bakugou. This had the effect of only making Bakugou more annoyed.

“I’m TALKING to you!”

Dark Shadow continued to not respond to Bakugou other than acting like your classic rampaging shadow monster. Which he was.

“OY!” Bakugou let off several explosions to get Dark Shadow’s attention. This backfired in the worst way possible by causing Dark Shadow to startle and disappear entirely.

Tokoyami fell to his knees and gasped. “Thank you, Bakugou,” he said between breaths. “I’m so ashamed for having lost control like that.” He curled his hand into a fist. “When you walk the tightrope above the abyss often you risk falling in, due to your own bitterness.”

Bakugou ignored this and instead made a sound like a strangled goat as he saw the form of the very squished and very unconscious villain. “I was going to beat him! Me! Not you!” He turned to Tokoyami. “You better bring back that motherfucker, Mr. Chicken Man, or else I’ll rip him out of you!”

“Great job, Kacchan! You calmed down Dark Shadow!”

“And now I want to beat him up! That’s only fair; he beat up the person I initially wanted to beat up, so I should get to beat him up as a replacement. That’s rule number one of the beat up code!”

Todoroki sighed. “Once again I find myself unnecessary for the plot progression.”

“That’s not true, Todoroki. I’m sure you could be useful if you want to be,” said Midoriya.

Todoroki shrugged. “I really don’t.”

“Bakugou!” Shoji yelled, sounding very concerned. “You’re hurting him!”

Bakugou, who had taken to shaking the recently recovered Tokoyami by the collar, looked at Shoji, confused. “I know? That’s the point.”

Although the majority of Shoji’s expression couldn’t be seen, his eye twitched in a way that clearly indicated his feelings towards the situation. “No!”

“Yes!” a voice called from the trees.

Everyone turned to see a masked man step out of the shadows.

“Would you look at that, a so-called hero student strangling another. Isn’t that just the most beautiful thing you’ve ever seen?”

“...That’s just how Kacchan plays,” said Midoriya.

“Yes, well, that’s exactly why we want him.”

Everyone was quiet for a bit. Bakugou looked up from where he was doing his best to make Dark Shadow reappear. He squinted. “...What?”

The masked man walked closer. “You heard me. Katsuki Bakugou, I am called Compress and this is a formal invitation to join the League of Villains.”

Bakugou looked at Midoirya and raised an eyebrow. Midoriya shrugged.

“Uh, no? I won’t be doing that?”

“I’m afraid I’d not asking.” Compress lunged, and as his hand made contact Bakugou disappeared.

“Holy crap!” Midoriya yelped. “He just made Kacchan disappear!” He turned to Todoroki. “Did you see that?”

Todoroki nodded.

“And now,” said Compress, with a tip of his hat, “I must bid you

adieu." He jumped up and began running across the trees, away from the other students.

"Hey! Stop! You can't take Kacchan! He gets separation anxiety if he's away from me!"

His pleads were to no avail, Compress having decided that a little—most likely fictitious—separation anxiety was not enough to sway him.

Izuku put his fists on his hips as Compress disappeared. "Gosh darn it. Well, you know what that means."

Todoroki raised his hand. "I do not know what that means."

"Means I gotta fly after him."

Shoji and Todoroki exchanged a look.

"You can't fly, Midoriya," said Shoji.

"*Well*," corrected Midoriya. "I can't fly *well*." He sighed, ignoring their looks of confusion. "Stupid villains, always making me gotta kill myself. It's rather annoying." Midoriya reached up and grabbed his head with both hands and, in a single fluid motion, snapped his neck.

-

Midoriya was back in record time, gold sludge still gathered around his still slightly crooked neck and the various other wounds he hadn't given enough time to heal. He also brought two ghosts with him.

He turned to the ghosts. "Okay! Operation Save Kacchan has commenced! After the magician!"

Upon saying this both ghosts nodded and Midoriya began to float, propelled through the trees by long, black, vines.

The three students left had expressions of varying degrees of shock on their faces, ranging from Tokoyami's slack-jawed distress to Todoroki's continued lack of emotion of any kind.

Todoroki sighed. "I'm going home now," he said as he turned to walk away.

# Happy Campers pt 7 - the field trip form didn't cover villain recruitment

Chapter Summary

Bakugou considers a new career path against his will.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Child acquired,” said Compress as he landed lightly in the clearing.

“Well it’s about damn time! That was fast!” said Twice, cryptic as usual.

The rest of the league ignored him. As usual.

Dabi—the real Dabi—raised an eyebrow. “They just let you take him?”

“They didn’t have a choice,” said Compress. “There was… minimal opposition.”

Now I don’t know much about the universe having a sense of humor, perhaps a question for another day, but I do know that the author has quite a refined sense of humor that is used liberally and with minimal discretion.

As it was, the very moment Compress mentioned the so-called “minimal opposition”, Midoriya finally made his way through the trees with the help of his two ghosts—who had disappeared only moments before he reached the clearing—and immediately proceeded to sock Compress in the jaw, sending not only his mask but also the marble that had been in his mouth flying.

As you’d expect, Compress was not very happy about this.

“Such brutality is quite unnecessary!”

“You stole Kacchan! That’s like, the prerequisite for brutality.” Midoriya tilted his head. “Also, you’re one to talk about unnecessary, what’s up with that dumb two masks thing?”

Compress, who was in fact wearing a second mask under the first

scowled and picked up the first, replacing it securely on his face. “Just in case a brat like you tried to punch the first one off. Seems I was aptly prepared.”

Dabi, who had been digging around the grass in a most undignified manner as he attempted to find the Bakugou marble, let out a proud chuckle as he straightened, marble in hand. “Alright Kurogiri, I’ve got the brat. Let’s get out of here.”

Kurogiri began to swirl as he activated his quirk.

“Wait!” Midoriya looked panicked. “You can’t take him!”

Dabi ignored Midoriya, a very dangerous thing to do. “Hey, Compress.”

Compress looked up.

“Release the kid, won’t ya? I need to confirm you got the right one.”

“What, you don’t believe me?”

“Just do it.”

Compress sighed but released Bakugou.

“—dumbass dick-bitch—” said Bakugou as he appeared, seeming defaulting on his most basic of language functions.

“Kacchan!”

Dabi nodded and grabbed Bakugou roughly by the wrist as he attempted to pull the boy through the portal. Unsurprisingly, Bakugou didn’t want this and attempted to prevent it from happening by pulling himself in the opposite direction.

Dabi grunted. “Gimme a hand here!” The other league members gathered and also began to participate in this strange perversion of tug of war. Seeing his cue, Midoriya grabbed Bakugou’s other wrist and began to pull as well.

“HEY!” shouted Bakugou, not a fan of his part in this game.

“Give him back! He’s mine!” Midoriya said, snarling in a way that was quite reminiscent of a dog.

“I ain’t your fucking chew toy!”

“Just let go!” yelled Dabi.

Midoriya did not let go but did find that he was beginning to lose this game as it turned out he was not actually stronger than multiple adults and Toga. The members of the league slowly disappeared through the portal and the black began to creep up Bakugou’s arm.

“Just let go,” said Bakugou, recognizing a lost cause.

“Never!” said Midoriya, a vast part of his personality being unable to recognize a lost cause.

“C’mon Zu, they’re clearly idiots. I’ll be fine.” Bakugou tried to keep his voice even but there was still a slight tremor to it. His head started to go through the portal.

“Yeah, well that’s the problem because you’re kind of an idiot too!” Midoriya protested as he dug his feet into the dirt, trying even harder to keep him out.

Bakugou didn’t respond as all that was left out of the portal was his hand which Midoriya refused to let go of. Eventually, that too was pulled through along with Midoriya’s hands. Midoriya refused to let go, even as the portal began to close around his wrists, pulling in on itself until there was nothing left.

Midoriya, now handless, stomped angrily in place. “Gosh darn it!”

After completing his little tantrum, he sighed and began to walk back to camp, brainstorming potential ways to reset himself once he got there that did not involve hands.

-

As soon as the entirety of Bakugou was through the portal, it closed. This was rather unfortunate as a part of Izuku had been through the portal when it did. Namely, his hands.

Toga squealed and scooped up the now detached hands. “Mine!” she said. “You have enough hands, Shigaraki, I get to keep these!”

Shigaraki, who had been waiting for the return of the rest of his league, raised an eyebrow at her. “I don’t want those.”

“Well you can’t blame me for thinking you might, you do seem to have a bit of a thing for hands.”

“I do not have a ‘thing’ for hands,” growled Shigaraki. This declaration was not all that believable considering he was at that moment covered head-to-toe in hands.

Toga squinted disbelievingly and hugged the hands closer to her body.

“Yo, Boss.” Dabi, who was struggling alongside Mr. Compress and Twice to wrangle Bakugou into restraints, looked over at Shigaraki. “We got the kid.”

“Lemme go you fuckers! Don’t you know that Izuku gets separation anxiety without me?”

“Yes, well he also utterly soiled my warp gate with his blood so he quite deserves it.” Kurogiri looked more annoyed than a man lacking most conventional facial features should be able to.

“Katsuki Bakugou,” said Shigaraki. “The perfect candidate for villainy if there ever was one.”

“No,” said Bakugou simply as he was finally strapped down. He turned to look at Dabi who was tightening the last strap. “I WILL sue you, you know.”

“Yeah? For what?”

“The audacity of looking *that* emo. Should be illegal.” Bakugou paused. “And kiddnapping. That’s also probably a sue-able offense.” He glanced at Toga who was draining the last bit of blood from Midoriya’s severed hands into a glass vial. “And whatever the heck she’s doing.”

Shigaraki rolled his eyes. “There’s no need for that, all we want is for you to join us.”

“You’d have better odds betting on All Might growing a brain before that happens.”

Shigaraki pulled out a barstool and began to sit down before realizing that the seat was uncomfortably close to Toga who was still playing with vials of blood and severed hands. He pushed the barstool back in and then pulled out a different one significantly further from her. “I see. And do you just expect to sit there forever? We have all the time in the world, Bakugou. I can wait.”

Bakugou tilted his head. “Can you? You seem like the type of guy to

rage quit anytime Roblox lags."

Shigaraki blushed. "I do NOT play Roblox."

"Coulda fooled me."

At that moment both Compress and Twice had to physically restrain Shigaraki.

"Whoah! Not cool man!" said Twice. He then followed up with, "That was fucking awesome! He totally plays Roblox!"

"Besides," continued Bakugou. "I won't be around for much longer anyway. Izuku may be a dumbass but I guarantee that his first priority right now is rescuing me and he won't do anything until he has."

-

Midoriya brightened as he saw the cabin ahead. Iida was just casting a final glance around to make sure everyone had made it in.

"Midoriya!" he called. "Hurry!"

"Relax, all the villains are gone."

"Are you certain?"

Midoriya jogged up to him, his hands—or more accurately lack thereof—stuffed in his pockets. "Positive, saw them leave myself."

Iida let out a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness everyone's okay."

Midoriya shrugged. "Mostly." His face split into a devious grin. "But hey, don't suppose you'd mind lending me a hand or two, would ya?" He pulled the bloody stumps of his wrists out of his pocket. "I seem to be missing mine."

Iida's eye twitched a single time before he pitched backward, unconscious.

Midoriya laughed for a solid minute before he was able to regain his composure. "Huh, I guess I should probably try to rescue Kacchan now." He looked back down at his lack of hands. "Maybe after I try that out on Mr. Aizawa."

Chapter End Notes

I, uh, got distracted.

In other news this fic is now officially two years old, meaning it can now drink milk. Only sixteen years more till it can vote.

# The Kidnapped and the Inapt pt 1 - don't kidnap Bakugou because he's genuinely the most annoying kid in 1-A and will make for a less than ideal kidnapping experience

Chapter Summary

Midoriya and Bakugou are split up and it turns out neither of them can operate well without the other

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait. I got lost in IKEA.

“Midoriya,” said Aizawa with the same level of exhaustion in his voice as a typical med student following their sixth pot of coffee, “what exactly are you doing?”

“Killin’ myself,” muttered Midoriya as he tried his best to rummage through his duffle bag with the unfortunate impairment of a complete lack of hands.

“You don’t seem to be doing a very good job of it.”

Midoriya stopped his rummaging and glared up at Aizawa. “That’s probably because I don’t have any hands, idiot.”

“Probably.”

“You’re going to make me say it, aren’t you?”

“Probably.”

Midoriya sighed. “Can you lend me a hand?”

Aizawa paused. “...I meant please.”

“Oh.” Midoriya chuckled. “In that case, can you *please* give me a hand?”

Aizawa rolled his eyes. “What do you need?”

“To die!”

“As much as I’d like to, I'm pretty sure killing you is illegal.”

“Then just help me dig my cyanide pills out and I’ll do it myself.”

Aizawa crouched down and looked through the duffle bag before pulling out a baggie of pills. “Now I’m not going to ask why you have these, but as a teacher I think it would be wrong of me to not express at least a little concern.”

Midoriya rolled his eyes. “Don’t worry about it. Now give 'em here.”

Aizawa somewhat reluctantly handed them over.

Midoriya grinned. “Bottoms up.”

-

“WHAT—” screeched Kurogiri, punctuated by a heavy coughing fit. Everyone turned to look at him as he fell to his knees, coughing with a violence that rivaled that of a toddler trying to make known how very much they do not like the meatloaf they’ve been fed. Unlike a toddler eating meatloaf, gold glitter was spewing from his mouth. “Shit!” he cursed in between mouthfuls of the glitter.

Bakugou cackled. “Izu’s got some wonderful timing.”

“What the hell is happening to him?” Mr. Compress asked Bakugou.

“Clearly all of Izuku’s blood in his warp gate turned into gold glitter.”

“But why?!”

Bakugou shrugged as well as he could in his bonds. “Photosynthesis.”

Before anyone could further question this strange line of reasoning, Toga began to shriek. This was most likely because the hand she had been holding had turned into a glittery sludge that was running through her fingers. All of the vials she’d been storing Midoriya’s blood in were also now full of a golden sludge.

Shigaraki, who was sitting only a few feet away from her, jumped up as she flung the now not-hand across into him. “It’s on me!” he screamed, voice cracking. He quickly ripped off his jacket and threw it over the bar.

Bakugou, who had been cackling during the entire incident, stopped as soon as he saw what Shigaraki was wearing underneath his jacket.

“Oh hell no.”

Shigaraki looked down at the red shirt with the words “I’m no Handy Man, I’m a Gamer Boy” across the front. His face slowly turned a matching shade of red.

“You’re just like *him*!”

“I wouldn’t have worn it if it wasn’t so comfy!” Shigaraki attempted to defend himself.

“There are no excuses for a sense of humor that bad!”

“Yeah, that’s pretty awful, boss,” said Twice. For once no contradiction was offered as it seemed both sides of his personality were in complete agreement about this.

“It’s comfy!” Shigaraki tried again.

Bakugou rolled his eyes. “I want to go home,” he said. “At this rate, I’ll miss the daily check-in reward on my games.”

Shigaraki lit up. “Oh, what do you play?”

“Sophisticated games you haven’t heard of.”

“Come on, just try me!”

Bakugou’s mouth twisted into a sadistic grin. “Your mom.”

This time it took nearly the entire room to restrain Shigaraki.

-

“So,” said Midoriya as soon as he was resurrected. “I’m thinking I best go after Kacchan now before he inevitably goads the villains into murdering him.”

“I feel like I should probably stop you from doing that,” said Aizawa.

“But I’m immortal!”

“Yes, but you’re not particularly subtle. We’d like to use this opportunity to rescue Bakugou and take down the League of Villains at the same time.”

“What, you think I can’t handle that?”

“Not really, no.”

Midoriya rolled his eyes. “Rude.”

“How about I make you a deal? The paramedics are taking all the injured students to the hospital right now. Why don’t you go with them and just hang out at the hospital until your classmates are healed?”

“But I don’t need to go to the hospital!”

“I’m aware. But you’ll be significantly easier to deal with if you’re in the same place as everyone else.”

“Alright, so we’re just being honest now, are we?”

Aizawa shrugged.

Izuku rolled his eyes and threw up his arms. “Fine! I’ll go to the hospital!” he said. “But you promise to come get me before you guys try to rescue Kacchan, right?”

“For sure,” lied Aizawa.

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“Midoriya? What are you doing?” asked Yaoyorozu as she looked at Midoriya.

It was a fair question as at that particular moment Midoriya was splayed like a starfish in the middle of the hospital hall and was muttering to himself. A doctor stepped over him as she went about her job. This was because Midoriya had been there for the last several hours and the staff had pretty much just gotten used to him at that point.

Midoriya sat up. “Just counting the ceiling tiles while I wait for Aizawa to come get me when the heroes go to rescue Kacchan.” He tilted his head. "Did you know that the tiles are different sizes in the B wing? I think that area must have been an add-on."

Yaoyorozu winced. “Midoriya,” she started hesitantly, “the heroes already left.”

“What?!” Midoriya scrambled to his feet. “Aizawa said he’d come get me first!”

“He said he’d let you, a suicidal minor with no license or traditional semblance of common sense, go confront a dangerous villain organization with him?”

Midoriya considered this. “Okay so I probably should have seen this coming.” He shook his head in confusion. “Wait, how do you know they’ve left already?”

Yaoyorozu blushed. “I don’t think I should tell you.”

Midoriya could tell that Yaoyorozu’s morality was going to be a barrier to him getting any information, but he was in possession of a top-secret, very lethal weapon.

Puppy dog eyes.

“Please?” he begged, his lips turning down in what was quite possibly the cutest thing to be seen in Japan if Señor Conejito was to be excluded.

Yaoyorozu tried to resist but her attempts proved futile. “Fine! Fine! I’ll tell you!” She shielded her eyes. “I planted a tracker on the nomu that attacked, I have the address of their base.”

Midoriya looked confused. “There was a nomu?” He thought back to the previous events. Although his mind had been occupied with many other slightly more pressing matters such as the kidnapping of his best friend and his own murder, he did seem to faintly remember a nomu standing in the back. “Whatever, doesn’t matter, where’s Kacchan?”

“I really don’t think you should go after him, I’m sure the heroes have it covered—”

“What if I take Todoroki with me? He’s fairly level-headed, right?”

“I’m pretty sure he’s just traumatized.”

“Trauma makes for a great chaperone.”

“That’s insensitive.”

Midoriya shrugged and started to walk away, presumably to look for Todoroki. “Either way, I feel like it’s a valid compromise.”

Yaoyorozu caught up with him and walked by his side. “I think I’m a little lost on how involving other children, ones who aren’t immortal, is going to make you going after Bakugou any better.”

“I mean you could just give me the address now and avoid the hassle of getting others to go with us.”

Yaoyorozu looked conflicted. “It doesn’t feel right to send you to fight a bunch of villains alone…”

Midoriya stopped and turned to the next door. “Too late.” He then kicked in the door, revealing a room with Uraraka, Iida, Kirishima, and Todoroki within. “Hey, losers! Who wants to go rescue my very annoying childhood friend from certain death, most likely brought about by his own incompetence?”

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